BH

TALLIO
SHINNINGTON HULL

Ex Libris

JOHN AND MARTHA DANIELS

THE NATIONAL SPORTING LIBRARY
MIDDLEBURG, VIRGINIA
ACQUIRED 1999

THE GIFT OF
John H. & Martha Daniels

FOX-FAI

V. SCARCE

ENGLAND'S OLDEST HUNT

ENGLAND'S OLDEST HUNT

Being chapters of the history of the Bilsdale, Farndale and Sinnington Hunts, collected during several years

BY

J. FAIRFAX BLAKEBOROUGH

Author of "Cleveland and its Hunt," "Northern Racing Records," "Hunting in the North," &c., &c.

NORTHALLERTON:
Published by the Author, Fox House, Carlton-in-Cleveland

MIDDLESBROUGH:
JORDISON & CO., LTD., Printers

TO THE

REV. JOHN LATIMER KYLE, M.A.

(VICAR OF CARLTON-IN-CLEVELAND)

A MEMBER OF THE COMMITTEE OF THE
BILSDALE HUNT AND A TRUE SPORTSMAN

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

IN REMEMBRANCE OF MANY HAPPY DAYS
HUNTING ALIKE IN THE FIELD AND BY
THE FIRE SIDE; OF MANY SPORTING
EXCURSIONS, EXPERIENCES IN HILL, DALE,
AND VALLEY; AND OF MANY KINDNESSES
TO THE AUTHOR

CONTENTS.

Chap.		Page
	Preface	ix.
I.	Foreword	1
II.	Second Duke of Buckingham	6
III.	The Duke's Hunt	12
IV.	Buckingham in Legend	21
V.	The End of Buckingham	33
VI.	The Bilsdale Hunt	44
VII.	Hunting Hare and Witch	67
VIII.	The Hambleton Hounds	75
IX.	Bobbie Dawson	81
X.	Evolution of the Pack	107
XI.	Mr. H. W. Selby Lowndes as M.F.H. ..	125
XII.	The Farndale	143
XIII.	Early Days of the Sinnington ..	175
XIV.	The Kendall Family	181
XV.	Jack Parker	192
XVI.	Mr. Thomas Parrington	220
XVII.	Mr. Robert Lesley	235
XVIII.	Mr. Penn C. Sherbrooke	241
XIX.	Viscount Helmsley's Mastership ..	270
XX.	Viscount Helmsley	277

PREFACE.

It is not my intention to keep my readers long at covert side, but a few words are necessary regarding my fox, ere he break away on his two or three hundred page journey. He has taken a great deal of finding, having led me into all parts of Yorkshire, and amongst all sections of the Sporting community, who have most readily and kindly helped me to work out the line. Scent throughout has been most catchy, and I have frequently had to make casts and lift hounds in the unravelling of the story, so many chapters of which time has obliterated. I have written hundreds of letters regarding these portions of the run, and the replies have often been quite as bewildering to the author as information often is to the man with the horn, when his hunted fox has been viewed travelling South and North at one and the same time. In such cases, I have adopted the only course open and used my own judgment. The hunt has extended over many years, and from week to week during the hunting season records of it have appeared in "The Yorkshire Weekly Post," in which journal most of the matter contained in this volume has appeared, and to the Editor of which my thanks are due. The remainder has been included in articles contributed by the author to "The Crown," "Sporting and Dramatic News," "The Field," "Sporting Chronicle," "Newcastle Chronicle," "Baily's Magazine," and other sporting journals, to which the author contributes, and to the Editors of which he also tenders his thanks for permission to republish, and for the loan of some of the illustrations which adorn the pages. As in "Cleveland and its Hunt," I again find myself under a debt of obligation to Sir A. E. Pease,

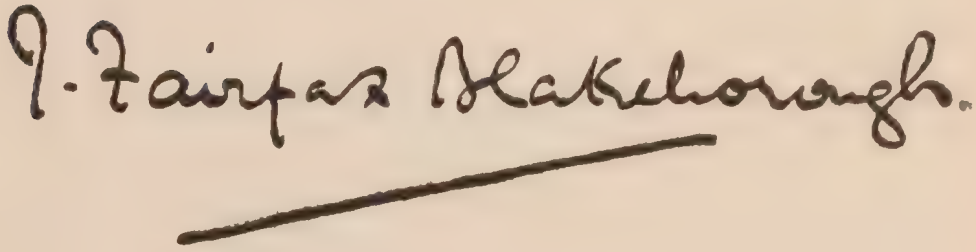
whose "Cleveland Hounds as a Trencher fed pack," is continually quoted, and to Mr. Dixon, from whose "In the North Countree," I have taken much of interest. Mr. Thomas Parrington—a grand old sportsman—Mr. Marcus Kendall, Mr. Alfred Pearson, Mr. Penn C. Sherbrooke, Viscount Helmsley, Mr. F. Wilson Horsfall, Mr. Robert Garbutt (Seive Green, Bilsdale), Mr. C. E. Mills, Mr. R. Barr (Leeds), Mr. E. R. Turton, Mr. W. Pearson, Mr. Swarbreck (Bedale), and many others have all lent most valuable assistance. Mr. Howard Pease, the author of one or two historical novels, has kindly read over the chapters which have reference to the Duke of Buckingham, on whose epoch Mr. Pease, a well-known Northumberland Nimrod, is an authority. Mr. T. Parrington has read through some of the proofs of the chapters on the Sinnington Hunt, and other sportsmen have performed the same kind office. Mr. Noel T. B. Turner is responsible for a good deal of the artistic work, and to him a word of acknowledgment is due. To my father, who has placed at my disposal his collection of hunting songs and manuscripts regarding the Helmsley and Kirby-moorside localities, I must express my obligation.

These particularly, but many others also, have helped to follow the line of my fox at times when he seemed to have disappeared, leaving no trace of any kind. It has been an old-fashioned slow hunt (unlike the galloping steeplechase of to-day), and though I have accounted for my fox, there are those occasional lapses which so often occur when we are really not quite certain where the quarry went. Since I first commenced this history, many of the principal characters have gone to their happy hunting ground, carrying with them much that is interesting regarding the lore and legend of our sport. Now it would be well-nigh impossible to attempt such a work as this since each year sees the end of Nimrods, each of whom had a wealth of information

in his possession had he been but "tapped." Each year makes it more difficult to rescue the history of the past. Most packs have a story of their own, more or less interesting, and one cannot but regret to see it gradually disappearing unhonoured and unrecorded. Four or five hunts claim theirs to be the oldest-established pack in England. I have endeavoured to prove the Sinnington, the Bilsdale and Farndale in their original combination to be such. I think I have succeeded, but the point is immaterial. Each of the packs has connected with it such a plethora of characters, of lore and legend, of incident and anecdote, to justify, nay, to demand, its story being recorded in permanent form. The age of my fox certainly gives an added spice of interest, and I unhesitatingly use the title, "England's Oldest Hunt," as my "contents bill." It has been impossible, and would, I think, have been unwise to separate from the history the folk-lore which occasionally finds its way into the pages of this volume. The old type of Yorkshire dalesman was, and to a certain extent is yet, a man of quaint superstitions, beliefs and customs. They were his peculiar idiosyncracy, and he carried them with him into his sport. The twain, indeed, are inseparable. I mention this for fear it should be imagined I occasionally require a rating for skirting or babbling.

In conclusion, I would say my volume is a labour of love. Its compilation has made many sporting friendships, has necessitated endless journeys, amid the lovely Yorkshire hills and dales, all pregnant with hunting associations. Many have been the pleasant days I have had with the three packs herein dealt with, and firmly have I been convinced that moorland hunting—old-fashioned though it may be—is the most enjoyable and educative form of "the sport of all sport." I am not so modest as some authors, who leave it to their readers to judge whether or not their pages were

worth printing, and I say, egotistical though it may be, that the chapters which follow contain a mass of information, much of which would be lost in another decade, and most of which is worth preserving as the record of "England's Oldest Hunt."



FOX HOUSE,
CARLTON-IN-CLEVELAND,
NORTHALLERTON.
NOVEMBER, 1907.

1.—TYPICAL BILSDALE FARM. 2.—THE BUCK INN. 3.—STOCKING HOUSE.
4.—THE OLD FOX AND HOUNDS INN. 5.—ST. HILDA'S CHURCH.

CHAPTER I.

FOREWORD.

YORKSHIRE lays claim to have been the birthplace of the first recognised pack of foxhounds and to the first pack of harriers. With the latter—the Penistone pack—we are not concerned in writing the history of "England's Oldest Hunt," but rather with the Bilsdale, Farndale, and Sinnington countries in the North Riding, where the first hounds were kept solely for the purpose of hunting Reynard, the fox. To review the history of any pack of hounds of standing essentially takes us back to people and manners, to customs, strange beliefs, and occurrences of long ago. We are lead into many side issues, all of intense interest and all having a direct bearing upon the main subject.

The fact of the matter is that a pack of hounds which has been extant for a century or more seems as it were, to have been the hub of the circle of the history of the particular portion of the country in which its operations are directed. Thus in collecting the information for the story of England's Oldest Hunt, I have found myself one day in the gay court of Charles II., another poring over the diary of some old Yorkshire squire, a third listening to wonderful tales of witchcraft or some other page of County lore and legend, which is nowhere more profuse or more interesting than in the dales and lowlands in which the fox was first hunted in Yorkshire. The fact is, that a century ago—and still earlier—the lord, the squire, and the yeomen, made the

chase one of the main concerns in life, and thus it is that directly or indirectly the early history of many a country side, both local and social, is interwoven with the sporting history, and to part the twain would be well-nigh impossible, whilst detracting from the interest of the subject in hand. One writer has a couplet pregnant in its suggestiveness of this inter-connection between the importance of sport and the corresponding importance of the locality—

> Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates and hounds decay.

Which bears out what I have said as to history local and history sporting going hand-in-hand together.

My point is this, that whilst this is pre-eminently the history of England's first pack of foxhounds, it is at the same time a review of the lives, the manners, the customs, and the beliefs of those who lived in North Yorkshire in the early seventeenth century, and of the evolution of their lore and legend, as well as a description of the topography of the beautiful portion of the Riding at this period. These excursions into the fertile field of the past prove that from the very inception of foxhunting it has been a popular sport in the county of broad acres, and that, however enthusiastic we may be at the present time, we are not more so than our hard-riding, hard-drinking, hard-swearing forbears—the squirearchy and the yeomen of a couple of centuries or more ago. They reveal also much of interest regarding the early *modus operandi*, and the strange beliefs of these old Nimrods, whilst showing that the change not only in sport, but the whole social life of to-day, has affected but little those in the isolation of the dales and hill-sides of which I shall speak.

It is necessary at the outset to say a word regarding the fox and foxhunting generally. To-day, it is generally admitted that he provides the "sport of all sports," but this discovery is of comparatively recent date. Foxhunting claims nothing of the antiquity of harehunting. The very first sentences in the most recent history of "Hare hunting and Harriers," by Mr. H. A. Bryden, runs :—

"Hare hunting can claim a more respectable antiquity than the chase of the fox. It may be doubted whether Tickell, the poet, is

correct when he designates that mighty hunter, Nimrod, a follower of the timid hare as well as the noblest of great game, two thousand years before the Christian era. He says of that kingly sportsman :—

> Bold Nimrod first the Lion's Trophies wore,
> The panther bound, and lanc'd the bristling boar ;
> He taught to turn the hare, to bay the deer,
> And wheel the courser in his mad career.

Whether or not Nimrod occasionally descended to the pursuit of the hare, it is certain that this form of chase is

[*From an Early Hunting Picture.*

a sufficiently ancient one. Xenophon, who flourished three hundred and fifty years before the birth of Christ, hunted the hare with as much enthusiasm as our English squires of the eighteenth century, and has left minute accounts of the sport, describing the hare and her habits."

We must travel through many centuries ere we find Reynard occupying so important a place in the world of sport. The term hunting, minus a qualifying prefix, has now come to signify following foxhounds, but in the early ages it had a much wider meaning, for then

every and any animal—from the pole-cat and the badger to the deer—which could show sport was hunted by hounds. They, however, in many instances, were employed not so much for the purpose of killing or running the game, as for finding it and bringing it in view, when it was either coursed by other hounds, or dogs, till then in the leash, or shot with bow and arrow. In the eleventh and twelfth centuries it was impossible to follow hounds as we do now, owing to the extensive woodlands in which travelling off the beaten track or "rides," was a matter of time and difficulty. Amongst the animals hunted in the manner mentioned was the fox, and in the very first book on hunting ever written (between 1406-13)—"The Master of the Game," by Edward, second Duke of York—we learn :

"The fox is a common beast, and, therefore, I need not tell of his making, and there be but few gentlemen who have not seen some. He hath many such conditions as the wolf, for the vixen of the fox bears as long as the bitch of the wolf bears her whelps. Sometimes more, sometimes less, save that the vixen fox whelped under the earth deeper than doth the bitch of the wolf. . . . With great trouble men can take a fox, especially the vixen when she is with whelps, for when she is with whelps, and is heavy, she always keeps near her hole, for sometimes she whelpeth in a false hole, and sometimes in great burrows, and sometimes in hollow trees, and therefore she draweth always near her burrow, and if she hears anything annon she goeth therein before the hounds can get to her. She is a false beast, and as malicious as a wolf. The hunting for a fox is fair for the good cry of hounds that follow him so nigh and with so good a will. Always they scent of him, for he flies through the thick wood, and also he stinketh evermore. And he will scarcely leave a covert when he is therein, he taketh not to the plain (open) country, for he trusteth not in his running neither in his defence, for he is too feeble, and if he does, it is because he is forced to by the strength of men and hounds. And he will always hold a covert, and if he can only find a briar to cover himself with, he will cover himself with that. When he sees that he cannot last, then he goes to earth, the nearest he can find which he knoweth well, and then men may dig him out and take him, if it is easy digging, but not among the rocks.

He then proceeds to tell us how the fox should be coursed with greyhounds. This, however, cannot be called by any stretch of the imagination foxhunting. "Cecil," in his

"Records of the Chase," tells us that "there are two conspicuous reasons from which the origin of the chase may be traced—one for the purpose of procuring food; the other, that of destroying noxious beasts." He adds:—

"The fox is the only one remaining in Great Britain originally included in the latter category—a classification in which it is scarcely consistent to retain him, now that the pursuit of that animal has become one of our principal and most popular national amusements."

This is the great evolution of the chase, the hunting of the fox for the sport he gives, which sport has caused a sacred halo to be placed around his head. It was in this rough moorland country and the Vale of Pickering and Rye where we Yorkshire folk claim that a pack of hounds was first kept to hunt the fox, as we shall see in the next chapter, the second Duke of Buckingham—the famous George Villiers—being the first master.

CHAPTER II.

THE SECOND DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

"Few places possess the same antiquarian attractions as Helmsley in Ryedale, for it is the centre of all that is beautiful as well as interesting. The fostering care of the Feversham family has preserved to us its many objects of delight."—"Ryedale and North Yorkshire Antiquities."

No one who has visited Helmsley can help but have been impressed, be they possessed of never so little poetry in that soul of souls—that indescribable inner self—which must be touched ere the best comes out of us and ere we grasp the fullest and best purpose of such a visit. It is really only the intelligent man or woman who can seize the most erudition from such an excursion, the man who can picture in his mind's eye the quaint old market town two or three centuries ago, and follow it down in its evolution and story through the succeeding ages, calling to mind not only the various stages of that evolution, but also the events of more than local interest and importance, which have punctuated it all along the line.

We must travel back even further than that interesting period when "To and fro went our forefathers in the quiet, quaint, narrow streets, or worked at some handicraft in their houses, or exposed their goods round the market cross. And in these old streets and houses, in the town mead and market place, amid the murmur of the mill beside the stream, and the notes of the bell that sounded its summons to the crowded assembly of the town-mote, and merchant guild and craft, was steadily growing up that sturdy industrial life that silently and surely was building up the slow structure of England's wealth and freedom." This period had its own lore and legend, but we must probe even further back into the essentially interesting history of this the birthplace of foxhunting as a regular and important pastime.

There will be little wonder in the minds of those who are acquainted with this, one of the most interesting of all the plethora of our historical Yorkshire towns, that I am tempted to stray from my essentially sporting subject, to dwell on the history and beauties of ancient Helmsley. I will tighten the curb upon my desire, however, further than the incursion into the past is directly concerned with matters under review.

In the Conquest, Helmsley was given to the Count of Mortain, who was, of course, the brother-in-law of the Conqueror. It is not generally known that the Conqueror was no stranger to the Helmsley district. When he undertook the final subdual and settlement of the wild Northern regions, he rode from York City across Cleveland to the River Tees. On his return journey he made for Helmsley, crossing the then wild valley of Bilsdale. They have a legend in that dale that this great history maker camped there for some nights and sent some of his men on a marauding expedition. They did not return, however, and he became uneasy as to their safety, the moors at that time being enveloped in mist. At last, to his great joy and relief, he heard them across a narrow ravine, of which there are many in the dales. On endeavouring to reach them, however he found that it was impossible to cross. The ground which separated the two parties was one of those bogs not unknown to-day, and on which I shall have something to say later. The marsh extended for a considerable distance, and he gave orders for a causeway to be made. This "causer," as they are called in the dales, consisting of a pathway of huge stones, is still pointed out, and I suspect there is more than a smattering of truth in the story. Freeman, in his "Norman Conquest," gives an account of this journey over the wild moorlands, but says the Conqueror was only attended by six horsemen, adding, "He lost his way, and had to spend the whole night in utter ignorance of the whereabouts of his main army."

In the following century, Helmsley passed into the hands of Walter L'Espec, whose name is so intimately associated with the county history of his time. We remember him

principally now-a-days, perhaps, as the founder of Rievaulx Abbey, locally, if not generally, spoken of as "Rivers." On his death, the estates were inherited by his sister, Adeline, who was married to Peter de Ros, another name linked with the history of our broad-acred Shire. He was of Ros in Holderness. His marriage with this heiress was a fortunate one for his family, and we are constrained to wonder if even in these early days there were such things as mercenary marriage-making dowagers. For no less a period than that stretching over fourteen generations of this one family, were the Helmsley estates presided over by a de Ros, and it was Robert Fursan who founded the castle, he being the great grandson of Peter and Adeline.

The erection was completed about 1200. His grandson, who was named after him, married Isabel d'Albini, the daughter of the lord of Belvoir. Thus these two estates were united, eventually passing, in 1508, with the barony of Ros, through the female line, to Sir George Manners, of Etal, Northumberland, whose son was created Earl of Rutland. In 1618, Francis Manners, the sixth Earl, succeeded to the title, and his daughter, Katherine, was one of, the richest heiresses, if not THE richest, of her day, for at the death of her father she was to inherit Helmsley and Belvoir. To his equal mortification and indignation, she eloped with and married George Villiers, the favourite of James I. He was the first Duke of Buckingham, and though the marriage was clandestine, it proved by no means an unhappy one, if the letters which passed between the twain are to be taken as any criterion. It was the realisation of the somewhat hackneyed saying, "short but sweet." Writing to him in Spain, she comforted him with the assurance that—"Only this can I say for myself, you could never have one that could love you better than your poor loving Kate doth—poor now in your absence, but else the happiest and richest woman in the world."

In 1629, he met his death by assassination, and was succeeded by his son, then a child, who is the main actor in this history, and for whom we claim the honour of being

the first M.F.H. Had the superstitious women who nursed and were about him at this period had his fortune told by crystal gazing, by the stars, by wise men, or other means, I wonder if it was predicted that he would be the favourite of his king? The most handsome of a court not a little famed for its beautiful women and strikingly handsome men I wonder if it was foretold that he would be possessed of an inordinate amount of energy, which would not be directed in the right channels till his name and a good part of his great riches were dissipated? I say, I wonder!

We are apt now-a-days to be very harsh in our criticisms of those who lived before us, forgetting that they lived in a fast age, and that our code of morals was not theirs, and that even we do not carry out our own code. His Grace the Duke of Buckingham, the second of his line, lived in an epoch when every other man kept his mistress more or less openly, when it was a necessary qualification for a man to be able to drink his one or two bottles of wine at table, even though he had to be carried to bed after his libations. It seems to me, that His Grace was a prominent member of the court, and, therefore, his every action was criticised and noted down, as it were, for future reference. With these few words in defence of, or apology for, a character who, with all his faults and failings, in many ways demands respect, let me proceed to give an outline of his life in the gay court of Charles II., whose favourite he was. One of the best sketches I have read of him is that, appropriately enough, written by Miss Katherine Duncombe, in her little book on Ryedale. She says:—

"He was the most prominent member of the celebrated Cabinet, afterwards known as the Cabal, especially in later life. He was a man of varied intellectual attainments, and was renowned as a wit, his gift for mimicry affording constant amusement to Charles II. and his courtiers. He was also one of the handsomest men of his day, and excelled in all manly sports and exercises. He was an author, and wrote farces, poems and plays, amongst the last a comedy called 'The Chances,' which was given at the King's playhouse, the scene of Nell Gwynn's theatrical triumphs; Pepys went to see it, and remarks that it was a good play, and pleased him well. But the best-known of his writings is 'The Rehearsal,' a witty parody on Dryden and the

stilted heroic dramas then in vogue. This also was acted in London, with the result that Dryden modified his style of writing.

As unprincipled and unscrupulous as he was brilliant and witty, Buckingham had many enemies, and fought a duel with the Duke of Shrewsbury at Barns-Elms, which was the talk of the town for some time, and even excited the wrath of the easy-going Charles. One of the Duke's seconds was killed. Sir John Talbot, who acted for Lord Shrewsbury, was severely wounded, and the Earl himself was run through the body by the Duke and died of his wounds two months after, and a story was current that Lady Shrewsbury, attired as a page, held Buckingham's horse while the duel was in progress. The latter on this, as on several other occasions, when he incurred the King's displeasure by behaviour more than usually outrageous, was speedily restored to royal favour."

Buckingham had betrayed the Earl's confidence with regard to his wife. Shrewsbury sent His Grace an instant challenge, which was accepted with that careless levity which characterised many of what would have been serious chapters in the history of most men's lives. The "Merry Monarch" heard of the episode, and, perhaps, as much as a safeguard to his favourite as a mark of his displeasure, commanded the Duke of Albemarle to confine Buckingham to his house. The order was disregarded, however, and the two enemies met with their respective seconds—Sir John Talbot and Lord Bernard Howard for the Earl, and Sir John Jenkins and Captain Holman for Villiers. In accordance with the custom, the seconds as well as the principals took active part in the duel. We are told "the combat was a long and bloody one. Buckingham ran his opponent through the body though not with a mortal wound. Talbot was severely wounded in both arms, and Jenkins was left dead on the field. The King, with his usual leniency, pardoned all parties concerned."

This, of course, was the age of the most sparkling as well as the coarsest of wit, and the Duke of Buckingham is said to have been the life of the Court. Monarchs and their courtiers are changeable beings, however, and the popularity which His Grace enjoyed was often of only a very transitory character. The friends of the bottle, too, are rarely very true or lasting ones, this to his sorrow the unfortunate nobleman

discovered. Naturally generous, equally fond of change, excitement and anything—legitimate or illegitimate—which would provide him with this the very essential to his being, he discovered plenty of those aristocratic-pauper-leeches—Major Pendennises, only worse. We learn something of this from Dryden's satire—a sort of "tit-for-tat":—

> "A man so various that he seemed to be
> Not one but all mankind's epitome.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Stiff in opinion always in the wrong;
> Was everything by turns and nothing long.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Beggar'd by fools whom still he found too late
> He had his jest, and, they had his estate."

Yet above all that is sordid, all that is pitiful—and there is much—and beyond all that is disgusting, there are the admirable qualities, and the fact that Buckingham had a wholesome love of the country convinces me that there were many qualities and excellences for which he never receives credit. There is always something good about and hope for a man or woman who has a love for the beauties of nature. He was ever ready to spend the vacations from his gay and giddy life at court, and to rush away from his official duties to Helmsley Castle, and when, in 1670, he retired from the world—and one might almost speak in similar terms of such retirement to-day—it was to Helmsley he came.

CHAPTER III.

THE DUKE'S HUNT.

'Twas on a bright and shining morn
I heard the merry hunting horn,
At earliest hour of the morning
There rode the Duke of Buckingham,
And many a squire and yeoman came,
Dull care and phantom shadows scorning.
There was Dido and Spendigo,
Gentry, too, and Hero,
And Traveller, that never looks behind him;
Countess and Towler,
Bonny Lass and Jowler,
Were some of the hounds that did find him.

—"The Duke's Hunt."

ONCE settled down at Helmsley Castle, partly perforce and partly by desire, we can quite imagine that His Grace of Buckingham would very quickly cast about him for some means of recreation to take the place of the gaieties and continuous change of life of the flippant Court he had left behind him for ever. It was usual, not so much at this period perhaps as a decade or two later, for all landed gentlemen to have their packs of harriers and stag hounds and otter hounds, according to the game which was to be found on their estates or in their locality, and to have hunting excursions with them when the occasion or the opportunity presented itself. Royalty themselves set the example in this respect. James I. kept harriers as well as stag hounds, and amongst the expenses of his establishment we find :—

To Sir Patrick Howme, Master of the Privy Harriers, for his fee £120 per annum, and for keeping one footman, four horses, and twenty couple of dogs, £100 per annum.....	£220	0	0
To Richard Gwynne, Groom of the Harriers to the Prince, 13d. per diem, and twenty shillings per annum for his livery.....	£20	15	0
To John Waters, Yeoman of the Harriers to the King, twelve pence per diem.....	£18	5	0

So I might mention many instances of Yorkshire squires and nobles whose kennels were by no means the least important or the least expensive institutions at their country residences. Thus it is by no means impossible that Buckingham had hounds at Helmsley prior to the period when he came there to end his days. Mr. Howard Pease, an authority on the history of this epoch and author of two novels, "Magnus Sinclair," and "Of Mistress Eve," both rich in the lore of the period, writes :—

Front Elevation of Helmsley Castle.

"In 1674, when he was in adversity, much of his time was devoted, in beautifying Clevedon, much also to foxhunting, for he had lost nothing of his early passion for sport. At Empingham, a little hamlet near his splendid mansion at Burley, a humble tavern, the 'White Horse' Inn, was long pointed out as a resort of His Grace's when thus employed."

It is more than likely, too, that during the vacations he spent at the castle he had already enjoyed sport on the wild moor and woodland where, according to tradition, he had so many wonderful runs from 1670. Mr. Pease also sends me the following extract :—

"A few rooms, however, which even now bear on chimney-piece and frieze, the scutcheons of Manners and Villiers, never habitable, there the Duke installed himself. Like his splendid palace of Burley-on-the-Hill, now sold to Lord Nottingham, Castle Helmsley had suffered

generously in the Civil Wars. The huge breach in its walls spoke eloquently of its obstinate resistance to Fairfax, and only a portion of the old keep remained intact after the siege. Occasionally, also, he wandered to Fairfax House, at York, which, being part of his wife's fortune, he had not been allowed to alienate, and sometimes he stayed for sporting purposes in a tenant's house at Kirbymoorside."

—Lady Burghclere's "Life of Buckingham."

It requires no very great stretch of the imagination to see His Grace making, as it were, the best of his situation, and adapting himself to circumstances, by providing himself with improved facilities for enjoying the excellent sport which this locality, and more especially what was his own estate, has ever, and still offers. No doubt he set himself to work with a vigour to buy or beg hounds from such of the courtiers as he could still include within the category of his friendship, and from these drafts and such hounds as he already possessed to build up a pack suited to the country, and large enough to hunt the extensive woodlands which then existed, and traces of which are not wanting to-day.

The song quoted at the head of this chapter has been handed down orally for generations, and it tells us much in the one stanza given. For instance, we learn that it was not long ere the sturdy Yorkshire squire and yeomen discovered the joys of the chase, and followed the Ducal huntsman in his sporting expeditions. This early induction into the mysteries and pleasures of what in Yorkshire is termed "the sport of all sport," is not wanting in effect to-day, not only in the locality where this lesson was first demonstrated, and where they are pre-eminently and essentially Nimrods to this day, but throughout the County of broad acres.

This County above all others has perhaps produced more hunting characters, famous and eccentric, than any other, and, as it was at the beginning, is now the home of the sport, if lacking in the wealth and tinsel show of fashion, which has earned for the Shires their name and fame. After this digression, let me hark back. In this old poem we learn, too, that His Grace was no sluggard, and that he recognised the fact that the best time for hunting is in the early morning when everything is fresh, and when a drag

—by no means the least enjoyable, though now rarely experienced, preface to a day's hunting—might be run up to the fox. Not only many of the traditions of the sport enjoyed at this period have been handed down from generation to generation in the dales, but at the same time much hound and hunting lore. The old school of Bilsdale sportsmen, now, alas! all but extinct, have often insisted to the writer that the best time to commence operations is so soon as the sun rises. There is much wisdom in this theory, though I doubt that it would not find favour with the Nimrods of to-day, who are riding to the meet at a time when the old-world hunters were discussing in their own minds as to whether their horses were too exhausted to see a second or a third run through.

Another version of the old song runs :—

THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM'S HUNT.

Early one morning as I was walking,
Then did I hear of a famous fine hunting;
'Twas between some gentlemen and the Duke of Buckingham
So early as I was walking.

Chorus.

There was Dido and Spendigo, gentry was there O,
Old Towler who never looks behind him;
There was Countess and Rowler, Bonny Lass and Jowler,
These are the hounds that will find him.

Our fox being young, and the sport just begun,
He straightway took out of the covert;
It was up the highest hill and down the lowest dale,
Expecting his life for his labour.

There was, etc.

Mr. Watkins he rode bay, Mr. Taffe he rode grey,
Mr. Draper kept up with his Grace, Sir,
Mr. Watson had no share, for he rode his dappled mare,
And was forc'd to give over the chase, Sir.

There was, etc.

Jemmy trots o'er the plain, as he trips it o'er again;
Bold Watkin's horse never fails him;
Then for ever and a day, to his hounds he will say,
Hark away, hark away, altogether.

There was, etc.

Our hounds being young, and the fox almost done,
He straightway jumped into the river ;
Old Dido he jumped in, and after him did swim,
Saying, now we will triumph for ever.

There was, etc.

The hound names given in the rhyme are interesting, too, and though none of them are now to be found in the Bilsdale Hunt lists, it is only a generation ago since most of them were in use here. It is difficult, with little else but legends and stories handed down orally for many years, to arrive at any very accurate decision as to the *modus operandi* of hunting at this period. They would not, I should imagine, have any regular or stated days of meeting, certainly they would not advertise them, and the possibility is that the next day's sport would be fixed at the end of each day's hunting. From what I gathered from the late "Bobbie" Dawson, who was fairly clear on the doings of this period, and, indeed, knew and could talk of but little else but matters hunting, the Duke had two packs, one for the fox, and the other to hunt the stag. He had as huntsman of the former pack one Robert Forster. Now to show that "Bobbie," of whom I shall have much to say later (he having for considerably over half-a-century been connected with the Bilsdale), was in a position to gather much information regarding the period under inquest, and in a way qualified to speak, it may be mentioned his mother, Sarah Dawson, was the grand-daughter of Mark Forster, who in turn was the son of Robert. This latter scion of his clan was a resident of Bilsdale, and lived at Thornhill, about two miles from Chop Gate, or, as it is always called locally, Chop Yat, near to the edge of the moor, and on the East side of the dale. Whether or not he only hunted hounds when they were in the dale I cannot say, but as Helmsley is only twelve miles away, it is quite within the bounds of possibility that he attended the whole of the fixtures of the foxhounds.

An old ballad, entitled "The Fox Chase," or "Huntsman's Harmony," to be found in the Roxburgh Ballads, tells of a hunt with the Duke of Buckingham's Hounds.

It was published by W. Ouley, who printed this class of literature, once so popular, and eventually evolving into the broadside, from 1650 to 1702, between which periods the Duke and his hunting expeditions, particularly those of the fox, would be causing not a little interest, because of the man, and because of the character of the quarry. The doggerel runs :—

Mr. Tybals cries, "Away,
Hark away! hark away!"
With that our foot huntsman did hear him;
Tom Mossman cries, "Codsounds,
Uncouple all your hounds,
Or else we shall never come near him."

If this rhyme is correct in technique, it would seem that at any rate at one era of his mastership hounds were held in leash, only one or two couples being released at the outset, and on their giving tongue or the quarry being viewed, the rest of the pack were slipped. Though this may have been the method in force at the outset of the Duke's sporting career, and though these methods were resorted to even after his death, still I fancy he altered his mode of finding and hunting the fox after a season or two. Possibly in some parts of the country they DID hunt on foot, carrying long poles, as did the Roxby (eventually the Cleveland) on the hills years afterwards. There have been many chapters in the history of the evolution of the chase since this, the first, and His Grace was answerable for more than one of them. This change of method has already been referred to, but I venture to return to the subject.

A writer in the "FIELD" some time ago said :—

"Before fox-hunting had developed into its present position of importance, in the days when our sporting ancestors were devoted only to the chase of hare and stag, the fox was relegated to a very different position from that eminence which he now occupies. Up to the reign of Charles II., and in some localities even later, the fox, in fact, was looked upon as mere vermin, not to be named in the same breath with the hare, the deer, or even the marten. In those days the fox was chiefly run to ground with terriers and beagles, the sportsmen following on foot, and thereafter dug out and slain with ignominy."

In the "Gentleman's Recreation," published in 1667 by Nicholas Cox, there are instructions in detail on the pursuit of the fox in this manner. Terriers were to be entered to the sport by taking an old fox or badger, cutting away its lower jaw, and then placing him in an earth, the terriers being urged in to the quarry. Occasionally all the animal's teeth were broken, so that the young dogs should not be bitten at the outset of their career and thus ruined for further work.

In another old sporting book, "The Compleat Sportsman,' published so late as 1762, we are told :—

In coursing a fox, no other art is required than standing close (i.e., hidden), and on a clear day wind on the outside of some grove, where you are to expect his coming out, and then give him head enough, otherwise he will turn back to the covert; for the slowest greyhound will be swift enough to overtake him; and all the hazard of this course is the spoiling your dog by the fox, which oftentimes happens; and for this reason you should not run any that are worth much at this chase; but such that are hard bitten dogs that will seize anything.

The same authority, who seems to have pretty extensively borrowed from the works of his predecessors, tells us how the fox should be hunted above ground in the same quaint language :—

To hunt a fox with hounds you must draw about the groves, thickets, and bushes, near villages; for in such places he lurks to prey upon poultry, etc., but if you can find one it will be necessary to stop up his earth the night before you intend to hunt, and that about midnight, for then he goes out to prey; and this must be done by laying two white sticks across in his way which will make him imagine it be some gin or trap laid for him, else they may be stopped up close with black thorns and earth together. The best hunting a fox above ground is in January, February and March, for then you shall see your hounds hunting, and best find his earthing; and, besides, at those times the fox's skin is best in season.

He speaks too of the old custom of hunting hounds in leash, as the old song quoted credits the Duke with having done. Each man had his own, or in the case of the pack belonging to the squire, one of the hounds in leash, and they :—

Let such as you cast off first be old staunch hounds which are sure, and if you hear such a hound call on merrily you may cast off some others to him, and when they run it on the full cry, cast off some of the rest, and thus you shall compleat your pastime.

Again, in the diary of Nicholas Assheton, of Downham, near Clitheroe, Lancs., we find the following entry :—

"June 24, 1617. To Worston Brook. Tryed for a foxe, found nothing. Towler lay at a rabbit, and we stayed throught and took her. Towler home to Downham to a foot-race. June 25—I hounded and killed a bitch foxe. After that to Salthill. There we had a bowson (badger). Wee wrought him and killed him."

The hearty and hardy squires of Queen Anne and the early Georgian period found, as the Duke of Buckingham had discovered several decades before, that the little red

THE SECOND DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM. [*From an Old Print*

rover could provide much better sport than the crude methods then in force produced.

For some reason the Duke seems to have made Bilsdale a favourite hunting-ground. He went, it is true, into Bransdale, which is just over the hill top, and he occasionally visited the beautiful valley of Farndale, which is to Bransdale in position what that dale is to Bilsdale. It was in the former dale, however, that he made a sort of second home ; it was here he spent many an evening after having been out all day with hounds ; it was here he caught that chill whilst waiting for a fox to be dug out which ended in his death at Kirbymoorside ; and it is here you must go would you hear a kindly word spoken of this early Nimrod. There is an old saying, which I doubt not is not peculiar to Yorkshire or to Yorkshire people, to the effect that "seein' is believin'." They saw with their own eyes that George Villiers was a

good sportsman, an expert horseman; they found him a generous landlord, a kindly man, and they came to love him. He brought into the isolation and monotony of their lives some pleasure, some change, and excitement. All this was new to them. Yet there was lying dormant all that love of sport in their breasts which has since gained for them a name and fame, and which must be placed first and foremost amongst their outstanding characteristics—nay, let me say our, for am I not a Tyke, and proud of it?

Mr. W. Scarth Dixon, who has done much to preserve the lore and legend of northern sport, says in "The North Countree":—

> The Duke's memory is kindly cherished among Bilsdale sportsmen, and he must have been a very different man from what Pope's venomous lines would lead one to expect. It is evident from the enthusiastic manner in which he hunted a difficult country that he was a first-rate sportsman, and, as Bobby Dawson remarks, "that hides a lot o' fauts."

What booted it to the dales folk if he had been a little more open in the rascality of his time than most of his contemporaries in sensuality? To them he was kind, free, open, and withal had many of the qualities we still admire in the country gentlemen. Thus, they speak of "t'Deeak" to-day with respect and affection in the dales, and, after all, they saw and had the best opportunities for seeing the man when he was his natural self and wearing no ducal coronet. When in Bilsdale, the Duke stayed at Bumper Castle, a better-class farmhouse and the residence of a tenant. The house still stands. The tenant, who had the honour of entertaining His Grace, was named Atkinson, and to him the Duke, on one occasion, gave a pair of solid silver spurs, which are still in existence, being, I believe, in the possession of Mr. John Wood, the treasurer of the hunt. Regarding these spurs, Mr. Robert Garbutt, of Seive Green, Bilsdale, tells me a story which gives one an insight into the value set upon them:—

> "Atkinson had some case of litigation with a relative of the same name, and to show his determination of having justice, he threatened to 'leave no stone unturned even though I must sell the silver spurs the Duke gave me, and which I value most of all.' His Grace also gave Forster a pair, which descended to 'Bobbie' Dawson, and were buried with him."

CHAPTER IV.

BUCKINGHAM IN LEGEND.

When a land forgets its legends,
Sees but falsehoods in the past;
When a nation views its sires
In the light of fools and liars,
'Tis a sign of its decline,
And its glories cannot last.

To discredit the legend of our dales and to sneer at their lore is to at once cast disbelief on local history, and, so far as we are here concerned in the present issue, is, whilst admitting that the stories told have their interest, to deny the main fact in demonstration. The stories which are here given, and which will from time to time be found in this history, are something more than interesting, amusing and, perchance, exciting old-world tales of our grand-sires told over the turf fire on a winter's evening. They have, it is true, been handed down—most of them orally—from generation to generation, and in the process of transition they may have become hackneyed, and peradventure exaggerated or lacking in detail, as the case may be. Still, if we read between the lines, a fairly accurate deduction may be arrived at regarding the main fact and nucleus of the story.

It may usually be taken for granted when a dalesman commences a narrative with "Ah've heeard it telled ower an' up ageean," or "Mah awd grandfeyther offens used to tell us bairns," that some story pregnant with local folklore is forthcoming. This lore has a literature peculiar to itself, and many stories require some little analysis ere one arrives, so to speak, at the kernel. To analyse, however, is to rob them of much of their charm and interest and poetry, therefore, I will leave to the reader the use of the pruning knife, but I do ask him to believe that innocent of much originality, and of very vivid imaginations, these stories are not the

concoctions of the dalesfolk, but are incidents which have their place—a prominent place forsooth—in local history, though, as has been said—and I make no apology for repeating myself so as to insist upon my point—they may have an outer crust of superstitious belief.

So far as Bilsdale, Farndale, and Bransdale are concerned, Helmsley has ever been the great metropolis. This was even more so in the days of the Duke of Buckingham, for then there was no Middlesbrough, and a commercial Tees-side was far ahead. Helmsley was—and to a great extent is still—their market town, the centre of all gaiety, the exchequer, the meeting-place of dales sportsmen and farmers—the term is almost synonymous—who in the summer at any rate never meet anywhere else. "Ti gan ta Hemsler" is to journey out of the isolation of the imprisonment of the hills—to take a drink of the world—and occasionally something else—in a word to visit the London of Daleland—a land little known, and less understood, by most people.

The Rev. M. C. F. Morris, in referring to this isolation in his "Yorkshire Folk-talk" (p. 159) says :—

> No doubt in days gone by the local knowledge was often acquired at the expense of the general, as what here follows will indicate. The moorland district, north of Helmsley, is a wild, out-of-the-way region, where old customs were kept up till lately with great tenacity, and where the folk-speech is rich in archaic words and forms. The people there seldom travelled far from their own homesteads, which were to them their world. A former assistant-curate of Helmsley informed me that he used to hear moorland farmers speak of Hemsley as t' coontthry. They would sometimes complain, for instance, that the farmers in the country, that is to say, round about Helmsley and the more lowland parts, could feed their beasts, and get better prices at the markets than they themselves could. He has even heard Helmsley spoken of as "England"; in speaking, for example, of the doings of their neighbours a few miles below them, they would talk of that district as "doon in England."

I, too, have often heard the less isolated districts ayont the hills spoken of as "t' coontry," and whilst the townsman is often apt to speak with something of disdain regarding "those country joskins," if he could but hear the sympathetic terms in which the dales fox-hunter refers to "chaps frev

t' coontry," who come out for a day on the moors and invariably get left behind because they cannot or dare not ride up to hounds over some of the rough and precipitous moorlands, he would find quite a reciprocity. The Bilsdale folk designate that part of their territory below the Hambletons, in the Upsall and Knayton district, as "t' coontry," and love a run down there.

It may be well understood therefore that anything and everything emanating from "Hemsler"—even more important locally in the days of the Duke than now—would be of vital interest, and he himself when he rode with his squires and yeomen into the dale by chance or design would be an object of interest, of admiration, and possibly of veneration. It is said the Tyke "dearly loves a lord"—he is by no means alone in his affection for the strawberry leaf—how much more then should he love a Duke? But I find no suggestion that it was a regard for title which caused His Grace of Buckingham to gain so high a pinnacle of fame—rather was it his claim to the enviable and comprehensive title of a "good sportsman." Indeed, it seems from what one can gather he had none of the dignity of a Royal cousin; he dropped his coronet in the mud of the Court, and came to lead a purer life amid the purer air and surroundings of the North Riding. This Bumper Castle, where he stayed in Bilsdale, was only a farmhouse. Yet he was welcomed as an honoured guest. Here he talked over the day's sport, and arranged plans for the morrow. He drank home-brewed ale, saw to his hounds being fed, chatted with the dalesfolks—possibly tried to talk their dialect—certainly he came to understand it. The stories tell us they rarely went to bed, these old-time bucks, but as an old hunting song has it:—

Round the table now seated, our jokes we recount,
And toasts fly well-wine-wash'd, at Bacchus's fount.
Good humour and mirth on each countenance shine,
And glees, jokes, and songs give a zest to the wine.
Making most of our time we reject gloomy sorrow,
And look forward with hope to the sport of to-morrow.

Our old sporting ballads all seem to associate sporting and drinking very closely, and no doubt they did go pretty much hand-in-hand together. Buckingham kept a cellar at Bumper Castle, and always told his host that if "owt happened him" he had to have his erstwhile sporting friends in and "drink t' lot dry." I have already said that His Grace had the faculty of adapting himself to circumstances. He was able to adapt himself to his company, and there is every reason to believe that he did this very successfully. I have heard my own good mother often say :

"The most perfect manners are those devoid of mannerisms, and those which succeed in placing other people at their ease."

The Duke decidedly succeeded in the latter qualification.

"Ya knaw," a Bilsdale man once said to me, "t'awd Deuk mun 'a'e been a very different sort ov a chap to these 'ere gentlemen wot comes intiv t' deeal noo. They're all show off an' bounce, an' ower mich awd buck (patronising) fur me, an' not a bit o' droll (conviviality or joke) amang t' lot on 'em—an' not deuks nowther—bud then deuks is deuks, an' can be free, bud t' other folks hev ta try ta be what tha harn't."

There is a moral here, as well as a trite expression of opinion —no doubt correct—that the first master of hounds was nothing if not free, and this very freedom, coupled with his horsemanship, gained him great popularity. It is next to an impossibility, of course, to collate any accurate accounts of runs in the Duke's time. With one consent the dalesfolk and those "awd originals," as families of long-standing were all called, around Helmsley, insist "he wur yan ov t'fiercest an' bouldest riders 'at ivver was; ther's nowt noo 'at can touch what he mud 'a'e been. Runs! Why Ah've heeard mah grandfeyther say they sumtahms ran all neet, an' when it wur moonlight t'hossmen follered 'em." It may seem somewhat inconsistent, to suggest these remarks are exaggerated, not so far as hounds running all night goes, for only last season the Farndale pack were left running in Bransdale one Saturday, darkness coming on, and they ran till Sunday morning, but with

reference to the fierce riding. "A fierce rider," translated, is a man who "rides straight," as the song says :—

> Three cheers for the man who ever rides straight,
> Who flies every fence, and jumps every gate;
> Cheers for the man who comes down a cropper,
> And cares not a rap, though he smashes his topper.

I cannot see that there would be such occasion or opportunity for fierce riding when the woodlands were so extensive,

BUCKINGHAM'S STONE IN TARN HOLE (BILSDALE).

and hounds were bred more for strength, nose, and cry than speed—a desideratum which is being somewhat exaggerated in the breeding of to-day.

One story they have in the dale, which is no doubt founded on fact, tells of a wonderful run in which the Duke took part, and which resulted in a monument of his fame as a fox-hunter being found in the dale to this day—Buckingham's Stone. The story, as told me by Mr. Robert Garbutt, is this :—

"Some of the old dalesfolk affirm it was rolled into its present position by the followers of the Duke's hunt by his express wish after a wonderful and very long run, with his hounds, in which some say three horses were killed. His Grace's horse—a favourite—dropped dead on the very place, and was buried here."

Mr. W. S. Dixon, in "The North Countree," also refers to the stone, and says :—

About two miles from Chop Gate, a public-house with a blacksmith's shop and two or three cottages to bear it company, is Buckingham's Stone, where tradition tells us that a fox was killed at the end of a severe run of some three hours' duration. The Duke, and Forster, his huntsman, were the only two who got to the end, and the Duke's horse died on the place, while Forster's succumbed at Slapewath, about a couple of miles on the homeward road. "T' lord" (Lord Feversham), said Bobby Dowson (sic Dawson), who has whipped in to the Bilsdale for fifty years, "owt to be prouder o' that steean than o' all his possessions"; and then, after a few moments' thought he added, "Ah should."

The opinions of the other "old school" of sportsmen quite coincided with those of "Bobbie," and when first I commenced to write anything about Bilsdale-hunting characters—since which, alas! they have nearly all gone the way of all flesh—old George Bell said to me :—

"When you're gahin ta paper owt (i.e., write anything), whatever ya deea dean't furgit Buckingham's Steean."

The stone is situated in Tarn Hole—a small valley about three miles east of Chop Gate, down which a stream of very black water runs, draining the moor, and joining another small stream, which flows down another small valley, amid the most rugged moorland scenery. Eventually, they both form what is known as Black Beck, which flows into the River Seph, or Seth, about half-a-mile above Fangdale Beck. Poor old "Bobbie" Dawson took a great interest in it, as he did in everything appertaining to His Grace or his memory. He once expressed to the Earl of Feversham what he had said to Mr. Dixon, "he owt ta think mair on it than owt he hez on his estate," adding, "Ah s'u'd!"

Mr. Robert Garbutt, of Seive Green, Bilsdale, who has supplied me with so much interesting information regarding the dale, and to whom I here acknowledge my indebtedness, says :—

To the general inhabitants of Bilsdale the story is of comparatively of no note, it being too near home, 80 per cent. I should think have never seen it. The old hunters, who know this wild region as a stronghold of the fox, know it well.

I myself have seen it when hunting, and Mr. Noel T. B. Turner's illustration is a good one.

One of the many stories I have often heard told in part, I was fortunate to find in full in an old manuscript, which came into my possession, collated by "G. Calvert, for M. Stapylton, Esq., 1823." The MS. was finished on the date mentioned by the son Calvert, his father having been engaged in its compilation for many years previously. The character of this particular legend is such that only an excerpt can be given. The collater never imagined that, after a century had passed, his most interesting and equally useful, closely-written volume would fall into the hands of a journalist, and, therefore, he gave plain unvarnished stories as told to him irrespective of their character or the language or incidents they described. The entry runs :—

A Curious Story.—Near to the Checkers' Inn at Slapestones (Osmotherly) there stood, until a few years ago, the cottage in which there lived many years sen, one Isaac Haw, who in his day did hunt the fox with George Villiers, and many a queer story did he use to tell. Here be one. There lived on the moor not over an hour's ride from Kirbymoorside, one Betty Scaife, who had a daughter Betty, a good-like wench as one could meet in a day's ride. It fell out that on a certain day, George, riding by, did happen for to see young Betty half stript and washing of her arms and breast. So taken was he with the maiden's charms that he settled there and then to make her his mistress. Finding she was alone, her mother having gone to the town, he made nought ado but put up his horse and entered. . . . . Let that be as it may she did come to be his mistress, and for long was so, but she having a dream bade him come no more, she at that time forecasting the very time and death he would die, which did take such hold upon him that he rode away and never saw her again ; and sure all she had dreamt did truly come to pass. Of Haw it be said, the last time that he and the rakeless scamp did ever ride together, George said : "Haw, I do by my soul believe that you would ride to Hell, and inside, too, if Reynard took that way." "I'd ride anywhere you rode, your Grace," said Haw. "Why, then, I'll tell you what," says His Grace, "as thou an' me won't have many years to live together, I challenge, when I am dead and thou art dead, to meet me on this moor, and hunt every time the devil gives us a holiday. What sayest thou ?" And Haw, being a little in drink at the time, agreed it should be so, and then George did vanish from his sight and Haw galloped home. Sobered with fear, knowing it had been a spirit he had ridden alongside of, but at that

time not knowing His Grace was lying dead. There be those whose word has been handed down to us, who swear to having seen these two a hunting of a spirit fox, with a spirit pack of hounds of a moonlight night. I know one who hath in memory a song of these two, but it be so despert blasfemous that for very fear of injuring the chance of my own soul's salvation, I do forbear to give it.

I have come across some old verses in "Yorkshire Songs and Ballads" which may have reference to this legend, though it cannot be said that in quoting them I shall endanger my soul's welfare, for in them at any rate there appears to be nothing "blasfemous." One or two verses run :—

Listen Yorkshire gentlemen
Unto the tale I tell,
'Tis of a strange adventure
That once a lord befel.

Who took his way with horse and hound,
With huntsman and with horn
To chase the wily fox I ween,
One Autumn's merry morn.

. . . . . .

"Or if he (the devil) would but come to-day,
We'd give him such a run
As he ne'er had in all his life
O! 'twould be noble fun."

So spake the lord and huntsman,
When to their great surprise,
A noble fox unkenneled
Before their wondering eyes.

As black as any raven,
As glossy and as bright
Save that his brush—no hunter's prize,
Is tipped with shinning white.

They had a wonderful run—so fast and so long that hounds, horses, and riders were dead beat, yet this fox, jumping into a river :—

He swam into the middle,
Then turned him round about,
And by the twain upon the bank
Was heard to laugh and shout.

"Ho ! ho ! ye gallant hunters
When must I come again ?
Never shall ye want a fox
To chase along the plain.

And when your need is greatest,
But call upon my name,
And I will come, and you shall have
The best of sport and game."

It would be a matter of impossibility to give all the stories told of His Grace—they would require a volume to themselves. His sporting peregrinations spread over a wide area—what are now the Sinnington, Farndale, and Bilsdale countries—and we find him giving a present here, a favour there, and a jest everywhere, all of which have been handed down as heirlooms—even the personal reminiscences—to this day. He once had an accident whilst hunting in Bilsdale, and was taken to Breckon Hill, past the door of which runs the old high-road to Kirbymoorside, via Bonfield Gill and Bransdale. Old Dawson, when lying on his death-bed here —Mrs. Teasdale, a distant relation, and keen sportswoman, having taken compassion on him—said :—

"Ti think Ah's mebbe lyin' in t' saam room where t'Deuk ligged when he wur badly ! You should be very prood Meg 'at ivver there was sike a grand feller in your house."

The story goes that the Duke was taken on to Kirbymoorside, when he was fit to be removed. Good sportswoman as she is, this "Meg" referred to, admitted to me the other day that she did not know her house was any the better for a Duke having been "badly in it." Is this lack of sentiment or stern commonsense ? I think the former.

We have now arrived at the end of the career of the famous hunting Duke. We have seen him a favourite—it might be said *the* favourite—at Court, we have marked the time when that Court knew him no more, and when he settled down, if his peregrinations into the dales and woodlands can be styled "settling down." We have watched him set the seed of fox-hunting in Yorkshire, and particularly in the countries hunted by the Bilsdale, Sinnington, and

Farndale packs at this day. We have noted that, the smile of royalty and the nobles denied him, he succeeds in finding a warm place in the heart of the sporting and hospitable Tyke, who, no doubt then as now, was some little time ere he had "quite reckoned up" the innovation of a Duke into his midst, and who was possibly won over by his manly qualities very much sooner than he would have been had His Grace not possessed himself of the art of studying correctly the people amongst whom he had come to reside—and it needs a very fine conception of this art ere the Yorkshireman will "tak tiv a stranger." It takes some time ere the inhabitants of our County will accept the stranger into their midst as a friend, but once having come within that category it is found the endeavour is well worth the result. The Yorkshireman, unlike his brothers in the South, is nothing if not "independent." Indeed, we pride ourselves upon this imagined virtue, and peradventure carry it a little too far towards obstinacy sometimes. I have heard old men say, "Ah've neea call ta be behodden (beholden) ti neea yan, ner to scrape mah tongue ner gie mesell a cold in t'head" (i.e., lift the hat).

The Duke reached the hearts of the conservative people among whom he ended his days. If it is true to-day that the master of hounds is a sort of king over the territory in which he shows sport—and to a greater or lesser degree this is the case—then the first of all masters of foxhounds was a king indeed. If they knew of his shame they knew too of his glory, if they knew of the slurs upon his character they would not blush for him, for to-day the morals of our dales are not remarkable for their strictness, much less would they be so then. They were "to his virtues very kind," and as for his faults, why there's many an old dalesman won't hear of them to-day. His end was by no means so ignominious as we are led to believe. The legend runs that whilst a fox was being dug out in Bilsdale, His Grace sat down on the damp ground, and thus caught a chill. Digging out a fox among the hills is a matter of time and difficulty, and it is possible that the Duke was heated with

the run; at any rate he was seized with spasms, and, so runs the story, was first taken to a farmhouse, and then after a time, feeling better, he managed to ride to Kirbymoorside, where again, being seized with pain, he went to one of a tenant's houses, then one of the best in the interesting

BUCKINGHAM HOUSE, KIRBYMOORSIDE, WHERE THE DUKE DIED.

old-world town. The house is still standing, though part of it is now a shop. It was never an inn, but near it is the "Black Swan," over the porch of which is an inscription, "William Wood, 1632," and also the King's Head. Buckingham House adjoins the latter-mentioned hotel. In "Ryedale and North Yorkshire Antiquities" we are told by Mr. George Frank—

"Though modernised, it retains the old style of architecture, with its original beams and wainscoting; it is now the property of the writer, who has in his possession an old seal with armorial bearings, found on the removal of the skirting-board of the bedroom in which the Duke was embalmed. The seal bearing a lion rampant has long been a puzzle in heraldry; it has generally been supposed to have

belonged to the Fairfax family, but recently competent judges have assigned it to a foreign origin."

Mr. Gordon Home, in his "Evolution of an English Town," says :—

"I have carefully examined the house without finding anything to suggest that such squalor could ever exist there. The staircase is very picturesque, and one of the brass drop handles on the bedroom doors shows that the building was a good one. The bedroom in which the Duke died has the fireplace blocked up ; there is a recessed window containing a seat, and the walls, where they are panelled, are of fir, although the larger beams throughout the house seem to be of oak."

The illustration given of Buckingham House shows the structure as it was some years ago before the windows were altered.

Here then it was that the Duke of Buckingham breathed his last, and the very opening sentence of Miss Katherine Duncombe's book on "Ryedale" tells us :—

"George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham, has conferred a certain distinction upon the little town of Kirbymoorside, one of the two market towns of Ryedale, by dying there. The house in which he died stands in the main street, next to the King's Head Inn, and has, it appears, undergone very little alteration since that event. . . . The room in which Buckingham died—a low-ceilinged apartment of modest dimensions—is on the first floor."

Heroes and kings, those gods of earth, whose fame
Aw'd half the nations, now are but a name.
The great in arts, or arms, the wise, the just,
Mix with the meanest in the congenial dust.

William Broome.

CHAPTER V.

THE END OF BUCKINGHAM.

"The world has been severe in censuring his foibles, but not so just in noting his good qualities. Of a most graceful mien and charming behaviour; a strong, tall, and active body, all of which gave lustre to the ornaments of his mind; of an admirable wit and excellent judgment; and had all the other qualities of a gentleman. He was courteous and affable to all; of a compassionate nature; ready to forgive and forget injuries; and a man of great courage and presence of mind in danger."—Brian Fairfax's "Life of Buckingham."

"The companions of my former libertinism would scarcely believe their eyes, were you to show them this epistle. They would laugh at me as a dreaming enthusiast; or pity me as a timrous wretch, who was shocked at the apparitions of futurity; but whoever laughs at me for being right, or pities me for being sensible of my errors is more entitled to my compassion than my resentment."—Buckingham's last letter.

There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends, and fame;
This lord of useless thousands ends.

Pope.

At last, then, in this house at Kirbymoorside, under a strange roof, and at the outset without a friend of standing by his side, racked with pain, uneasy in body, still more uneasy in mind, lay the clever, the witty, the at one time handsome Buckingham. A man born a nobleman, reared in an atmosphere of luxury, of lust, and filth, the claim to the title was forfeited by him, as it was by almost every courtier of the day. He was no black sheep of the flock of dancing, pandering time-servers. They were all black together. Thus the great possibilities of the man—and he had talents far and away above the epoch in which he lived—were never developed, or, if developed, were misdirected. He admitted himself in his last letter:—

There is nothing so dangerous as extraordinary abilities, and I cannot be accused of vanity now, being very sensible that I was once possessed of uncommon qualifications, especially as I sincerely regret that I ever had them. My rank in life made these accomplishments

still more conspicuous; and fascinated by the general applause which they procured, I never considered the proper means by which they should be displayed. Hence to procure a smile from a blockhead whom I despised, I have frequently treated the virtuous with disrespect; and sported with the holy name of Heaven, to obtain a laugh from a parcel of fools; who were entitled to nothing but contempt.

Selfishness—the uncurbed untutored self demanding every transient pleasure, no matter what the cost to himself or those around him—was the Alpha and Omega of his life. The very purposelessness of it was answerable in a great measure for this. Here, then, at Kirbymoorside, another centre of his hunting expeditions, and one of the most important hubs, too, of his vast estate, we find him within the echo almost of his own home. He was not, however, conscious he was so near the point of death. His constitution, improved as it no doubt had been by his days in the saddle, had been undermined years before he came to his Castle at Helmsley, and was not one to withstand and battle against an illness such as he had contracted. Lord Arran, afterwards Duke of Hamilton, a kinsman of the Duke's, passing through York heard of His Grace's illness, and hastened to his death-bed. To Dr. Sprat, Bishop of Rochester, and formerly chaplain to the Duke, he wrote a comprehensive account of the last days of Villiers. The epistle is a lengthy one, and full of erudition. He says:—

Kirby-Moor-Syde,
April 17th, 1687.

My Lord,

Mere chance having thrown me into these parts by accident, as I was at York in my journey towards Scotland, I heard of the Duke of Buckingham's illness here, which made me take a resolution of waiting upon His Grace, to see what condition he was in. I arrived here on Friday in the afternoon, where I found him in a very low condition; he had been long ill of an ague, which had made him weak; but his understanding was as good as ever, and his noble parts were so entire, that though I saw death in his looks at first sight, he would by no means think of it. He told me he was on horseback but two days before, and that he found himself so well at heart that he was sure he could be in no danger of his life. He told me he had a mighty descent fallen upon his abdomen, with an inflammation and a great swelling, and he thought by applying warm medicines the swellings would fall, and then

he would be at ease; this proved otherwise, for a mortification came on the lower parts, and rapidly descended, so that it had occasioned death.

As soon as I had arrived, I sent to York for one Dr. Waler, for I found him here in a most miserable condition; he desired me to stay with him, which I willingly obeyed. I confess it make my heart ache to see the Duke of Buckingham in so pitiful a state and in so bad a condition; and what made it worse he was not at all sensible of it, for he thought that in a day or two he should be well, and when we minded him of his condition, he said it was not so as we apprehended. The doctors told me his case was desperate, and though he enjoyed the free exercise of his senses, that in a day or two at most it would kill him; but they durst not tell him of it; so they put a hard part upon me to pronounce death to him, which I saw approaching so fast, that I thought it was high time for him to think of another world, for it was impossible for him to continue long in this; so I sent for a very worthy gentleman, Mr. Gibson, a neighbour* of His Grace's, who lives but a mile from this place, to be an assistant in this work; so we jointly represented his condition to him, who I saw was at first very uneasy; but I think we should not have discharged the duty of honest men, or I of a faithful kinsman, if we had suffered him to go out of this world without desiring him to prepare for death, and to look into his conscience.

Mr. Gibson asked him if he had made a will, or if he would declare who was to be his heir, but to the first he answered that he had made none, and to the last whoever was named, he always answered, "No." I then said, that since he would do nothing in his wordly affairs, I desired he might die like a Christian; and since he called himself of the Church of England, the parson was ready here to administer the Sacrament to him, which he said he would take; so accordingly I gave orders for it, and two other honest gentlemen received with him—Mr. Gibson and Colonel Liston, an old servant of His Grace's. At first he called out three or four times, for he thought that the ceremony looked as if death was near, which for the strength of his noble parts (they not yet being affected) he could not easily believe; for all this time he was not willing to take death to him, but in a few minutes after he became calm and received the Sacrament with all the decency imaginable, and in an hour afterwards he lost his speech, and continued so till eleven at night, when he died. Mr. Brian Fairfax and Mr. Gibson have been witnesses of my proceedings since my being here; I hope they will give an account of it. I thought in honour I could not leave him in this condition being so nearly related to him, especially His Grace being in such a retired corner, where there was nobody till I sent for

---

* John Gibson, of Welburn Hall, the chief magistrate of the neighbourhood.

this Mr. Gibson. My Lord Fairfax, of Gilling Castle, came in the afternoon, but he was speechless when he came.

I have ordered the corpse to be embalmed and carried to Helmsley Castle, and there to remain till my Lady Duchess her pleasure shall be known. There must be speedy care taken, for there is nothing here but confusion not to be expressed. Though his stewards have received vast sums there is not as much as one farthing, as they tell me, for defraying the least expense, but I have ordered his intestines to be buried at Helmsley, where his body is to remain until further orders.

Being the nearest kinsman upon the place, I have taken the liberty to give His Majesty an account of his death, and have sent his George and blue ribbon, to be disposed of as His Majesty shall think fit. I have addressed under cover to my Lord President, to whom I beg you would carry the bearer the minute he arrives.

So now that I have given your Lordship this particular account of everything, I have nothing more to do, but to assure your Lordship that I am,

My Lord, your Lordship's most assured friend and humble servant,

ARRAN.

This letter is full of pathos, and makes patent that Buckingham was not friendless at the end, and that, as no one denies, Pope exaggerated this last scene in his satire. The poet forgot or disregarded the command *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*. In his lines pregnant with spleen, cruel in their exaggeration, more cruel still in their truth at a time when most people would have sympathised. These lines have done more in latter years to damn the reputation of George Villiers than all historical fact. They are forcible, it is true, and perhaps never was poet or writer more successful in producing the effect he desired. The contrast is the attainment of poetical comparison, the licence which is allowed to the writer of verse is abused to a degree unparalleled in any other lines of equal fame. The lines run :—

Behold what blessings wealth to life can lend !
And see, what comfort it affords our end.
In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-hung,
The floors of plaister, and the walls of dung.
On once a flock bed, but repaired with straw,
With tape-ty'd curtains never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from that bed
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
Great Villiers lies—alas ! how chang'd from him,

That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim !
Gallant and gay, in Clivedon's proud alcove,
The bow'r of wanton Shrewsbury and love ;
Or just as gay, at council in a ring
Of mimic statesmen, and their merry king.
No wit to flatter, left of all his store !
No fool to laugh at, which he valued more.
There victor of his health, his fortune, friends
And fame ; this lord of useless thousands ends.

One long sigh of penitence and personal upbraiding, on the other hand, is Buckingham's own last letter—written as a sort of confession to his friend, Dr. Haydon—an excerpt from which forms a preface to this chapter. If never serious before, if his levity never gave place to heart and soul-seachings at any other time, if in his life in private, and when a courtier, his conscience had never pricked, his letter to the doctor leaves no doubt that at the end he combined seriousness with meditation on his death-bed. The following is an extract from the letter :—

Dear Doctor,—

I always looked upon you to be a person of true virtue, and know you to be of sound understanding ; for however I have acted in opposition to the principles of religion, or the dictates of reason, I can honestly assure you, I have always had the highest veneration for both. The world and I shake hands, for I dare affirm we are heartily weary of each other. Oh ! what a prodigal have I been of that most valuable of all possessions—Time ! I have squandered it away with a profusion unparalleled ; and now, when the enjoyment of a few days would be worth the world, I cannot flatter myself with the prospect of half-a-dozen hours. How despicable, my dear friend, is that man who never prays to his God, but in the hour of distress ! In what manner can he supplicate that Omnipotent being in his affliction. Whom in the time of his prosperity he never remembered with reverence ! Do not brand me with infidelity, when I tell you I am almost ashamed to offer up my petition at the Throne of Grace, or to implore that Divine mercy in the next world which I have scandalously abused in this. Shall ingratitude of man be looked upon as the blackest of crimes, and not ingratitude to God ? Shall an insult to the King be looked upon in the most offensive light, and yet no notice taken when the King of Kings is treated with indignity and disrespect ? . . . . . To what situation am I now reduced ? Is this odious little hut a fit suitable lodging for a prince ? Is this anxiety of mind becoming the character of a Christian ? From

this Mr. Gibson. My Lord Fairfax, of Gilling Castle, came in the afternoon, but he was speechless when he came.

I have ordered the corpse to be embalmed and carried to Helmsley Castle, and there to remain till my Lady Duchess her pleasure shall be known. There must be speedy care taken, for there is nothing here but confusion not to be expressed. Though his stewards have received vast sums there is not as much as one farthing, as they tell me, for defraying the least expense, but I have ordered his intestines to be buried at Helmsley, where his body is to remain until further orders.

Being the nearest kinsman upon the place, I have taken the liberty to give His Majesty an account of his death, and have sent his George and blue ribbon, to be disposed of as His Majesty shall think fit. I have addressed under cover to my Lord President, to whom I beg you would carry the bearer the minute he arrives.

So now that I have given your Lordship this particular account of everything, I have nothing more to do, but to assure your Lordship that I am,

My Lord, your Lordship's most assured friend and humble servant,

ARRAN.

This letter is full of pathos, and makes patent that Buckingham was not friendless at the end, and that, as no one denies, Pope exaggerated this last scene in his satire. The poet forgot or disregarded the command *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*. In his lines pregnant with spleen, cruel in their exaggeration, more cruel still in their truth at a time when most people would have sympathised. These lines have done more in latter years to damn the reputation of George Villiers than all historical fact. They are forcible, it is true, and perhaps never was poet or writer more successful in producing the effect he desired. The contrast is the attainment of poetical comparison, the licence which is allowed to the writer of verse is abused to a degree unparalleled in any other lines of equal fame. The lines run :—

Behold what blessings wealth to life can lend !
And see, what comfort it affords our end.
In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-hung,
The floors of plaister, and the walls of dung.
On once a flock bed, but repaired with straw,
With tape-ty'd curtains never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from that bed
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
Great Villiers lies—alas ! how chang'd from him,

That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim !
Gallant and gay, in Clivedon's proud alcove,
The bow'r of wanton Shrewsbury and love ;
Or just as gay, at council in a ring
Of mimic statesmen, and their merry king.
No wit to flatter, left of all his store !
No fool to laugh at, which he valued more.
There victor of his health, his fortune, friends
And fame ; this lord of useless thousands ends.

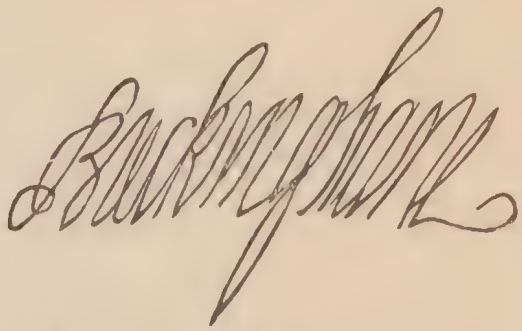
One long sigh of penitence and personal upbraiding, on the other hand, is Buckingham's own last letter—written as a sort of confession to his friend, Dr. Haydon—an excerpt from which forms a preface to this chapter. If never serious before, if his levity never gave place to heart and soul-seachings at any other time, if in his life in private, and when a courtier, his conscience had never pricked, his letter to the doctor leaves no doubt that at the end he combined seriousness with meditation on his death-bed. The following is an extract from the letter :—

Dear Doctor,—

I always looked upon you to be a person of true virtue, and know you to be of sound understanding ; for however I have acted in opposition to the principles of religion, or the dictates of reason, I can honestly assure you, I have always had the highest veneration for both. The world and I shake hands, for I dare affirm we are heartily weary of each other. Oh ! what a prodigal have I been of that most valuable of all possessions—Time ! I have squandered it away with a profusion unparalleled ; and now, when the enjoyment of a few days would be worth the world, I cannot flatter myself with the prospect of half-a-dozen hours. How despicable, my dear friend, is that man who never prays to his God, but in the hour of distress ! In what manner can he supplicate that Omnipotent being in his affliction. Whom in the time of his prosperity he never remembered with reverence ! Do not brand me with infidelity, when I tell you I am almost ashamed to offer up my petition at the Throne of Grace, or to implore that Divine mercy in the next world which I have scandalously abused in this. Shall ingratitude of man be looked upon as the blackest of crimes, and not ingratitude to God ? Shall an insult to the King be looked upon in the most offensive light, and yet no notice taken when the King of Kings is treated with indignity and disrespect ? . . . . . To what situation am I now reduced ? Is this odious little hut a fit suitable lodging for a prince ? Is this anxiety of mind becoming the character of a Christian ? From

my rank, I might have expected affluence to wait upon my life; from religion and understanding, peace to smile upon my end; instead of which I am afflicted with poverty, haunted with remorse; despised by my country, and I fear forsaken by my God!

I am forsaken by all my acquaintances; utterly neglected by the friends of my bosom, and the dependants on my bounty. . . . I am of opinion, this is the last visit I shall ever solicit from you; my distemper is powerful; come and pray for the departing spirit of the poor unhappy.



In the letter written by Lord Arran, it is stated orders were given for the Duke's intestines to be interred at Helmsley. These orders, however, were either countermanded or disobeyed, for in the parish registers at Kirbymoorside the entry occurs in the heading of burials :—

1687.—April 17: George vilaus, Lord dooke of bookingham.

As the history of Ryedale points out however :—

"The entry in the register would appear conclusive that the interment took place here instead, which only appears natural. The body was finally conveyed to London, via York, and deposited in Westminster Abbey, on June 7th; his widow was interred in the same place October 30th, after surviving him seventeen years, leaving no issue of the marriage."

Thus ended one of the keenest sportsmen, one of the greatest wits, and, according to Lord Macaulay, "one of the most unprincipled men of his day," said Miss Katherine Duncombe in an interesting article in Badminton, on "the Duke of Buckingham's Hunt."

A few years after His Grace's death the estates—which at one time brought him in £25,000 annually—were sold for the benefit of his creditors, Helmsley being purchased by Sir Charles Duncombe, Kt., banker and cashier of the

Excise, High Sheriff, and afterwards Lord Mayor of London, who was a native of Buckinghamshire.

Now one comes to a question of no small interest—how did the Sinnington, the Bilsdale, and the Farndale Hounds become established? My own opinion is this, that such hounds as had been kept for the late Duke in Bilsdale were retained, and an absolutely independent pack formed. There would be no master, no committee of management, no subscription, and withal, no "capping," but there would be hounds, and there is no doubt Forster did hunt the dale after the demise of his ducal master. Possibly the hounds at Helmsley remained at the Castle with the servants, who remained there; probably they were scattered amongst those who had followed them. A somewhat analagous case is cited by Cecil in his "Records of the Chase"—

"About that period (1811) a pack was established by subscription at Bridgenorth, when it was called the Wheatland Hunt. Mr. Skelding had the principal management, and was joined by Mr. Thomas Baker, the elder brother of the present master. . . . . It was distinguished as a most sporting coterie, and continued till about the year 1818, Mr. Skelding having previously resigned his post as huntsman to one John Chorlton, a kind of amateur yeoman, and the death of Mr. Thomas Baker taking place, the hunt was broken up. The taste for hunting is innate in the inhabitants of this soil, and the farmers kept the hounds on for several seasons, some in a small kennel, under the care of the aforesaid John Chorlton, who still acted as huntsman, and the others at the farmhouses, from whence they were collected on the hunting morning.

At any rate, it is certain the Duncombe family had hounds and hunted the fox very shortly after they purchased Helmsley.

There are records of this, and Mr. W. S. Dixon tells us: "The Bilsdale have at times been hardly put to it, and have scarcely been able to make a muster, although they have always kept a few hounds in the dale, and managed to have an occasional hunt. With the Sinnington, however, matters are different. Although they have had many a hard struggle, and the fortunes of the hunt have often sunk to so low an ebb that it seemed as if extinction was inevitable, there has always occurred an opportune revival, and the country has been hunted continuously since the Duke of Buckingham was at the head of affairs, two hundred and twenty years ago (in 1689). The

Duncombe family purchased the Helmsley estates from the Duke's executors in 1695, and followed his example in keeping up the hounds."

Again, one finds Miss K. Duncombe writing :—

"The Bilsdale men, once having tasted of the delights of fox-hunting, doubtless felt that they could not abandon them without a struggle, and got together a trencher-fed pack, which hunted, and still hunts, the valley of Bilsdale, as also a small strip of open country near Thirsk."

It is most difficult to come to any accurate decision, or indeed any decision at all, regarding the Farndale Hunt. Not a single record seems to have been kept, and though I have made journeys into the dale and to every one whom I imagined could throw light upon the origin of the Hunt, I have failed to procure any information even legendary to help me in coming to a conclusion as to the date of the formation of the pack. That Farndale—a valley more isolated than Bilsdale, and almost unapproachable by vehicle—was part of the Duke's country is undoubtedly the case. The dale, however, has always been somewhat thinly populated, the people have married and inter-married till they are many of them extremely laconic, and it is difficult to procure any historical fact.

"Baily's Hunting Directory" gives the date of the formation of the pack as 1835, which is incorrect. Miss Duncombe studiously avoids any mention of the pack at all, and the author of the "North Countree" tells us nothing regarding its inception. I am led to believe that it is of a later date than the other twain, and that (1) for some years the Farndale men had a few hounds and joined with the Bilsdale, eventually breeding sufficient to commence a pack of their own, or (2) the Bilsdale "set them up" with some hounds, and they received as a gift some harriers from near Kirbymoorside, and inter-bred. At any rate, between the three packs which now hunt the Duke's country, friendly relations have always been maintained, and they have "swopped" hounds with one another, and used each other's stud-hounds from the earliest time, till the Sinnington passed by an evolution, which will be mentioned in due course, from the position of a trencher-fed

pack to their present status. Even now they send a few hounds to Bilsdale and occasionally to Farndale, whilst the latter packs employ each other's stallion hounds, and occasionally have a joint meet. Perhaps few hunts have maintained through varying huntsmanships the characteristics of their pack as have the Farndale. They have always been essentially hound men—as is the case in Bilsdale to-day—and they have always bred so as to produce hounds as light-coloured as possible.

Mr. W. S. Dixon says of the Bilsdale hunting-men of the generation which is past :—

> They are eminently hound men, but would most probably judge a hound from a different standpoint to the fashionable standard of the present day. We do not suppose they would be particularly fastidious about a hound being straight, but a good nose and plenty of cry are indispensable. They have had a few drafts from the Bedale, Sinnington and Hurworth, but they prefer their own blood, affirming that it suits the country best, and they will go a long way to get a hound which they have reason to believe is descended from the Duke of Buckingham's pack.

To revert, however, to the Farndale and their light-coloured pack, Sir A. E. Pease, in his history of the "Cleveland Hounds as a Trencher-fed Pack," not only gives us an opinion regarding the breeding of light-coloured hounds for hilly countries, but also seems to attribute the Duke of Buckingham's Hunt, at any rate in a measure, as being answerable for the foundation of the Roxby Foxhounds, which, after becoming the "Roxby and Cleveland Hounds," evolved into the Cleveland, by which name they are now known. Sir Alfred Pease, who is one of the best sportsmen, hardest men across a country, and as great-hearted a fellow as ever threw leg over a saddle, or was proud to call himself a Tyke, says :—

> Where the hounds that formed the Roxby Pack came from I have endeavoured, but failed, to discover, but in all probability they were originally harriers, hunting hare and pursuing a fox when occasion arose, and afterwards crossed and improved by admixture with the fox-hounds that George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, brought into banishment with him, and hunted in the neighbourhood of Helmsley. From these hounds the Bilsdale hounds derive their origin, and probably

the Farndale. No doubt they begged hounds from their landlords and neighbouring packs. The stamp of the old Roxby hounds was much the same as the Bilsdale—strong in bone, long on the leg, light gutted, long-headed, sharp-nosed, and with coarse sterns; in colour they were light, a valuable quality in hounds on these moors, where a dark pack would soon be lost to view among the heather.

Interesting as is all this, and bearing as it does upon the history of "England's Oldest Hunt," still one does not gain very much erudition regarding the history of the Farndale, neither does an amusing letter from a committee-man of that hunt throw a great deal of light on the matter. The letter runs :—

Dear Hunting Friend, —I must go to Farndale to see two men to make a correct statement. I am gleaning the gentleman's name that started Farndale Hounds. He lived at Kirbymoorside. He divided his hounds into three places—Sinnington, Bilsdale, and Farndale. He was the best sportsman ever known. He killed his horse the high side of Bilsdale while hunting. The place where the gentleman buried it with saddle and bridle is conspicuous to this day. I will try and find his name and address, if possible, and then I shall be able to get through with duties.

I do not, at any rate, feel at all certain in my own mind that the Farndale Hunt dates back so far as either the Bilsdale or Sinnington—it is undoubtedly a child born of the two packs—though peradventure it may have other crosses in it. At any rate, the Farndale Hunt has never had the status of either of the twain, and I believe that no pack in England is conducted with so small an expenditure as this—"poor folk mun 'a'e poor ways" they say in the dales. Since this work went to press, Mr. J. H. Munro MacKenzie, a famous breeder of Highland Ponies, and an ex-Master of the now extinct Whitehaven Harriers, whom I met on the Isle of Mull, N.B., remarked with some disgust, "As much is spent on boot polish with many hunts as on the old world packs which showed such excellent sport." It is, of course, possible that they may have had a few hounds in Farndale and Bransdale at the Duke's death and "scratted on wi' 'em," as they quaintly put it, but as I have said I find not one bit of record regarding this hunt, and when gathering information with reference to it, there

seemed to be so much of the personal element introduced, so much spleen, envy, and jealousy, that my notes on the pack will have to be very carefully edited. These three packs then now hunt what was the Duke's country, each claims in conjunction with the other to be the oldest pack of foxhounds in England, but they are not alone. It is said you should never argue with the Yorkshireman regarding the superiority of hunting, pigs, or women, in any alien county. So it is unwise to tell a Bilsdale, or an old standard Sinnington-hunting man, you know of a pack of greater antiquity than his. A gentleman who once accompanied me into Bilsdale did tell old "Bobbie" Dawson he had been in a country which he fancied had been hunted by a pack of foxhounds longer than the Bilsdale. "You've what?" asked Bob. "I've hunted in a country in Dorset which claims, and I believe, rightly claims, to be older even than your pack." "Then why the dayvell did ya leave it?" asked the old veteran. "We can deea varry weel widoot ya here. Awdest hunt i' Dossett—why Ah've nivver even heeard o' t' pleace, an' t'awd Deuk were nivver there." This settled the matter quite satisfactory so far as the old man was concerned, but claimants to the honour of antiquarian premiership require a little more fact and data than that. It never will be quite settled which was the oldest English hunt.

CHAPTER VI.

THE BILSDALE HUNT.

"But there is a third hunt which is older than either of these, for while Charles II. was laying the foundations of modern Newmarket, that rascally libertine, the second Duke of Buckingham, was hunting hare and fox, and stag, in the Bilsdale country, which lies between the springs of Esk and Leven, in the north-east corner of Yorkshire, the county of the St. Leger, the land of Black Hambleton, the birthplace of so many forms of sport. Near Ingleby, where lives Lord de L'Isle and Dudley, is the rough, inspiriting moorland, which has descended to the Earl of Feversham from Sir Charles Duncombe, who purchased the estate to which George Villiers retired when he had made even the court of Charles II. too hot to hold him. The hunt showed itself quite impartial in the matter of quarry, throughout its history; but it is the fox now-a-days that the small pack of some 20 trencher-fed hounds hunt, for stag was abandoned in 1750, though there is a fine poem on a chance run in 1821 to Northallerton. . . . Through his wife, Mary Fairfax, he owned the famous Fairfax Morocco Barb, the Helmsley Turk (sire of Old Buster), and many other thoroughbreds, whose blood is still strong upon the turf to-day. But he abandoned his honourable and courageous wife for the sake of the shameless Lady Shrewsbury, whose husband he practically murdered. From this complicated character, in which blackguardism and immorality of every kind were about equally mixed, the Bilsdale Hunt may be considered fortunate to have preserved only the best traditions, leaving the choice of its more undesirable elements to sporting districts less austere, and a little further to the South."—From a review of an article by the author in "Baily's Magazine," 1901.

I WROTE an article in "The Yorkshire Post" about a year ago on the Bilsdale Hunt, and amongst other letters which it brought forth was one full of contradiction, but giving no grounds and no actual data in the form of an apology to substantiate the "correction." The letter runs:—

The statements regarding the Duke of Buckingham in Thursday's issue are incorrect. . . . The traditions which exist about him are to a very great extent apocryphal. Certainly he was not the first Master of Hounds in England. A couple of hundred years before Buckingham was hunting Sir Roger Hastings hunted the fox in the

BILSDALE HOUNDS ON CARLTON BANK TOP.

same country. Gervase Markham, in "Country Contentments" and others of his books, speaks of fox-hunting as an established sport, and in an old book, written by Dr. Matthew Stevenson, "The Fox-chase" is spoken of as a "noble enterprise." That the Duke of Buckingham hunted and indulged in other sports as did the gentlemen of his time, is, of course, undoubted, but in the records of sport of the time, which are extant, his name does not appear prominently. He is only mentioned twice—in Mr. J. B. Muir's valuable records of old Newmarket, but never is his name mentioned in connection with the Charlton Hunt, of which Mr. Roper was the master—a hunt which existed many years before the Duke of Buckingham left the Court, and of which the Duke of Monmouth, who was a first-rate sportsman, was a prominent member. Buckingham may have belonged to this, the first hunt club of which there is any record, but it is curious there is no evidence that he did so. The facts of the case are that the reputation of the Duke of Buckingham as a sportsman rests on the slenderest foundation. That he was a man of genius is undoubted—his epitaph on his father-in-law shows that he could appreciate honour and honesty in others if he had not much himself, and is a noble tribute to a noble life, and he did great service to English literature. . . . Bilsdale tradition, and Bilsdale tradition alone, speaks of Buckingham as a fine sportsman, and Bilsdale tradition unsupported by other testimony is very poor evidence. For instance, Bilsdale tradition asserts that the Duke of Buckingham would never turn his horse's head away from a fence to go to a gate, however big the fence might be. This in a way is strictly true, for the Duke of Buckingham hunted over the forest of Pickering, which extended from Thirsk to the sea—an open country, which was not enclosed till nearly a hundred years after his death.

The writer of this letter, which appeared, signed "Yorkshireman," fails to recognise that there are extravagances of hero worship, and extravagances of expression. For instance, we may speak of a man to-day as going "as straight as an arrow" across country, regardless of what is before him. This is not true, though it may be an exaggeration of the truth, for the hardest men are not infrequently pulled up in these days of wire and sheep netting. Hero worship is invariably conducted at the shrine of the magnifying glass. I have already admitted that some of the stories of wonderful runs have during their oral passage of generations become exaggerated. This, however, I do say, that though there are many packs claiming the honour of premier position, so far as age is concerned, none can

show a more complete title to such claim than the Duke of Buckingham's hunt.

In an additional note to the latest edition of "Strutt's Sports and Pastimes," the editor tells us :—

"The keeping of public packs of hounds did not obtain in England until about the close of the seventeenth century, and these packs hunted the stag and hare indiscriminately. One of the first packs of hounds kept solely for fox-hunting was the Hertfordshire, and it was started in 1725 with Mr. John Calvert as the first Master."

In a recent book, "With Hound and Terrier in the Field," the authoress claims for a Dorsetshire pack this position, and in reviewing the volume in the "Newcastle Chronicle," I pointed out that we in Yorkshire contended we had the first pack of foxhounds, adding "the claim is usually admitted." In reply to this review, I received the following letter :—

Haddon Lodge, Stalybridge, Dorset.

Dear Sir,—Thank you for the kindly review of my book. With regard to the Cranborne Chase Hunt, the first Mr. Fownes bought Steepleton in 1654, and kept hounds there, which were said to hunt fox only in the chase. I know that Lord Arundel claims the distinction as well as others, but we Dorset people give Mr. Fownes the pride of place. Again thanking you, I am, yours sincerely,

Alys. S. Serrell.

It is one of those questions which will never be settled quite satisfactorily to all parties concerned, and it is a waste of space to further discuss it. I am conceited enough to imagine that ere this history is completed, facts will be placed before the reader which will enable him to decide once and for always that the Duke of Buckingham was the first to form a pack solely for hunting the fox, and that whilst his early contemporaries might occasionally hunt Reynard, they did not have packs exclusively for this chase, as has heretofore been amply proven.

I will first deal with the Bilsdale Hunt, since it claims never to have been totally extinct since the day of the Duke's death, and to have at once assumed its present status on the demise of the first M.F.H. To tabulate a list of the succeeding masters and huntsmen is no easy matter. I find the information in "Baily's Hunting Directory,"

drawn up, I believe, by Mr. Selby Lowndes hopelessly incorrect. Mr. W. Scarth Dixon's list in "The North Countree" is helpful, but incomplete and vague. The following will be found as accurate—whilst yet necessarily not pretending to be absolutely correct—a table as it is possible to draw up :—

Duke of Buckingham	16..	to 1687
R. Forster (High Thornhill)		
J. Dawson (Orra)	about 40 years.	
J. Hughill (Ellermire)	1770	to 1800
W. Medd	1800	1810
W. Garbutt (Elmhouse)	1810	1816
Mr. Rickitson (hounds trencher-fed around Swainby)	1816	1825
Richard Tate / Leonard Leng	1825	1830
G. Bell, Senr. (Chop Gate)	1830	1837
G. Bell, Junr.	1837	1853
Pack almost extinct 14 years	1853	1867
Squire Barr (Holly Bower)	1867	1870
Nicholas Spink (Bilsdale)	1870	1886
Nicholas Spink / R. Garbutt	1886	1887
F. Wilson Horsfall (Potto)	1888	1889
R. Garbutt / R. Kitching (Swainby)	1889	1897
H. W. Selby Lowndes (Carlton)	1897	1900
T. Bentley and Committee (Bilsdale)	1900	1903
F. Wilson Horsfall (Potto)	1903	——

As has already been stated, Robert Forster, of High Thornhill, Bilsdale, who was huntsman to the Duke, continued to fill that position after the death of his ducal employer. For many years he carried on the sport, no doubt in much the same manner as it was conducted up to a couple of decades ago. His connection by marriage with the Dawson family—a connection perfectly clear, as already demonstrated, in the genealogy of the two families—perhaps accounts for the appearance of J. Dawson, after a period regarding which hunting history is silent.

There were at one time minute books extant regarding this period, which would have been most useful in the

present issue, but it has ever been the case with clubs and societies, whether sporting or social, that from differences of opinion, or albeit jealousy—the root of much evil—there were occasionally partial splits even amongst such excellent sportsmen as these early Bilsdaleites. Now a split, however, little it may influence the welfare of those on "t'other side," is still a division, and in a double sense to divide means to separate, for it not infrequently carries with it documents and trophies of bygone days. In the Bilsdale, Farndale, and Sinnington Hunts of yore, each of "t'main men" were responsible not only for the safeguarding and rearing of one or two hounds, but scattered amongst them were also hunting horns, books, presents to the Hunt, and trophies won at the old hound trails once so popular. These were often brought each year to the annual hunt dinner, and actually belonged to the committee of the hunt, not to the holder, or the master when such there was, but to "t'hoont" as represented by the committee.

Whether or not this old minute book, containing, as I am told it did, old-time recipes for every manner of hound ailment, from jaundice (or "yellows") to "Ye best way to make a hound carry his stern in a fitting manner," was lost to the Hunt during one of these temporary little feuds, I cannot say. It had in a list of the hound names, accounts of sport, and the names of officials. Search was made without success for the old MS. volume when the dispute as to the ownership of country arose between the Hurworth and the Bilsdale. This is most unfortunate, for it would have provided most interesting and useful data for the present history. So far as can be roughly gathered, J. Dawson—the grandsire of old "Bobbie," was followed, in 1770, by J. Hughill. He was a yeoman farmer of means, fond of sport, and a good fellow with hounds. I have heard it said in the dale, "he was a hard beast across a country," and no day was too long for him, no run too fast. Records regarding this period are, however, scant in the extreme, and even legendary matter is not easy to obtain, but it is probable some of

Hughill's family also carried the horn. The old school—of whom much later—were too wrapt up with the doings of the pack from their own induction into office to talk of earlier times. Indeed, no small tact was required to get them to talk at all. They were jealous lest one should appear more enthusiastic, in print, than they, or that the name of one should be connected with a greater number of runs and incidents than the other. Yet it was advisable to have them all together, for then they did not indulge in "romancing tales"—as they term reminiscent extravagances. For ten years J. Hughill retained office, giving place to W. Medd (Crookleth), whose era spread over a decade, but here the history of the Hunt, as after the death of Forster, becomes very vague. In his deposition in support of the home pack in the Bilsdale v. Hurworth trial (in 1898), already mentioned, Robert Dawson said :—

"I am 77 years of age, and have lived in Bilsdale all my life. I have hunted with the Bilsdale ever since I was a child. The first meet I went to was at Ewe Cote, when about 5 years old, and I have hunted regularly ever since. . . . The first master of the Bilsdale I can remember was Richard Tate."

It then would be about 1826 that Tate and Leng were masters, and it is probable they followed "Hunter Garbutt," who took the reins of office about 1810, though there might possibly be some one at the head of affairs betwixt the twain. In "North Countree," Mr. Scarth Dixon says :—

In those days it was by no means uncommon for neighbouring packs to join for a day's hunting, and this custom still prevails in some of the Yorkshire dales. Accordingly, we find that Mr. Andrew agreed to join packs with his neighbour, Mr. Rickaby (Sic Rickitson), who kept hounds at Swainby Castle, and hunted a considerable portion of what is now the West portion of the Cleveland country. We learn from Andrew's diary that Rickaby brought five couples and a half and rode well.

Rev. J. C. Fowler, M.A. (Vicar of Whorlton), wrote to me :—

"I find that John Temple's grandfather (also John Temple) was the huntsman of the Bilsdale hounds (trencher-fed), and that he was succeeded by Mr. John Rickitson, who lived at Whorl Hill Farm—long the residence of that family. His son, Mr. Kilvington Rickitson, now

lives at Trenholme. The name Rickitson, I recently discovered is spoken of as Rickaby. No such family of that name having existed here. I am frequently discovering this peculiarity of altering names, i.e., a family known as Bowron is really Bowland. I only found this out on entering a marriage. The present John Temple has his grandfather's whip with a peculiar brass end. I never saw such an end, and the owner says he never did. He also has the couples and the twisted copper horn. It may interest you to know that about a year ago I

JOHN TEMPLE'S COPPER HORN.

had a visit from Mr. Walton Rickitson (a well-known American Sculptor) of New Bedford, Mass., U.S.A. He was an elderly man and went up to Whorl Hill Farm. He told me he ran up and down the granary steps delighted to think how his ancestors won their way, and he was treading on the very steps they trod, etc. ! ! He became quite enthusiastic about these matters. He called on his relations at Trenholme, Stokesley, &c."

It must be remembered that at this period the hounds were a sort of company affair ; and that whilst there might be a nominal huntsman who carried the horn, still each man in his way was equally capable of hunting the pack, which, being trencher-fed, would be just about as much under the control of each individual follower as the huntsman himself. There would be no salary paid to the huntsman, and it is very clear from stories told that when the dalesfolk wanted hounds upon extraordinary days or in consequence of the knowledge of the whereabouts of a fox, such as were within the hearing of the horn were called up, and away they went, minus scarlet, and possibly without he who at this particular period was nominally huntsman. The early history of the Cleveland Hounds—when they were known as " The Roxby

(or Rowsby) Dogs," shows they were hunted on foot without even a nominal huntsman, each man cheering on his own hound. To a lesser degree this even obtains now in the Farndale country, where to walk a hound invests one with the privilege of assisting(?) in the hunting of the pack. This unconventional cosmopolitanism was in force in Bilsdale a little over a quarter of a century ago, as will be shown in due course.

The Medd family have from the very commencement of the last century been intimately connected with the Bilsdale Hunt in all its ups and downs—and it has not been without them—nor is the name wanting now amongst the committeemen and followers of the hunt. It was an early bearer of this name who kept the Fox and Hounds Inn at Orra—an appropriate sign, forsooth—and from what one can gather he kept a sort of open house for hunting men. Peculiarly enough, after the lapse of nearly a century, another bearer of the name and follower of the Bilsdale is now mine host of the Fox and Hounds Inn at Carlton-in-Cleveland. An inn by the way which is owned by the Vicar of the parish, the hunting and farming parson (Rev. J. L. Kyle), to whom this book is dedicated. The Inn at Orra was undoubtedly an ancient erection, and played a prominent part in the history, social and sporting, of the dale, Hunt meetings, both formal and informal, were held here regularly, whilst never a wedding party thought of wending their way homeward without calling and leaving so much money with which those who had attended the function were expected to drink success to the newly-wedded couple. The old inn was hard by the church, and on a certain Sunday in the year, I cannot learn which, nor yet the origin of the custom, a stall containing boots and shoes was found in front of it, and as the good dalesfolk left church they either bought shoes or received those for which they had been measured earlier in the year. This was about eighty years ago. The Fox and Hounds was a regular rendezvous after the day's sport, and here many a hunting song was sung, and one or two I believe composed. When the Bilsdale

were hunting hare as well as fox it was no uncommon thing to send on one or two unfortunate "pussies" to the Fox to be made into hare pie, ready for the hungry hunters on their return from their sport. This custom was common, too, with the Farndale Hunt, and many a hare supper has been enjoyed at the Plain Hotel—like the Fox and Hounds at Orra, now no more—in Fryup. My father referred to the old inn at Orra in some verses he wrote on the dale :—

In ye good old days, in ye days lang syne,
Tally ho ! Tally ho ! yoicks forrard,
When a gleam and a glimmer from turves piled high,
When the blue smoke curled in the evening sky
From yon chimney stack, lang syne ;
Ye Fox and Hounds, in ye good old days,
Tally ho ! Tally ho ! yoicks forrard,
Brewed ye best brown ale and ye rafters rang,
As some hunting song was loudly sung,
Round ye punch bowl sweetly reeking,
And ye lads and lasses in ye good old days,
Tally ho ! Tally ho ! yoicks forrard,
Did foot it here to some old-time reel,
And in and out did Cupid steal,
Just the same in ye good old days.
But the night wind sighs through yon paneless sash,
Ev'ry sound of mirth has vanished,
'Tis the home of the bat and the cry of the owl
Is heard by night as if some soul
Still haunted ye old, old sign.

To revert after this tangent. Throughout a long stretch of years, the Tate and Leng families were identified with the history of the pack, and held official positions in its inner workings. After some seasons, George Bell, Junr., was appointed huntsman, for the sporting twain, Leng having previously acted in this capacity. George was only 15 at this period, but was even then well entered to hounds, and had an hereditary knowledge of the science of the chase, so essential to every man who hopes to hunt a pack successfully. They seem to have been wonderfully keen fellows to hounds, with a Bilsdale love of the sport, and to employ the place-name as an adjective in this sense means a great deal. There are many stories told of them, but that

which Miss Katherine Duncombe relates in her Badminton article, to which reference has already been made, is as interesting as any I have heard, insomuch as it gives one an insight into the character of the sportsmen under notice.

An anecdote told in the hunt is worth relating. It was at one time under the management of two men, called Tate and Leng. One Saturday afternoon, after a good run, these two worthies found themselves in the vicinity of the market-town of Stokesley. It happened to be market day, and here the two remained for some hours, to rest and bait their horses, and refresh the inner man. After drinking a stirrup cup they started home about midnight. It was a bright, moonlight night, and as they passed a covert called Hoggarth (sic Hoggett's) Wood, hounds got on to the line of a fox. The two men joined in the hunt, nothing loth, and eventually the fox was run into and killed between two and three o'clock on Sunday morning, the men having galloped for over two hours across some of the roughest country in England.

Speaking of Sunday reminds me that within the memory of some of the old dalesfolk, the fixtures of the hunt for the coming week were announced with the other notices from the pulpit on Sundays in Bilsdale, by no means the least interesting portion of the service to many. Records of sport are vague in the extreme during the period the pack was under the dual control of Tate and Leng, though it seems they had wonderful runs, for then there were no jet and alum workings, which have since spoiled many a good gallop. Scent does not lay on the shale tips, and so soon as a fox is pressed on the Cleveland side of the country, where "jetting" and alum working was at one time quite an industry, he pops into an old working. They are so numerous and there are so many badgers on the hills (one would regret to see the number less), that it is next to impossible to stop them all. The names of the two families seem to disappear with the severance of the connection by death or old age of the two worthies mentioned. Leng's name occurs in the account of the last stag hunt the Bilsdale ever had—probably after a stag which had strayed from Duncombe Park, where for long a large number have been bred, the wild character of the enclosure on the Wass side

enabling the Earl of Feversham and his guests to stalk them. The song runs :—

BILSDALE STAG HUNT.

In the year eighteen hundred and twenty-one,
Bilsdale foxhounds to Boltby a hunting did come ;
For having set down more sportsmen to meet
On the 10th day of April it was a fine seet.
Our sportsmen having met from both far and near,
The day of our chase you quickly shall hear ;
Uncoupling the hounds, into cover they went
To try for bold Renny, but could not find scent.
The huntsman he tried right over Stirk Hill,
Through Birkbank cover he used all his skill,
Then through the Shut plantings by Gutta Wood did tak,
Unto the Sand Earths, where they were called back ;
Then to Cowesby Wood next, and tried for him there,
But finding no scent they shirked off a hare ;
Then down Yackley Bank, away they did ride,
And Butcher Mill intack for Renny they tried.
Next unto Upsall Whin they then took their way,
And tried for to find poor Renny there.
Now through the New Building Woods did they range,
And finding no scent they thought it very strange ;
So most of the sportsmen did then give it o'er,
For they thought it no use to try any more.
To Mount St. John then the rest took their way,
Bound for the White Mare, thinking Renny must be there ;
But Towler gave challenge, all in Cotcliff Wood,
And our huntsman harked to him, he knew it was good ;
"Hark ! away unto Towler," our huntsman did sing,
And when they got to him they made the woods ring ;
Upstarting a stag for Sutton he did tak,
But, running to Kelmire, he there turned back ;
From Kelmire to Boltby he then took his way,
And got into the Oaks, where he thought for to stay,
But looking around him saw the hounds in full cry,
And thought to himself it was high time to fly.
Then up the hill he went, where some weaver lads sat,
When they sang out, "Now, my lads, turn him back ;"
"Tantivy ! Tantivy !" then their voices did sound,
Which made the country echo all round.
Now straight across West Moor he then took his way,
And down Yackley Bank so gallantly did stay.
Then right over Knayton Moor, he advanced along,
And in Knayton town was viewed by the throng.

Now for Thornton-le-Street, he next made his track,
But on turning to Crosby, he saw the fleet pack.
And to Allerton fine village like lightning they went,
For they ran him in view without any scent.
To those staunch little hounds he has forced to bend,
And they worried this stag at Allerton town-end.
The first in the field that came dashing away,
It was Squire Turton, upon a fine bay.
Charles Harrison, of Murton, did second him well,
And Will Weatherburn was the third, they did tell;
Our huntsman came next, a hearty good fellow,
He's always good-natured, whether sober or mellow;
There was Leng, out of Bilsdale, rode a bay very strong,
Was up at the death, in the midst of the throng.
Said he to Jack Barker, "What sportsman could stay,
When Towler and Charmer kept leading the way?"
To Charles Harrison, of Murton, we will give him praise,
He ought to have been placed the first in the chase,
For Squire Turton he joined them behind Upsall Whin,
When the chase was half over he was fresh to begin.
This Charles Harrison, of Murton, he's a dashing young spark,
And comes out in the morning as fresh as a lark,
For his neck he will break, either sooner or later,
For he'd rather jump over as open a gate.
Here's a health to the huntsman, likewise whipper-in,
For to sing of their praises I think 'tis no sin.
Here's a health to Will Garbutt, of honour and fame,
His hounds give him credit and praise to his name,
For he views his fleet pack with pride and delight,
And he glories to be with them from morning till night.

Here, too, we find Hunter Garbutt mentioned. He was a farmer at one time in the dale, but later on at Boltby, I believe. Mr. W. S. Dixon tells us :—

In the early years of the present century, and probably in the last decade of the previous one, William Garbutt was at the head of affairs, "t' main man," as they say in Bilsdale. Like the immortal Jorrocks, he seems to have been "unkimmon fond of 'unting," for he is known in that sporting neighbourhood as "Hunter" Garbutt, and it was only by diligent inquiry that we are able to discover his real name. He was a hard man and reckless rider, and a good huntsman. One run during his mastership is deserving of especial notice, as it is probably the last occasion that a wild stag was killed with hounds in Yorkshire. On the 10th of April, 1821, they found a stag in Cotcliff Wood, near Boltby, and after a long and severe run they killed him

in a pond near Northallerton town-end, the Master, it is said, jumping the turnpike gate in his excitement.

Frank Simpson who, the author just quoted tells us, was a keen follower of hounds on foot, and often seen with the Sinnington, remembers one good day in Hunter Garbutt's time—

"It seems," says Mr. Dixon, "that Sir Bellingham Graham took some interest in the doings of the Bilsdale, and occasionally gave them a few hounds. Simpson speaks highly of two of them, Ranger and Triumph, and the former is closely associated in his mind with one of the best runs he ever saw. The Bilsdale met at Ashberry, and it was a happy destiny to have to take Ranger to the meet. He was mounted on this occasion, luckily for him, or he would have seen little of the run he describes with so much enthusiasm. He joined the pack in the bridle road to Cold Kirby, and they had not proceeded very far before they met a butcher, named Tyreman, who was proceeding to market, accompanied by his dog, and, as is the manner of curs, the latter began to take liberties, and was 'saucy' with the hounds. As a matter of course they resented it, and the cur taking to his heels, they followed in hot pursuit. The cur luckily saved himself, for they got on the line of a fox, and ran him hard to Hambleton. Here he was headed, and after a good run went to ground in the Far Moor, at Duncombe Park. It was a rough place he got into, some old mine workings, but, nothing daunted, they commenced digging. They got him out and turned him down at Oswaldkirk Bank Top, and killed him at Seamer Wood. The late Lord Feversham and Dean Duncombe were present at the digging out, and were highly entertained with the enthusiasm displayed by the Bilsdale men."

All the stories which are told of Garbutt evince a wonderful enthusiasm, and a knowledge of the moors and their "man-traps" (bogs), which is really essential ere a man can satisfactorily hunt a pack in these wild regions. It is supposed that the run told in the following old song occurred in his day :—

THE BILSDALE HOUNDS.

You hearty sons of chase give ear
And listen to my song,
'Tis of a hunt with Bilsdale Hounds
That lately has been run.

CHORUS.

And a hunting we will go, will go,
And a hunting we will go, brave boys,
And a hunting we will go.

On the eighteenth of November last,
It being that very day,
With all our upstaunch hounds we went
To covert straight away.

Up Eskardale we did pursue
Right to the lofty crag;
Our hounds gave mouth for certain truth
They were upon his drag.

We ran his drag across the moor,
Right to on Thorldale Rocks,
At ten o'clock upon that day
Unkennelled was the fox.

By Arden Hall, through Camp Hill Wood,
To Sunny Bank he goes,
Through Peak Scar Gill to Murton Mill,
In spite of all his foes.

For Seddell straight he took his flight,
And Boltby Hills so high;
Down the Long Plain bold Renny came,
We heard a jovial cry.

To Cold Kirby and Flaxendale,
And Scawton town also;
Through Datle Pasture and Noble Duke,
This valiant fox did go.

To Tom Smith Cross and the High Wood
And Border Wood full fast.
By Byland Abbey and Crook Hill,
And Water Gates he passed.

Through Newborough Park to Pound Hill Wood,
Then Owston Wood he found,
All his skill he tried, and he'd surely have died
If he hadn't gone to ground.

Forty-five miles it was our chase,
We ran it in three hours' space,
Our hunters true that did pursue,
I'll name them every one.

Mr. Walkington on his chestnut mare,
Charles Harrison on his bay,
John Bulman and Len Heseltine,
Peacock and Clark were there.

So sportsmen all your glasses fill,
And let the toast go round,
Five couple of hounds of high degree
That viewed the fox to ground.

This chase probably took place in the early years of last century. Charles Harrison lived at Murton. Hunter Garbutt, of Elm House, was the huntsman. John Bulman was a native of Hambleton. Clark is supposed to be the author of the song, and it is said he composed it the night after the run in the Spout House, much to the disgust of his bed-fellow, Luke Blackburn. He was a shoemaker. Peacock lived at Carr Cote. Len Heseltine was one of the Hambleton trainers, amongst whom the Bilsdale Hounds have always found favour. In Thirsk Churchyard I find the following inscription on a stone :—

"To the memory of Leonard Heseltine, of Hambleton House, who departed this life May, 1812, aged 53. In the midst of life, &c."

To a sportsman who is conversant with every inch of the country, resides in it, and has often heard the run discussed, I am indebted for the following extended account :—

The meet was at Hawnby ; Hawnby Hill was drawn blank, but in Eskardale, a valley a mile long and about three miles from Hawnby, hounds hit on a drag which they ran over Arden Moor to the lofty crag top. In Thordale Rocks, which is the next Gill to Lofty Crag, their fox was risen. Down this very steep hill he ran to Arden Hall, over Cumhill, from the summit down the dale side over to Sunnybank Gowerdale, another precipitous dell some 400 feet deep. On from here he went to Peak Scar Gill—a rough stoney valley. Indeed, this wonderful fox seems to have chosen the most tiring and roughest country possible. Leaving Murton well to the right, he made for Murton Gill aiming as if for Long Plain. Here he went even faster hearing hounds behind him, in the direction of Weathercote, then for Cold Kirby town's pasture, down Nettledale (about a mile in length) by the low end of Flassendale, a long and beautifully wooded valley some 400 feet deep. Here he entered the Sinnington country and went on by Mr. Worthy's Stocking House Farm (Scawton) and over Scawton Howl to Seamer Howl, which is now enclosed in the Earl of Feversham's deer park, over Claythette Rigg in a line for Antofts, where at this time a tenant named Duke Taylor, a sporting farmer, lived. Antofts was left on the the left, the fox making for Waterloo over the moor. He continued to bear left-handed to Tom Smith's Cross (said to be the site of a gibbet)

where, at the time of the famous run, the moor was all open but is now a part of the deer forest. He touched Wass Moor on the right and Ampleforth on the left. Here he entered the Vale of Mowbray by Watergates Farm and over the railway into Lord Middleton's country. Leaving Gilling Woods (of about 600 acres) to the left he went up Yearsley Moor past Lion Lodge Farm, over the Yearsley and Ampleforth Road to what at that time would be Newburgh Park (now Sir Geo. Wombwell's). Leaving Yearsley village on the left and Pond Hill Wood with Newburgh Park on the right, he pointed as if for Creyke Castle, from whence he went in a straight line for Easingwold. Eventually they marked their fox to ground near Oulston village, in the York and Ainsty country.

There is only one narrow strip of wood here, or near the village, and my correspondent, who took me over a portion of the country traversed in this wonderful run, and from the top of the Hambletons pointed out the remainder, remembers about four years ago the York and Ainsty finding a fox in Newburgh Park and marking him to ground in this narrow strip, not far removed from Oulston village—possibly the same earth as that at which the Bilsdale finished years ago, for there is none other near. This run, which took hounds into four hunting territories, was from 35 to 45 miles as hounds ran, and includes no less than a 21 mile point. No one, who knows the country will accuse my informant, or the song, of extravagance. A rougher or more difficult country could hardly be chosen.

Another run in Bell's era, related by Bobbie Dawson, took place in the January of 1835, when a fox was found in Jay's nest on the hill above Chop Gate, and, running the length of the dale, entered the Sinnington territory, passed over Harriet Air, and entered Duncombe Park, from whence they ran down to Helmsley town end. Having his mask turned homewards, this hardy dale fox commenced to retrace his steps, and after nearly reaching Jay's Nest again, for some reason, circled round and took hounds back again to Duncombe Park and Helmsley. Continuing his see-saw-like movements, he re-entered the dale, and crossing Bridgestone Ridge, went to ground at dark in a rabbit hole at Hill House Wood, near Chop Gate. None of those few out were with hounds when they left Helmsley on the second occasion,

but some of the dalesfolk turned out on hearing them running, and discovered the little pack at the mouth of the hole in which they had marked their fox. The night had turned frosty, and some of the hounds were so stiff with cold and fatigue that they had to be carried home. From the line taken on each occasion it seems hardly likely the pack changed foxes, although the distance was no less than forty-five or six miles all told. Mr. Dixon suggests that the hounds changed foxes on returning to Jay's Nest the second time. There is no doubt that foxes do frequently " trade " in one direction from their covert, as witness the fact that the runs from some wood or whin are invariably in one direction during the whole of one season, and in another the next. So it is possible this may be the case, though personally, from what Dawson told me of the run, incredible as it may seem, I am inclined to think they ran the same fox during the whole of that wonderful and long day.

George Bell, Senr., who followed Hunter Garbutt, was an unassuming, quiet chap, and of him one hears but little amongst " t'awd hands ov t'hoont." His son, George Bell, Junr., was better known, and according to the statement he gave in the dispute between the two hunts mentioned, he (the latter) " was born in the year 1817, and was master of the Bilsdale Hunt 16 years, but really hunted them for about 30 years, as I assisted Richard Tate, Leonard Leng, and my father during their respective masterships. I have followed the Bilsdale Hounds from childhood up to the present time, and know every inch of the country".

It was a sort of company affair between father and son, though the elder Bell was nominally the huntsman. Both father and son were blacksmiths at Chop Gate, and a nephew of the late George—both now being dead—still carries on the business, and is a member of the Hunt Committee. He is Bell Medd, bearing two names prominently connected with the history of hunting in the dale, and speaking of the inter-marriage of two hunting families reminds me that in Daleland every one is connected in some way or other with every one else ; that is, those who are natives. It is, there-

fore, no wonder they have a doggerel verse pregnant with its moral, which might be taken to heart by others as well as those visiting our dales :—

> It'll save ya neea small trouble
> If when speakin' you tak care
> To woam ya speeak, of woam ya speak,
> An' hoo an' when an' where.

To revert, however, to the Bells. George, Junr., spoke in the highest praise of his father's capabilities with hounds. From what he told me I gathered that it was not always both of them could get away from the shop "ti gan hoontin'," and not infrequently the younger George had to set off alone. One day his father had one of the best runs "'at ivver were heeard tell on." Finding a fox on Carlton banks they ran down into the low country by Crathorne on to Yarm. Skirting this interesting old-world town by the banks of the Tees, with its charming old-fashioned gardens and posting-houses, they went on nearly to Stockton, and ran into their quarry. Vast excitement was caused by old Bell whooping and holloaing all the way through Yarm. Here they asked how far they were from Bilsdale. "Neea yan," said young George, who told me the story, "hed ivver heeard o' Bilsdel, seea wa gat summat ta eeat an' were hosses a bait, an' gat on t'road fur Stowslay." He estimated this run at forty miles, but I hardly fancy it would be much more than half of this distance. The run goes to show that the moorland fox, innocent of all so-called preservation, showed as wonderful an amount of sport then as he does to-day. In due course, as will be seen from the table of Masters of the Hunt given, George, the younger, became Master of the Hunt with which he had been connected so long. I knew the old man well. He was not what one would at all expect him to be after having heard of his prowess and enthusiasm in the field, and in many ways was disappointing. He was reserved ; seemed to be possessed of none of that unexhausted and unexhaustible vitality which characterised his contemporaries. I never heard him laugh, and it was with difficulty one got him

to speak of bygone days, when any of the other old Nimrods who had joined him in so many chases were present. He was fearful lest they should out-Herod Herod, and instead of

THE LATE GEORGE BELL.

going one better each time they told of some run, or recounted some story, he remained silent. He liked not my note book, and always viewed it with suspicion. Yet he was a good sportsman, and behind all his reticence there were individualities which one did not at first appreciate. I think things had not gone altogether well with him in later years, and this

may have had something to do with his disposition. It was Longfellow who wrote: "Believe me, every heart has its secret sorrows, which the world knows not; and oftentimes we call a man cold when he is only sad." It is a pathetic fact that when one comes to look into the lives of those who were so ardent in the pursuit of the chase in these dales, and most assiduous in promoting its welfare, they nearly all died somewhat sad deaths, and were more or less impoverished. Bell had nothing of the sporting appearance of either of the Spinks, or of Bobbie Dawson. He had a heavy face and a fixed expression. The sketch of him is from a photograph I had taken a year or so before his death, in company with Dawson and Spink. It is a good one, and the artist has caught his expression well. He had a kindly voice, and I believe a nature in accordance with it. For long, and up to the time of his death, he was Chairman of the Hunt Committee, and presided at the Hunt dinners. I remember at one of these functions we wound up with "Auld Lang Syne," and he took hold of my hand—we formed a circle round the room—and said, "Nivver you say owt wrang aboot Bilsdel Hoonds in them there papers you write to and allus stick tiv 'em an' help 'em on." Mr. Dixon says of him :—

George Bell's father succeeded these two worthies (Tate and Leng) George Bell, Junr., who had been huntsman for them, still continuing to carry the horn. Bell made an early start as a huntsman, for he was only 15 years old when he first took the arduous duties appertaining to the office. He was born a huntsman, and from his first season showed excellent sport. There was not a sufficiency of foxes to admit of it being hunted two days a week, so they hunted fox and hare alternately, hunting the hares on foot, but following the nobler quarry on horseback. The hares they killed were not broken up, but were given to the farmers who kept a hound. And a good few hares they did kill, if we are to judge from the record of one day, when they owned to having killed nine. Lively, a bitch descended from the Duke of Buckingham's blood, was especially smart amongst the hares, and when they ran into view would race out of the pack and course her hare like a greyhound. The strength of the pack in George Bell's time was about ten couple, and it says something for their perseverance and skilful manner in which they were handled, that they killed on an average from ten to fifteen brace of foxes in a season during the thirty years that Bell hunted

them. Bilsdale, it should be borne in mind, was a famous scenting country before jet mining became prevalent, but the jet shale interferes very much with scent, and in some parts of the country is a considerable hindrance to sport. A real old-fashioned run, such as it gladdens the hearts of Bilsdale men to talk, and the intricacies of which they will debate on with enthusiasm for an hour at a time, took place in 1840, and George Bell declares it to have been one of the finest runs he ever saw. They found in Arncliffe Wood, and ran along the banks to Ingleby Park. The fox passed through the Park Wood, and pointed for Baysdale, but was headed by something and ran by Greenhow and Botton Head, along the hills to Arncliffe Wood. The hounds pressed him out over the top of Arncliffe by Wild Goose Nest and Slapestones, where they pulled him down after a run of three hours and twenty minutes, over as rough a country as can well be found in Yorkshire. The distance was computed to be between twenty and thirty miles.

It was the old man's boast that he could blow such a blast on the horn whilst standing on his front door step at Chop Gate on a hunting morning as to draw up every hound kept in the dale. This seems a remarkable statement, but was born out by not a few of his *confréres*. There is, of course, a great art in blowing a horn, and as one writer has it, "H is for horn, sure those that can blow it, are born to the thrick just the same as the poet." A horn does sound wonderfully amongst the hills, and it is, I suppose, possible that hounds on the *qui vive* may have heard it five or six miles away.

The subject of calling up hounds by the horn is mentioned in a somewhat interesting Yorkshire trial, to test the right of a Clevelander, named Christopher Rowntree, to style himself as "a gentleman." This Rowntree seems to have been one of the old free-and-easy sporting squirearchy, who kept his pack of hounds, and the reasons set forth to prove his lack of claim to the title are not a little quaint. The trial took place at York before Mr. Baron Thompson, in 1803, and the following account appeared in an old newspaper of the day :—

At an Assize trial held at York to decide whether one Christopher Rowntree, of Middleton-on-Leven, the celebrated fox-hunter, was a "gentleman." The only evidence against him was that he was blind of one eye, wore leather breeches, and when he came to Stokesley

market dined at an ordinary with the farmers at one shilling or eighteenpence a head—the best joints of meat then never being sold by butchers at more than fourpence a pound, and eggs being retailed in our market at twopence a dozen during the season. As to his worldly wealth, and unblemished character, these were fully admitted by his opponent (though they doubted whether he could be said to keep a pack of hounds, as each of his tenants fed a few of them, and the horn was blown to gather them together when they had to assemble for a hunt). The counsel on behalf of the C. R. declared that a gentleman remained such wherever he dined, could those wishing to hold from him that title to which his client possessed every just claim they ought to have proved, not where he dined and paid, but whether he dined and left without paying, then, guilty of such an act as that, he would have lost all right to have been considered a gentleman, they, his opponents, should have proved not that he went about in leather breeches, but without any at all, then that truly would have stamped his client as no gentleman.

He won his case, having Mr. Sergeant Law as counsel, Mr. Sergeant Cockle being the barrister on the other side.

The old man (Bell) was immensely proud, not only of the fact that he could sound the horn so well, but also that it was his hound Charlotte which won the hound trial held years ago at Whitby. It is a silver cup which George always used to bring down with him to the Hunt dinner and gaze on with fond eyes. It still has its place on the table at that annual event, and few of those acquainted with the personnel of the hunt a decade or two ago, can help but cast a retrospective glance and say, " May the sod lie lightly on the departed Nimrod," who so much looked forward each year to the annual feast and re-union. An entry in the old minute book of the Bilsdale Hunt refers to this cup thus :—" 1874. Decided that G. Bell, Chop Yat, shall have the honour of keeping the silver cup—given by Sir H. Johnson, and won (Class 3) at the Whitby Dog Show for best Trencher-fed hound, 2nd September, 1874, for his natural life, but on his death to be held by the master."

Bell was a great advocate of early morning fixtures, and viewed with disgust the advanced hour of later day hunting meets. There is a good deal of truth, too, in what he argued, regarding turning out with hounds as soon as daylight appeared. Bilsdale sportsmen have always been fond of

"a drag," and do not consider it a bad day if they "can nobbut git a good drag." Then, too, Bell used to point out that everything at this time of the morning was fresh, and scent was often much better than ever it became again during the day till nightfall. Hounds flew about "kittle," i.e., in a lively manner, displaying keenness and interest in their work, which George affirmed was always a good sign. The greatest week in Bell's long hunting career was when he was sent for by the Swainby sportsmen to hunt Arncliffe and Raindriff Wood. He stayed at Swainby a week and killed four foxes in five days. To many unacquainted with the hills this will sound no extraordinary occurrence, but when it is borne in mind the size of the coverts, the difficulty experienced in getting a fox away, and the hundred and one earths into which he could creep on finding himself pressed by hounds, then can we applaud, as did old George, the record he established. He died at ten o'clock on the evening of August 15, 1901, aged 80.

CHAPTER VII.

HUNTING HARE AND WITCH.

SEEING that it was during that long epoch with which George Bell, Junr., was connected with the pack as huntsman and master and huntsman combined, that hare hunting was commenced as a regular institution in Bilsdale, it is timely that something should be said regarding this, it may be considered, retrogressive step. The Bilsdale people were determined to have sport with their hounds. Foxes were none too plentiful, therefore they had to resort to the older sport of hare hunting on alternate days. This chapter in the history of the Hunt was made a strong point in the memorable trial between the Bilsdale and Hurworth Hunts during Mr. Lowndes' Mastership of the former, it being urged that at this period the Bilsdale hounds were harriers and not foxhounds. The fact is that they were ever really foxhounds, and whilst one of the two days in the week the pack was followed on foot to hunt puss, still they often ran a fox. The late Mr. John Dale, of Wake Lady Green, Farndale, who was a native of Bilsdale, sent me shortly before his death, which occurred on July 18, 1903, some interesting reminiscences of this era of the Hunt's history.

"I notice you refer to the Bilsdale Hounds as having on one or two occasions been hard set. I knew the hunt when they were very different. Indeed, when they were in their days of affluence. I can well re-call the time when they used to kill their 12 and 16 hares in a day then call off and go and find a fox and kill him too. But I am speaking of over 30 years ago. They had plenty of hounds and plenty of foxes—and hares too. Other game was also plentiful. Chop Yat in those days was the headquarters, the outlying hounds being collected there the evening previous to the hunting day, and stabled at George Bell's. The hounds in these days all had their liberty in the close season, and when hunting was finished they were brought to Bell's blacksmith's shop, and a wire placed through every hound's fore-foot between the toes, the ends

being twisted together in a similar manner to a pig-ring. This caused the hounds to go on three legs through the close season, and served to prevent them from running hares. (The Cleveland hounds also adopted this plan, but a prosecution against the Bilsdale by the R.S.P.C.A. put an end to what was, no doubt, a useful but somewhat cruel practice—J. F. B.) Then a change came to pass for the worse, they were stopped hunting the hare, this caused less interest to be taken in the hunt, which has never had so many followers since. I can well remember it being said that Lord Feversham was surprised there were not so many hares after they were not hunted, and one day, meeting the ever plain-spoken Bobbie Dawson, he expressed surprise. "Oh!" said Bobbie, "Ah can tell ya hoo it is. T'farmers weean't keep hares noo 'at they've been stopped huntin' 'em."

Regarding this period of the history of the Hunt, stories, were rife a few years ago, though one does not hear so much of them now. Pregnant with superstition and lore, they were told *bona-fide*, and one had to keep one's countenance very straight else there would not have been a word said regarding the troublesome witch "Peg Humphrey," who gave the Bilsdale hounds and sportsmen so much trouble. It seems Peg Humphrey was an "awd weean," as the old dale sportsmen described her, who lived at East Moors. Learned as she was in the black arts, it was her wont to transform herself into a hare, and give the hounds many a bootless run. They always seemed to come across her form just when scent was at its best, and not till the run—always a remarkable one—had been in progress for some time did it transpire that it was no natural puss which they were running, but this old woman, whose power it was, with the aid of incantation, of mysterious boilings and simmerings over her turf fire, to curse or cast spells upon those against whom she was for some reason spiteful, or whom her *clientele* in their malice wished punishing. So it is little wonder that on certain days sport was spoiled, and a fear cast over those who were participating in it. With bated breath they consulted. Should hounds be called off? Was it Peg or was it really a big Jack hare—one of those which give a run like a fox at certain times in the year? One day they decided, Peg or no Peg, witch or no witch, they would not call off the eager hounds, but would follow

on, come weal, come woe, to the bitter end. It was a sad day for Peg; a sadder day for one or more of the followers. Bell was out, Stephen Ainsley was out, Dick Spink was there, as was Isaac Johnson and a few more farmers. They went to the Helmsley end of the dale to Rowper Sands, not far distant from East Moors. From an article I wrote some years ago to "Badminton," I take the following account of this old hunters' bugbear:—

On one of her "hare days," as George Bell and Bobbie Dawson, who firmly believed in these stories, called them, it was the lot of the Bilsdale Hounds to get on to her, and the dance she led them is not forgotten in the dale to-day. Isaac Johnson was on his black "gallower," and the rest were on foot, as was their wont when hunting puss. One of the biggest hares "'at ivver gat up i' front o' hoonds were putten up on Rowper," and for four hours did she lead those hardy dales sportsmen over moor and bog and hill. Still, not knowing what to be tired meant, and scorning the thought of leaving hounds so long as they were running, or any hope of their doing so remained, they watched and waited till her circles ever and anon made it possible for them to actually join in the chase and full excitement of this wonderful hunt. At other times they had to be content with listening to the music which the dales sportsmen love so much. They had vaguely hinted that it must be "Awd Peg." Well! let it be so, they would go the whole hog now and see the hunt through to the far, and if need be, bitter end. At last, it was a matter no longer for doubt. Puss was making for East Moors. It was Peg! Be it so; they still followed, intoxicated by the sport they had had. On, on, at a pace faster than ever she had gone before this witched-hare sped. At last Peg's farmyard was reached, and through the "bow" hole into the barn she fled. Even yet, amazed at their own daring, the hunters followed. The barn was fastened from the inside, they smashed it open, and there lying on some straw, was the erstwhile hare; panting, exhausted, trembling in every limb, lay Peg. "Oh!" she gasped, "I've been fothering, an' t'wind's blown t'door to. Come in an' hev a glass o' yal; Ah lay you'll be tired after that lang hunt you've had." To Bobbie she said, "Ah wadn't hot thoo, thoo's some yan's lad." To old Isaac she spake naught, but she charmed his ale, and immediately after leaving he complained of feeling ill. Though Dr. Ness was called in, I believe from Kirbymoorside or Helmsley, he could do nothing to save the old fellow, who was convinced he had been bewitched. He died very shortly after, and Bobbie always wondered that he himself had not been "hodden that way."

One more story of this evil old dame, and I must pass on. I could tell many like legends of her, but will content myself with giving an account as told to me of the last occasion on which she was run by

hounds, and how in the end she outran the constable, and by some means lost her power of escaping just at the right moment. The fact that she did lose this power robbed her of that which enabled her to transform herself, nor did she cast any spell upon those who took a prominent part in the chase which resulted in her undoing. With pretty much the same field as on the previous occasion they set off with only some four couple of hounds, amongst which were Minister, of which more later, Gamester, Towler, and Lady—some of the best hounds the hunt ever had. Several hares had been killed, and the followers were just thinking of returning to the old Fox and Hounds Inn to a hare-pie tea, when up started a beauty, and away went hounds with such a burst of music as "nivver were heeard afore or sen." It was not a long run, but tremendously fast. Hounds got clear away from the foot-folk, but in the course of a circle came back again and took over some low-lying marshy ground. At last they came to a gate under which the hare went with hounds just behind her. Stephen Ainsley could have felled her with his stick, but already one or two had dropped out of the hunt with the warning "Remember poor Isaac!" and as Steve once told me he did not want a "hanging job." However, old Lady clicked the hare when she was passing under the gate, and soon after she was seen to disappear through the broadside of Peg's house. The sportsmen entered the house and saw Peg in a pitiable plight on her bed. Young Tom Johnson lifted his stick, and said he would "bray her for her tricks." George Bell restrained him, and said they did not want "Onny moddering bouts." A doctor afterwards had to be sent for to have a wound on Peg's body attended to, and ever after that day did she go lame, never again troubling the sportsmen.

My father in his "Wit, Character, and Folklore of the North Riding of Yorkshire," tells of another Yorkshire witch, who employed the power of transforming herself into a hare, as she did other wondrous charms and spells for working evil. One young love-sick swain found his lady growing cold towards him and "pining away," as we say in Yorkshire. To-day we should rush to a medical compendium. They trusted to the wise man, who, as often as not, was in league with the witch, the one playing into the hands of the other, though, be it said, some of these men not only believed in their own powers of second sight and a sort of crystal gazing, but actually did elucidate some mysteries in a remarkable manner. The following, however, may be taken as a typical specimen of their *modus operandi* :—

On hearing his story the wiseman declared that she (the witch) was

the origin of all the evil, and told him to return home, procure by some means a drop of Nanny's (the witch's) blood, and steal a few drops of holy water ; these had to be mixed in a cup of milk drawn from a red cow and rubbed by him on the soles and calves of his lady-love, when all would be well. This was a strongish order, and well-nigh staggered the young chap. . . . . Firstly, how was he to procure a drop of Nanny's blood ? . . . . On making his trouble known to an old dame in the village (Goathland), one Janet Haswell, she told him something he already knew in part, i.e., that in a certain field a hare sat nightly, which neither hound could catch nor man shoot ; this hare, declared the old lady, was none other than Nanny herself. She further assured him that if he melted some silver and made shot of it, he would be able to hit the hare and perhaps he would be able to find some blades of grass stained with blood.

We are told that the young man succeeded in getting the blades of grass, and that Nanny was confined to her bed for some days. The same author tells us that the Guisborough witch, Peggy, or, to give her correct name, Jane Grear, also turned herself into a hare, and stories are told of how she led both fox-hounds and harriers on a bootless run on more than one occasion, and so recently as 1820 was she extant, and at this period the following lines, telling of a chase after her, were written :—

From the Applegarth (1) to Slapewath Beck,
Without a rest in view all t'way ;
She took us round by t'alum works, (2)
To Aisdale Gate, but gat away.

The hunters knocked up a certain "Tom" from his bed, and together the party journeyed to the house of another sportsman, named in the song "Jack," who, like a good fellow, provided some refreshment, and joined them in another hunt for this witched puss. Ere they had hunted long, up she jumped, and took them :—

From Scaling Dyke to Waupley (3) end,
Through Tommy's geese and Mary's stee,

(1) Applegarth, a large field near Guisborough, at one time part of the Abbey grounds.

(2) The alum works outside Guisborough, near which alum was discovered in England by the then head of the Chaloner family, still lords of the manor.

(3) Waupley is near Liverton.

Along t'old tonpike (1), here and there,
That witch hare along did flee.
No closer did we ever get,
No greater lead it ever took
Ten yards in front of Billy Bitch—
From t'first it seemed a narrow squeak.
At last 'mang heather, bracken, whin
'Lang Stanghow Brow (2), with horses blown,
And Billy Bitch, with tongue lolled out,
Fair beaten, it was fain to own.
Just when, with one great jump t'bitch thought
To grasp t'hare's haunch, t'poor spent old bitch
Found nowt to snap at—t'hare had gone,
An' then we kenned we'd hunted t'witch.

Marske-by-the-Sea had a witch named Peggy Flanders, who was wont to take the form both of hare and fox. On one occasion her son happened to be out with some other local hunting men, and though oft had she told him never to slip their black bitch at a hare without she was with him, he unleashed her after a hare which had been coursed once or twice, but which had doubled with such dexterity that no hound was a match for her. Away went the black bitch, and the very first time Peg—for it was she—turned, it had her. Marks were afterwards found on her body in the corresponding place.

There is a remarkable analogy in all these stories, and it may be that they are corruptions of one old-time legend or some superstition common over a considerable area amongst sportsmen. Of one thing I am certain, those who related the stories to me did so in all good faith, and firmly believed in them.

On this subject, which is of more than ordinary interest I contributed the following note to "The Yorkshire Weekly Post," of September 30, 1905 :—

With reference to the article of mine you quoted concerning racing on the Hambletons, and particularly at Black Hambleton, the following may be of interest :—

The witch Abigail Craister lived in a cave near Black Hambleton.

(1) The ton pike is the turnpike or high road.
(2) Stanghow is near Loftus.

An interesting old MS., which fell into my hands some time ago, gives an account of her being hunted by hounds, which runs as follows :— Of this dame it is remembered that once she being hard pressed by hounds upon her track, did from ye cliffe fling herself bodily into Gormire Lake, and there sinking came not forth from that place but from a keld spring or hole, ower nine good miles from ye lake. On another chance was she seen of several trusty folk to rise from white steam astride on her broom, and take for ower Kilburn towards Coxwold.

The MS. goes on to say she was seen by one Kilton Gilling and two others at Terrington Churchyard, where she rendered aid to a maiden, and worked a spell upon the man who was to wrong her, for on lifting his hand up to strike Abigail he found he could not bring it down again. The witch could " when need be turn herself into a hare or black bitch, the which there is good proof that she did."

The superstition is by no means confined to Yorkshire, for from the " People's Friend " of September 15, 1902, I take the following extract from an article on " Witchcraft in Scotland."

Witches had the power, as was generally believed, of turning themselves into the shape of any of the lower animals, in which guise they were invulnerable to lead or steel, but succumbed to silver. In the year 1863, the writer was the fellow-servant of a ploughman, a very worthy man, who in all sincerity, being fully persuaded of the truth of what he said, narrated the following experience he had with a witch in an upland parish of Aberdeenshire, about the middle of the century. In the winter time, when snow was on the ground, it used to be a common thing when turnips were in the field unstored to build a snow-house, and from its shelter, when there was moonlight, to shoot hares coming to the turnips. My informant, whom we shall call John, was engaged in this cold pastime one winter in the neighbourhood of a small clachan in which resided an old woman suspected of being uncanny. One evening, John, who prided himself on being a good marksman at a sitting object, fired at a hare which had come within easy range ; but to his no small surprise, it scampered off unscathed. The next night the same thing happened, and John, now convinced that he had no ordinary maukin to deal with, on the third night rammed a sixpence down on the top of his charge of lead. The hare came as usual, and John, taking a cool, deliberate aim, fired. A shrill scream came from the hare, which tumbled over, and when she got up one leg, a hind one, hung useless. She, however, make off as quickly as possible on the three legs with John in hot pursuit. But instead of flying to the open

country the wounded hare made for the clachan, and disappeared amongst the houses before John could get up. Next day, and for many days, the suspected witch was confined to her bed a helpless cripple. The conclusion John arrived at was so evident at this point that further comment or question was held to be unnecessary.

From "Northumberland County Folklore," I cull the following reference to yet another similar instance :—

The witch of Hawkwell was transformed into a hare. The trap hole in the door was well remembered where one used to bolt through when hard pressed. The young horses that fed behind her cottage were always disabled. A whinstone upon the roadside is shown which was melted by her sitting upon it.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE HAMBLETON HOUNDS.

In his deposition to the evidence collated for the Hurworth and Bilsdale Hunts trial, regarding the rights of a certain portion of territory near Silton, James Ainsley, Kirby Sigston, said he was born at Spout House, in Bilsdale, in 1844. "I remember," he continues, "when a boy, that the Bilsdale Hounds hunted the fox one day in the week and the hare the other. When a tale got to the late Lord Feversham that the huntsman (Bell) had sold a hare, he ordered hounds to be put off at once, and there were no hounds in Bilsdale as long as the late Lord Feversham lived, but when he died in 1867, and was succeeded by the present Earl, who was then Master of the Bedale, a petition was taken to him asking him if he would grant the Bilsdale Hounds to be restored again, and he consented, and in 1868 he gave us five couples of hounds from the Bedale. We formed a committee, and I lent the huntsman my horse to go for them. We subscribed as much money as paid the licences for the hounds, which were trencher fed. I hunted with them the first day they ever ran, and have hunted with them up to the present time (1898), and was one of the committee until I left my farm in Bilsdale in 1882."

But what became of hounds which were in the dale at that time? I am told George Bell sold them to Squire Bell, of Thirsk Hall, who at the very time was forming a pack of harriers to hunt on the Hambleton Hills. I have made inquiries from several sources regarding these harriers, and find Mr. E. D. Swarbreck, of Bedale, gives the most interesting and accurate data. He kindly replies thus to my queries :—

The late F. Bell's hounds were called the Hambleton hounds. Mr. Bell first got several couples of harriers, but where from I do not remember. They arrived in April, 1853, and were kennelled in Norby, a part of Thirsk. The following year Mr. Bell converted the harriers

into foxhounds, and through the goodwill of the Bedale, Hurworth, Bilsdale, Sinnington, and York and Ainsty Hunts, acquired certain portions of their respective countries, so that in the low country he hunted from Thimbleby in the north to Thirkleby in the south, and near Otterington in the west to the Hambleton Hills in the east. On the Hambletons he drew Arncliffe Woods beyond Osmotherley. On the north down to Wass Woods, on the south and eastwards Hawnby, Ashberry, etc., on this side of the Rye. "Tom" Swalwell, Mr. Bell's stud groom, was constituted huntsman, and continued the post until the end. Mr. Bell and his brother Archibald Macbean were, of course, the principal persons of the hunt, but my father, Thomas Swarbreck, my brother Charles, and myself, two of Mr. Bell's tenant farmers, Mr. Thomas Rocliffe and Mr. Tom Pickering, were keen supporters and keen riders. We had some good sport, but often a blank day, as foxes were not too plentiful.

The erstwhile followers of the Bilsdale often had a turn "ower Hamelton," as they designate this beautiful and sporting locality, to see sport with these hounds when they could no longer enjoy it with their own. They had some wonderful runs, too, with Squire Bell's hounds, and the story of the pack, disconnected as it may be, goes to prove, as does the whole history of the three Hunts under notice, not only that the moorland fox and moorland sport was the best, as it is to-day, but also that it is only in these rough and unpretentious countries, and with these stout foxes, that hunting runs anything approaching those enjoyed by our forbears are enjoyed.

In the "York Herald" for February 23, 1856, a good run with the Hambleton Hounds was chronicled by "Tally-ho," a writer who had a day with the pack specially to see if the reports he had heard regarding the wonderful sport it was having were correct. He declared himself satisfied "beyond his most sanguine expectations." The meet was on February 15, at Murton, on Hambleton :—

Found in Deep Gill, ran down to Cadel Mill, up steep ascent towards old Byland, thence in straight line to Long Plain, through Weathercote Farm, across the wall enclosures to the Hambleton training ground, coming in on the low side of the moor. Then pressed fox made for Whitestonecliffe, and tried to shelter in the rocks; driven out, made along the hill side to Rolston Scar, Headed there he turned back to Lake Gormire, and again to the rocks at Whitestonecliffe, then through

BILSDALE HOUNDS AT HAMBLETON, 1907. The Huntsman (left) and Author (right).

South Woods to Boltby Scar. Relentlessly pressed, the fox ascended the moor again, crossed the valley of Gadd, towards Deep Gill (his starting point), then found shelter for a time in Ashbury Woods. On a successful cast in the valley he was hit off again down the valley, across the Rye, into Bilsdale. Then, as it was getting dark, hounds were whipped off, after a run of nearly four hours.

The same journal, under the heading of "The Hambleton Fox Hounds," thus announced the commencement of operations in their issue of October 25, 1856 :—

These hounds have commenced hunting this season with every prospect of a good supply of foxes, and through the kindness of the master and members of the Hurworth Hunt, who have given permission to hunt the Cotcliffe and Landmoth covers, they have obtained a great acquisition to their district. The members of the hunt had their annual meeting on Monday last, the 20th inst., at the Three Tuns Hotel, Thirsk, Chas. Harrison, Esq., in the chair. Subscriptions were entered into and resolutions passed tending to the increased improvement of this old-established (sic) hunt.

The "York Herald," 29th November, 1856, contained the following :—

A Run with the Hambleton (Mr. Bell's) Foxhounds.

The meet on Saturday last, November 22, was at Otterington House, the seat of Captain Dodsworth, who had very kindly provided a most excellent breakfast for the hunters. At the commencement of the season, T. Hutton, Esq., of Sober Hill, had courteously given us permission to hunt his covers, and this being the first time we had availed ourselves of his kindness, the meet was, as might be expected, much larger than usual. The adjoining willow garths were tried but found blank, so we trotted on to the large plantation, through which the North-Eastern passes, between the stations of Otterington and Northallerton. No sooner were hounds thrown in than a fox of the right sort broke away from the south end, and with right good-will we followed on his traces. To the left he turned up to the Northallerton Road, then to the right for Martin Folly, and leaving Pasture House on the east, skirted Purgatory Whin, and held his own along the Northallerton Ings. Dashing across the stream, he turned for Borrowby village, and crossed the Thirsk and Stockton road in the direction of the moorlands. So far we had run 45 minutes without a check. After crossing Borrowby Beck, a little to the north of Mr. Moore's Mill, he set his head straight for Upsal Whin harbouring, no doubt, an intention of there finding some covert, but hounds were too close upon his track, and he was driven through without a moment's delay ; thence through Captain Turton's Plantation on to Wool Moor, where he was viewed

close before hounds. We next turned northward, through the Newbuilding covers, down the road between Kirby Knowle and Upsal, but being headed back, turned upwards again, and fled for refuge to the Hall, a strange, rambling, irregular old building, more like a castle than a dwelling-house, one of the few remaining specimens of Elizabethan period of architecture, which this vicinity affords; amongst its recesses he contrived to find a secure hiding-place, and effectually to baffle his pursuers. He was seen to make a spring at the garden wall, and the first time to fall back again without attaining his object. By availing himself of a heap of rubbish, a second attempt to scale the summit was brought to a more satisfactory issue, and from the wall he managed to climb over the roofs of the outbuildings, and become "soon lost to hound and hunter's view." It was afterwards ascertained that he took refuge amongst a quantity of ivy upon the very summit of one of the central piles, and after the hunters had taken their final departure, and had all again become quiet, he was seen to descend, and steal away into the neighbouring wood.

The run lasted one hour and ten minutes, almost without a check, over a deep country, with stiff fences and very small enclosures. Long ere the finish of the run—

> "Many a gallant stayed perforce,
> Was fain to breathe his faltering horse."

And by the time Upsal was reached, the company was indeed select. We must not conclude without a word of justly-merited approbation to the huntsman, Mr. T. Swalwell. He is thoroughly acquainted with the country, and hunts it in a manner which does him great credit. —Actœn II.

From "York Herald," June 20, 1857:—

On Friday evening, the 12th inst., F. Bell, the Master of this Hunt (Hambleton), gave a dinner at the Johnstone's Arms Inn, Boltby, to the gamekeepers and earth stoppers in the Hambleton district, and some of the members of the hunt. Stephen Fearley, Esq., occupied the chair, and Mr. Swalwell, the huntsman, the vice. The dinner, well-served up by Mr. Curry, was excellent, and reflected great credit on him. F. Bell, Esq., entered the room about seven o'clock, amidst great cheering. He said he had not come to interfere with their enjoyment, but to wish them their very good healths. It gave him pleasure to see them all looking so well, and he hoped that they would still do their best to preserve the foxes in their different districts, so that when the hunting season set in there would be no lack of sport. We need scarcely observe that the greatest harmony and good feeling were the order of the evening.

Extract from paper dated June 16, 1860 (probably "The Field") :—

The sport with the Hambleton does not look so well "on paper" as it deserves to do; for in that country it is impossible to stop the earths, and a great number of the foxes make their retreat secure in the numerous fissures in the rocks and crags. The country is, with

SIR CHARLES SLINGSBY.

the exception of one or two pretty good meets, very severe, being all by the Hambleton Hills. It is fairly supplied with foxes, but they can hardly be said to be abundant. No cubs were killed, and but eight brace of foxes, while of that number run to ground, which were many, no account has been kept. Master, F. Bell, Esq. Huntsman, Thomas Swalwell.

The Bilsdale do not to this day hunt cubs, except on one of those bye-days which Mr. Jorrocks used to have, or casually when hounds are out at exercise. Eight brace was really not a bad record, for in a rough country of this character the number of foxes killed is no criterion as to the amount of sport enjoyed. Mr. Swarbreck says :—

I cannot remember or make out when the Hunt ceased to exist. My brother and I have been up at 4 a.m. to ride to Hambleton to meet the pack in an endeavour to kill a May fox. I have myself had some excellent sport, both in the low country and on the hills, and some blank days too.

Most of Squire Bell's hounds, Mr. T. Clarke, that keen hard-riding follower of the Hurworth, of Winton, tells me, came from Sir Charles Slingsby, who in 1853 took the mastership of the York and Ainsty, and in consequence abandoned his own private pack of harriers. The sad end of Sir Charles and other followers of Yorkshire's crack pack, of which my father was an eye-witness, is a familiar black page in Northern hunting history. Tom Swalwell, who hunted Hambleton hounds, was for many years in the service of the Bell family, and died at a ripe age. When the Hunt was abandoned the pack went to the Vale of White Horse.

At this time, Bilsdale had only one or two hounds, amongst which was, "Minister," actually belonging to the pack. This hound was kept by Dawson. Regarding it he told me a story. On one occasion he went to meet the Sinnington at the high side of Helmsley, and took the infallible Minister with him, as he invariably did wherever he went. Scent was good, but they could not find a fox, and made only very little music when they ran a drag. To continue the narrative in the old man's words: "Ah teeak awd Minister mesell an' fan a fox iv a larl spinney. T'gentlemen were capped, and they were mazed when Minister killed it. Mr. Isherwood was t'maister then, and Jack Paiker meead a great din, seea Ah sed 'Mun wa kill anuther?' To which Jack ses, 'Yes!' So Ah taks t'awd dog an' finnds anuther and killed it wiv't t'Sinnington pack all roond ma. Ivver after that them Sinnington hoonds wad kill onny fox 'at gat up i' front on 'em."

BOBBIE DAWSON.

CHAPTER IX.

BOBBIE DAWSON.

HAVING now come to a period when the Bilsdale pack as a Hunt was practically extinct, it may be advisable to hark back to the connection Bobbie had with it. In Dawson, we had a man who was perhaps officially connected with hounds and with hunting for a longer period than any of his contemporaries had been before, and most likely longer than any one will be again. We seem somehow to have entirely lost the genus, to "have gitten out o' t'breed," as we say in Yorkshire, of men who week in and week out followed hounds, not as a pleasure—though, of course, it was the greatest joy of their lives—but as a sort of habitual duty. With their mothers' milk they drank in that love of the chase which grew and matured, was fostered and encouraged, till the lad, an ardent follower of the pack, found himself a man riding to hounds one or two days a week, just as on other days, less auspicious, he brought home his horses from the field, fothered them, and then entered the thatched farmstead with its blazing turf fire, for his dinner. We are more or less creatures of habit, and hunting was *facile princeps* amongst the habits of these dalesfolk a generation ago. It is hard to eulogise or even explain this remarkable love of the sport which they had engrafted in their natures. Perhaps the recitation of the quiet enthusiasm of Bobbie Dawson will best serve the purpose. I remember the first time I saw the veteran as though it was yesterday. Mr. C. E. Mills, of Tanton Hall, a fellow-member of the committee of the Bilsdale Hounds, had more than once suggested that I should break the isolation of the dale and interview the old hunt characters, only one of whom is now living. I was at the time busy with a history of the Cleveland Hunt and another sporting book, and was loth to take on

hand any fresh work. However, as much for a day's hunting as anything else, I did drive into Bilsdale early one morning, and had the honour of a special fixture for my benefit. I may say that a "chap what papers things" has little status in the eyes of the dalesman unless he be at the same time a good sportsman. Literature in these out-of-the-world spots has not made great advancement, and this may perhaps be explained by the fact that so few of the older folk can read, and also that they have not the time or desire. I had arranged to have the old man photographed, together with Dick Spink and old George Bell. The meeting place of hounds and of the veteran trio was at Chop Gate, or, as it is more commonly known, Chop Yat. Here stands the Buck Hotel, a few cottages, a couple of blacksmiths' shops, the school for this part of the dale, the post office, which also does duty as the general stores of the village, and the Wesleyan chapel. Indeed, Chop Yat is the metropolis of the dale. I have never heard the etymology of the name very satisfactorily explained.

The Buck is the great centre of erudition. Here the news of the day is learned, the paper read, here the letters are sorted and often received; here, too, the show is held, and those little convivial gatherings which periodically liven up the life of the dale. It was here, too, then, that I first "clapped eyes on" Bobbie Dawson and his contemporaries.

They are now, alas! all amongst the great majority who joined me at dinner that night. It may seem incongruous at the outset of a sketch of the old man's life to give an obituary of him, but I find that by so doing I can best portray his character and characteristics. I wrote over a score of these notices of the old man, and have glanced through them to quote an impression formed when the veteran was yet fresh in my mind. Of all the articles I have written on Bobbie—and *en passant* I may mention that obituary notices to the extent of some twenty columns were penned by me in one day and night—none now on a retrospective glance strike me as being truer and more in sympathy with

THE AUTHOR.

the subject than that which appeared in a journal for which I was at the time writing hunting notes. I take the following from the article, which appeared the day after the old man's death, June 18, 1902 :—

A later day Nimrod is dead ! With the demise of Bobbie Dawson, of Bilsdale, not only the pack with which he was so long identified, but what he himself was pleased to term " the sport of all sport," has lost its oldest supporter. Bobbie Dawson—he was always called " Bobbie "—was ninety years old, and was for a period extending over sixty of them whip for the Bilsdale. Thus it may be imagined that with him dies not only a veteran, and a character of more than local note, but also much tradition, and much that is more than interesting regarding hunting and the methods of huntsmen of a generation of which he was one of the few survivors. . . . . From his youth up his life has been an extraordinary one, and added to this his own personality has been so original, so similar, yet so dissimilar to his contemporaries, that it is a question as to whether the old whip earned his fame because of that personality, and his own characteristics, or because of his wonderful enthusiasm in matters venatic. To everyone who is connected by official position with hounds falls a greater or lesser share of hero worship, and where youth grows into manhood, and manhood into old age in the service of one pack, and in the worship—this is no misnomer so far as Bobbie was concerned—of one sport, the hero worship essentially increases. Yet had our hero been innocent of that dry humour, that peculiar, almost whining speech, that smallness of stature, and had he not told wonderful stories of ghosts, of spells and the like, had he in a word combined with his long service naught but his untiring tirelessness and enthusiasm, the probability is he would have lived and died in the isolated dale which gave him birth unhonoured and unsung. He travelled more than the ordinary dalesman of his day. Meeting other packs of hounds, visiting other hunting countries, alike for erudition and curiosity, he made a host of acquaintances and distinguished himself not only by " allus sayin' what he thowt " (not by any means always a wise precept to follow), but by having engrafted in his nature not one grain of the snob. No matter whether it was the Earl of Feversham, the Marquess of Londonderry or Zetland, rich or poor, high or low in the social scale, he was Bobbie Dawson just the same. And they could not be more than sportsmen in his eyes on common ground. With him " tongue scraping " was an acquisition never attempted. His mother's tongue was good enough for him, even though it might be Sanscrit to his hearer. Of Bobbie, one thing may be said, he was not verbose. When he spoke he had something to say, and usually something worth saying, whilst the way he said it demanded a hearing. He could criticise another pack of hounds to the master in a manner which no one else would have dared to attempt.

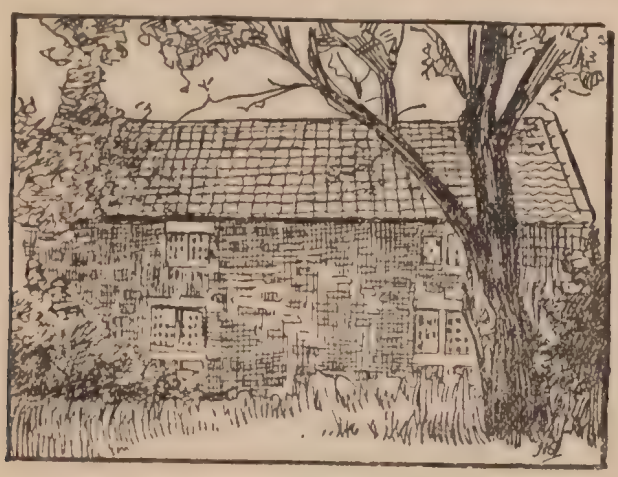
Possibly, if caustic, the criticism was correct, at any rate it was what the old fellow thought. He once went to see Mr. H. Johnstone's (now Sir H. Moynell Fitzherbert's) hounds, and I am told gave an almost Jorrocksonian lecture on hound breeding. "That's a niceish byetch," he would say, "bud yon ugly dayvel spoils t'leeak ov t'lot." If I remember rightly, on the very occasion upon which he called some of the hounds "ugly dayvels," they made a collection for him, and he walked home from near Pickering that night. He did more than hunt for his fame as a sportsman, he was, in his day, a famous cricketer and a good shot; whilst he played no small part at the little race meeting which was held at Stokesley years ago, and claimed support from almost the whole of the North Riding. Thus he was a man of many parts, and though he might be somewhat phlegmatic, still his life is not without its moral and its lesson. Whatever Bobbie Dawson's hand found to do he did it for the credit of the sport and the fair sporting reputation of the dale in which he lived. Patriotic to a degree, he was also faithful—synonymous as the two terms may seem there is an added meaning. Neither age nor change of times and contemporaries, nor little misunderstandings, nor lack of means and foxes, estranged Bobbie Dawson from his first love—the Bilsdale Hounds. Full of years then has he died, dying as he lived, with the talk of foxes and of fox-hunting, and with an exhortation to the good woman who had nursed him in his last illness, to bring up her little lad, one of the very few that the old man had ever cared for or taken any notice of, as a fox-hunter, the moral, as the outstanding feature of his long life, therefore, was his faithfulness born of a love for the sport which we in these degenerate days cannot understand.

On one occasion the author was accompanied by Mr. Howard Pease into Bilsdale to see old Dawson. I introduced him, and Robert ere long was addressing him as "Pease," and asking him if he was a "good hunter," and what pack he followed. Mr. Pease, shortly after his visit, sent me the following impression of the character :—

Shrunken, withered, and ancient, Bobbie Dawson was, it seemed, still the tireless sportsman of an old out-of-the world dale, for though 80 years or more of age he still remembered with boyish keenness all the great days and mighty runs he had participated in during the many years of his arduous life. He had hunted with tireless avidity the hare and the fox, and even upon occasion an old witch, who, he said, had given them a rare run at night, changed into the shape of a long-legged yellow hare. He was the true type of the old-fashioned sportsman; of one who lives for that particular aspect of life in a way that is not known now-a-days, when the desire of change or of excitement

leads men to try many things, or be interested in many pursuits. He was of the antique race of Nimrod—a mighty hunter.

When yet quite a lad, Bobbie was officially connected with hounds, for not only did he act as whip when his father was hunting the Bilsdale, but at the same time he was a sort of kennel huntsman for Sir Hy. Foulis, who at that time kept a pack of harriers at Ingleby Manor. He walked down from Bilsdale every morning, or rode a galloway, exercised this little pack, fed them, and was back in Bilsdale in time to

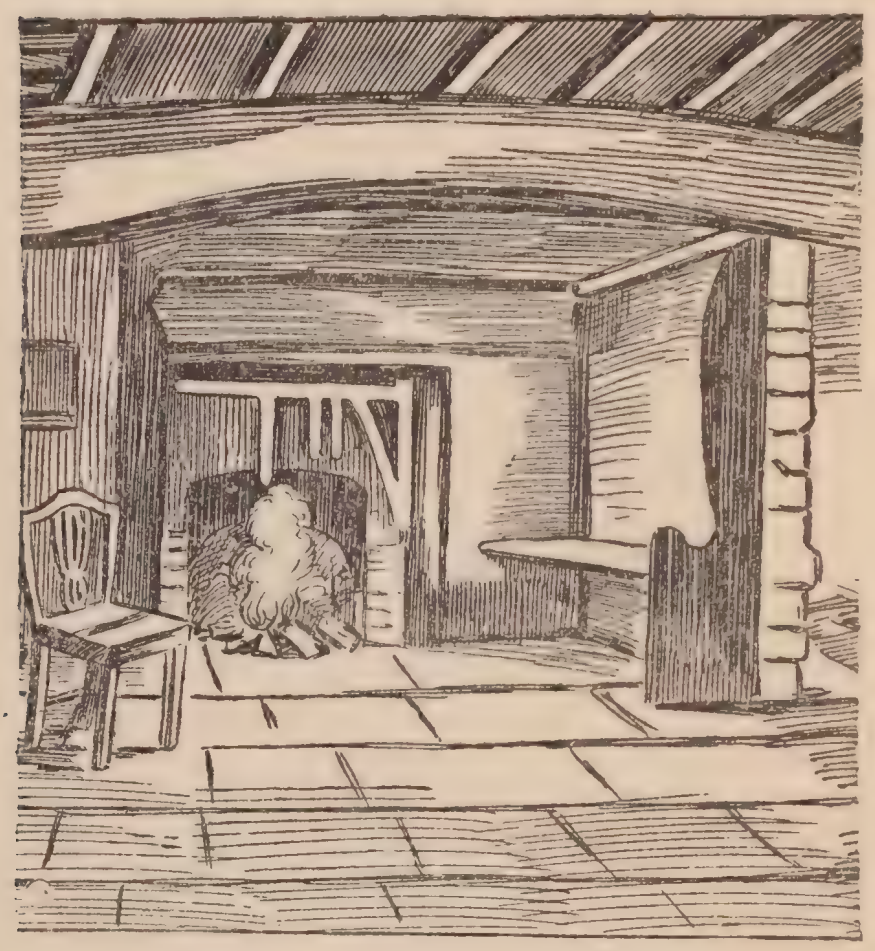


BOBBIE DAWSON'S HOUSE.

turn out with the dale pack on a hunting morning. These harriers—I am assuming they were harriers—would no doubt be such as most landed gentlemen kept at this period. Having no regular days of meeting, the owner would hunt when he felt so inclined, or when he had friends staying. Bobbie always thought that the late Lord de L'Isle, who succeeded to the Ingleby estates, was retrogressive, insomuch as he neither kept hounds nor foxes, and a meeting he had with the deceased bearer of that title will be given in due course. At this period, Bobbie was living at Orra, a little cluster of houses in Bilsdale, but later he removed to the far end of the dale, where he occupied for years a quaint little house, an illustration of which is given.

Perhaps the pre-eminent thought on entering this little house was, "This man never had a wife." It was essentially

a bachelor's castle—and a castle he made it, too! He was never fond of women; he was hardly civil to them even when he spoke at all, till a few months before his death. It is perhaps just as well he never did take to himself a wife.



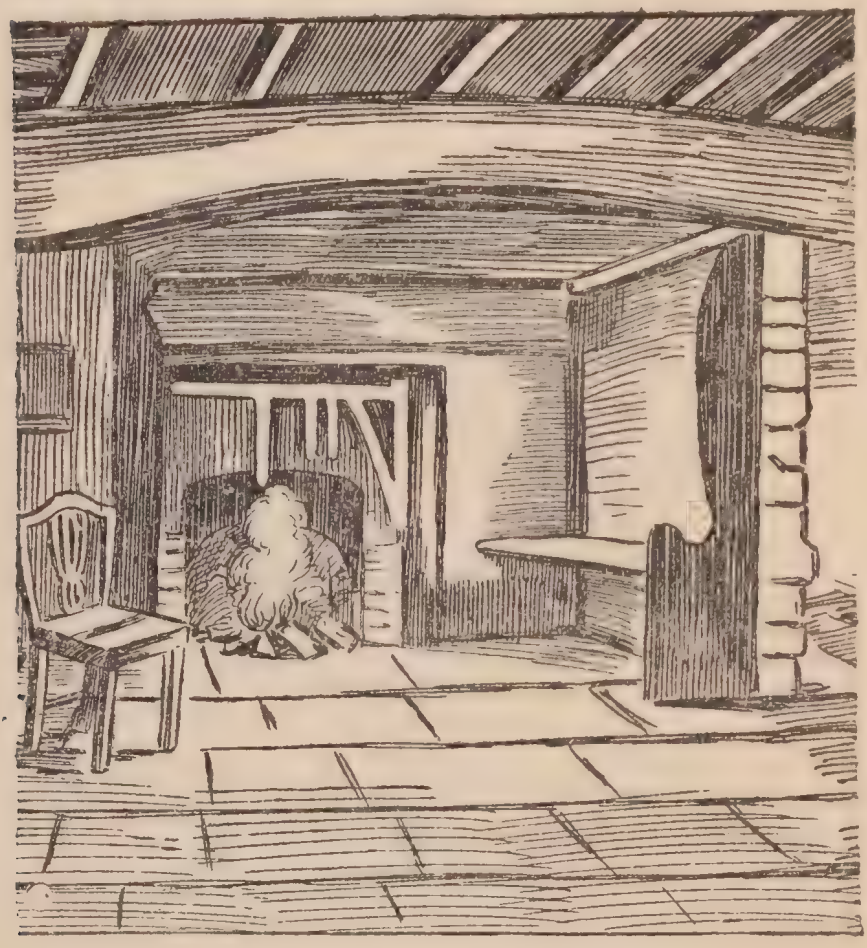
INTERIOR OF BOBBIE DAWSON'S HOUSE.

Though he might have derived much comfort from the kindly administrations of a mate, though perhaps he would have had many a lonely hour brightened, the question occurs to me: would he have had the time or the inclination to have divided his attention from hounds and hunting to show that reciprocity of attention and affection to a partner for which she would naturally look? I doubt not, for Bobbie Dawson was wedded early, and throughout his life he stuck to his

first love with a tenacity and faithfulness which he might not have shown to his "weean," as he would have called her. To return, however, to his house. It is well depicted in the sketch given. There is but one entrance to it, through a door which opens into what was the old man's turf house. In the sketch of this entrance may be seen the boiler where Bobbie prepared the food for his hounds. This receptacle was let into the wall of his house just where his turf fire burned. In this turf house many a hound was tied to a staple, which is still to be seen. Another door leads into the picturesque kitchen. Here by the light which issues through a little latticed window may be seen the wide chimney up which for long the smoke—wreeak, they call it in Bilsdale—from Bobbie's turf fire ascended. This chimney abuts over a yard in a semi-circle in one of the two little bedrooms. Before this fire the veteran whip was wont to sit on a stool, whilst he meditated over the sport he had enjoyed and the days which were passed. The old man could look back upon ninety years, during which times and manners, and methods had changed, during which a new generation had peopled the dale, during which—in a sentence—nearly everything had altered with the whirl of time. Not so Robert; the same he was to-day, yesterday, and to the end. Just the queer little striking personage who knew more about fox-hunting than most men. There are veterans in various walks of life—in the Army, the Navy, the agricultural world—who become unbearably conceited, who assert their own knowledge at every turn, and thrust their experience before the world. Not so with "Bobbie" Dawson. Though he could speak, and speak with authority, it was a difficult matter to "draw him out."

To return to his house. Here and there was a pair of old hunting boots, a number of old hunting breeches, and that is all that remained of old "Bobbie's" belongings, when I entered it after his death, for there were many sportsmen anxious to have something which belonged to the old man. Leading from the kitchen was a pantry and a scullery, from which the upstairs regions were reached.

a bachelor's castle—and a castle he made it, too! He was never fond of women; he was hardly civil to them even when he spoke at all, till a few months before his death. It is perhaps just as well he never did take to himself a wife.



INTERIOR OF BOBBIE DAWSON'S HOUSE.

Though he might have derived much comfort from the kindly administrations of a mate, though perhaps he would have had many a lonely hour brightened, the question occurs to me: would he have had the time or the inclination to have divided his attention from hounds and hunting to show that reciprocity of attention and affection to a partner for which she would naturally look? I doubt not, for Bobbie Dawson was wedded early, and throughout his life he stuck to his

first love with a tenacity and faithfulness which he might not have shown to his "weean," as he would have called her. To return, however, to his house. It is well depicted in the sketch given. There is but one entrance to it, through a door which opens into what was the old man's turf house. In the sketch of this entrance may be seen the boiler where Bobbie prepared the food for his hounds. This receptacle was let into the wall of his house just where his turf fire burned. In this turf house many a hound was tied to a staple, which is still to be seen. Another door leads into the picturesque kitchen. Here by the light which issues through a little latticed window may be seen the wide chimney up which for long the smoke—wreeak, they call it in Bilsdale—from Bobbie's turf fire ascended. This chimney abuts over a yard in a semi-circle in one of the two little bedrooms. Before this fire the veteran whip was wont to sit on a stool, whilst he meditated over the sport he had enjoyed and the days which were passed. The old man could look back upon ninety years, during which times and manners, and methods had changed, during which a new generation had peopled the dale, during which—in a sentence—nearly everything had altered with the whirl of time. Not so Robert; the same he was to-day, yesterday, and to the end. Just the queer little striking personage who knew more about fox-hunting than most men. There are veterans in various walks of life—in the Army, the Navy, the agricultural world—who become unbearably conceited, who assert their own knowledge at every turn, and thrust their experience before the world. Not so with "Bobbie" Dawson. Though he could speak, and speak with authority, it was a difficult matter to "draw him out."

To return to his house. Here and there was a pair of old hunting boots, a number of old hunting breeches, and that is all that remained of old "Bobbie's" belongings, when I entered it after his death, for there were many sportsmen anxious to have something which belonged to the old man. Leading from the kitchen was a pantry and a scullery, from which the upstairs regions were reached.

"Bobbie" lay in the first of two rooms—"his chamer" he called it—with his head near the little window looking towards the hills and moors over which he had so often galloped. and close to which his house was situated. Attached to it is a garth, and only a few yards away is Breckon Hill Farm, where Mrs. Teasdale, a distant relation of the deceased hunter, resides. It was Mrs. Teasdale who attended the old man in his last illness, who nursed him, who baked his "bit o' bread," and, indeed, who looked after him for long as though he were one of her own family. In his own crude way Dawson was thankful. He was rarely, if ever, demonstrative, but, as I have said, in his own quiet, sincere way he felt thankful. When at last careful nursing was required, the old man consented to go to bed at Mrs. Teasdale's. Now, the long period he had lived by himself, and perhaps his old age too, had made him careless about his personal appearance, and "Bobbie" became at the last end very dirty; his house became dirty, everything he had was dirty. Can one wonder? He did not at any time suffer people to enter his cottage, let alone allow them to interfere with it. He did not care very much at his great age what state his things were in so long as he had a drop of gin, a bit of turf cake, and a fire. It is quite conceivable. When, however, he went to Breckon Hill, he was bathed, put into a clean, sweet-smelling room, amid cleanly surroundings and his thanks were summed up in the exclamation: "It's like heaven." Surely this was praise, commendation, and thanks, such as could not have been more eloquent. As I have said, to the end his conversation was on hunting. Hung in the corner of his kitchen I saw, covered with dust, and black with age, two fox brushes. What pride "Bobbie" set by them! Now they were uncared for. Such is the end of foibles.

One hobby the old man had was collecting hunt buttons, and of these a goodly number were found in his house. All his belongings which were of value he disposed of prior to his death, giving his watch to a little lad of Mrs. Teasdale's —the brother of the present whip of the pack—a horn to

Mr. F. Wilson Horsfall, an old oak dresser to Mrs. Teasdale, some old china to myself, and so on. Taking into consideration the years he had lived alone, and the secrecy he had maintained with regard to the interior of his house, it is an interesting fact that once weaned away from it, he never asked anything regarding it, or that it should be kept locked up.

As I have said, for some reason the old man would never allow anyone to pass through his portals except one neighbour who lived only a few yards away, and "did" for him. On one occasion, the present Master of Bilsdale, and, I believe, Mr. Phillip Reid, at that period of Langbarugh Hall, Great Ayton, called to see him, but he would not give them admittance, so one of them stood on his saddle and looked into the upper window. He called out to Bobbie. "What di ya want ?" demanded the old man. "Oh ! we've called to see you," reiterated the sportsmen. Coming to the window, Bob showed himself. "Noo ! You've seen ma. Good daay," he said, and disappeared. The curiosity of his visitors was thus by no means satisfied.

One of the quaintest of characters, it is not surprising that interwoven with his career and connected with his name are a wealth of stories and incidents which were told then as a form of hero worship, and which are still recounted in North Yorkshire. I have found when mixing amongst hunting men in the North Countree, that each has some personal reminiscence of this ancient, withered sportsman, all of them pointing to the main characteristics of the man : his originality, his outspokenness, his utter disregard of persons—for the only virtue he recognised was a true love of sport, the only status that of a sportsman ; so being a sportsman himself he considered his status equal to that of any and every man. I select from the stock of stories which have come my way a few most representative of the man.

One experience the old chap had he related to me himself. At one time he had a great mania for seeing other packs of hounds, and walked to many Yorkshire kennels, often

tramping the night through after a day with the Bilsdale. On one occasion he walked to Aske Hall to see the Marquess of Zetland's hounds and kennels, which were then in their

BOBBIE DAWSON.

infancy, the pack being housed in the old stables, where Voltigeur erstwhile stood. The following is the old fellow's own account of the visit :—

"Ah wur leeakin' in a beck at sum fishes when a chap wiv a rough sort o' coat cam up, an' said, 'Now then, would you like one of those fishes ?' 'Yes, Ah c'u'd deea wi' yan vary well,' Ah says, 'bud you maun't mell on 'em, they belang tiv t' Markiss.' With that he laughed,

an' said, 'Would you like to look roond the Marquess's stables, and see his hounds?' 'Yis,' says Ah, 'that's what Ah've cum'd for, bud Ah deean't know whether or not they'll let me in.' 'Oh!' says he, 'I'll take you round.' An' he did, me thinkin' all t'tahm he were takking a good deeal upon himself, though Ah saw all t' men touch their caps tiv him. Then he says to me, 'Are you Bobbie Dawson from Bilsdale?' 'Yes!' Ah replied, 'this is him.' With that he took me intiv t' hall, an' left me in a room. In a few minutes a powdered Johnny cums in, an' says, 'His Lordship wishes you to have anything you wish. 'Was that him—t' Markiss?—Ah asked. 'That was the Marquess of Zetland, K.G.,' he says. Ah don't know what K.G. stands for, bud it'll likely mean summat. 'Oh!' says Ah. 'Well, all Ah can say is you're a vast deal better putten on ner what he is.'"

On another occasion he went to see Captain the Hon. F. Johnstone's hounds (now Sir Hugo Meynell Fitzherbert's), and when they trotted up he criticised them individually, passing such remarks as "that's a niceish dog, but where did ya git yon ugly dayvell, I wadn't fetch it oot hooiver." The gentlemen present were so entertained with him that they "made a gedderin'," as Bobbie himself put it, on behalf of the somewhat severe critic.

At one time the late Lord de L'Isle had a keeper who was "a mottel enemy to foxes." The deceased peer himself was not too partial to either foxes or fox-hounds, and wordy warfare not infrequently took place between him and our veteran. On one occasion, Bobbie met his Lordship and told him he had found a fox poisoned. "Ya knaw you've eddicated that d——d keeper of yours up to it, and when he dees I'll spit on his grave, an' when Ah die Ah'll gan inti Hell and pull him intiv t'yattest place—and that weean't be yat eneeaf." No sin in Dawson's eyes equalled that of vulpicide, and there are occasional indignant entries in his diary telling of hounds and foxes being poisoned on the Ingleby estate. For years he kept a record of every day's sport. This diary he presented to Mr. F. Wilson Horsfall, M.F.H., on his death-bed, the Master handing it over to the Hunt. Here are some extracts:—

September 25, 1873.—Met at Carlton-in-Cleveland, at 10 a.m., had two kills, the second at 4 p.m.

November 19. 1875
the biggest wind
ever i was out in
it blewe me and
the mare out of the
harden bank top
Robert Dawson

January 4, 1876.—Baisdale, ran to ground. Got hound poisoned, in Hoggart Wood (Ingleby). Killed Renny to-day.

April 10, 1876.—Ingleby. Hound poisoned.

November 19, 1880.—Met at 4 a.m. These are the darkest days I was ever out in my time.

April 23, 1888.—Pinchingthorpe by invitation; ran to ground. Called off, very rough.

On this occasion the Bilsdale no doubt combined with the Cleveland.

February 6, 1891.—Upsall Castle. Killed; ran another to ground; whipped off at dark eighteen miles from home.

On one occasion, when a hound was poisoned, Bobbie wrote me a very neatly penned note with the desire that I should publish it. The letter ran :—

BILSDALE HOUNDS.

Who met at Buck Inn, Chopgate, on Tuesday, November 26, at 10-30. A fair lot of horsemen were there, and about 40 on foot; through being a foggy morning was delayed until 11-30, then left Chopgate and went up the Green through the Bilsdale Hall to horro (Orra) planting, where the hounds threw off. They got on a drag and were soon away at a rattling speed, they running strait for Middle Head Crag, where foxes are very often run to ground after a few minutes' spin. Someone had a spite against hunting were trying to destroyed the hounds by laying poison. One of the leading hounds got it, and died on the spot, about one mile from Chopgate. After a bit of delay Bobby Dawson was there, he swore it was the best dog in the pack. Bobby says 'it is our best plan to gether up the hounds and gan away yam, or we lowse every dog in the pack.' This dog was kept by Mr. Ainsley, Sun Inn, Bilsdale, who is noted for keeping the best dog in the pack. £5 reward.

The late Mr. John Dale a few years ago sent me some reminiscences of Dawson, and among them was an instance of a fox being poisoned near where the hound met its fate thirty-five years ago. Says Mr. Dale :—

"A fox was found poisoned in the wood on Bilsdale Hall Farm, and Dawson, together with Spink, were sent to hold an inquest. It

was evident by the fox's abnormal size that it had been poisoned, and Bobbie made a great stir in the matter, saying he thought they were all better bred in Bilsdale. I was present at the time, and noticed that Bobbie did not make so much lamentation when his mother died."

Jorrocks averred when breaking up a Handley Cross fox that he did not love the fox the less, but loved the hounds the more. Now it is a strange fact that Dawson, great as was the old man's affection for the chase, and everything appertaining thereto, was altogether irrational in the manner he displayed it. He starved his hounds, he starved his horses, and withal he starved himself. He fastened up the pack when he went to a meet, because of the emaciated condition of some of them, and would allow no one to go and look at them, vowing there "were yan o' tweea despert savage dayvells amang 'em." The two or three couples which trailed along close to his horse's heels were usually shamefully poor, as was the horse itself. Indeed, often he would have got along much better without it, for the furious fun of the chase seemed to have little fascination for him. I frankly admit I cannot quite come to an accurate deduction wherein that fascination did lay. He certainly loved to see hounds work, but he could not bear to kill a fox. He spent most of the day walking with his pony's bridle over his arm, relying upon his wonderful knowledge of the routes of foxes to get him to his hounds again when they ran with their quarry on foot. I have often heard how, when the pack were running hard in one direction, Bobbie was slowly leading his pony in another, his old hounds, which rarely left him, and spent their days fastened to staples near his back door when not hunting, following on behind. ever and anon speaking to the line. Yet eight times out of ten he managed to get to them again. One can perhaps hardly reconcile all this with the picture one would naturally paint of an old enthusiast who was born into the chase, lived in and breathed the atmosphere all his long life, and was eventually buried in it. Yet this was the real Bobbie—a strange mixture, a strange combination of contradictions. Let me now give a few stories re-

garding some of his mounts—always sorry animals ere they had been long in his possession. Mr. Scarth Dixon tells us one which also demonstrates the fact that the old man wasted no words over mock courtesy, and was ever to the point.

During his day, hounds met at Kepwick, on the Hambleton side of the country, and on one occasion a stranger met them there. He was a man "'at went to see all t' packs o' hoonds in England," said Bobbie, "an' he was mounted on a fine tweea hundred pound hoss 'at was sadly ower good fur him. He cam up ti me an' said: 'Huntsman, you've got a very poor mount,' an' Ah says, sez Ah, 'Whya sir, poor men mun deea ez weel ez they can afford. Ah sall mebbe be yabble ti hev a bit o' crack wi' ya efter t' run.' We found i' Butcher Wood, an' hed a fast run. Just afoor t' end Ah wur a bit i' front, an' t' saam chap cums up again. an' says, 'Ah saay, Ah mun mak apology fer what Ah sed this mornin'.' Says I, 'Apology be d——d, Ah haint time fur neea lip salvin' noo there's hoonds runnin' a mahl away.' Then Ah left him an' at t' kill at Ampleforth he didn't draw up."

Once Mr. P. J. Reid gave the old fellow a smart polo pony, which was soon reduced to skin and bone, and one cannot help but recall the pathetic lines by Mr. Barber Cartmell, entitled "A Poor Old Horse."

Bobbie had his last horse a year or two before his death, and came by it in a somewhat peculiar manner. Mr. H. W. Selby Lowndes, the then Master, and his whip, John Boyes, were returning from hunting on the Hambleton side of the country, when a farmer near Sheepwash Beck asked if they wanted any flesh for the kennels. Boyes asked if it was alive or dead, and was informed it was "wick," and in the shape of an old white pony running in the field close at hand. It was decided that hounds should be taken that way at exercise a day or two hence, when the pony would be bought. The same week, Mr. Selby Lowndes and Boyes climbed Scarth Nick and arrived at the farm. On seeing the hounds the old pony cocked her tail and galloped round the field. It seemed one of her ankles was wrong, and her fetlock was on the ground when she stood. Eventually, five shillings

and the "gallower" changed hands. En route for Carlton, where the kennels then were, Boyes said, "This is just the pony for old Bobbie Dawson," and Mr. Selby Lowndes agreeing with this, sent for the veteran whip, who took his last mount away with not a little pride. He came out to hounds once or twice on it, and on the first occasion Mr. Selby Lowndes asked him how it suited him. "Whya," replied the old man, in that whining tone one often finds in aged dales folk, "it's a bad-tempered dayvell, and screams oot when Ah gan's intiv t' stable, an' kicks when Ah fetches it oot, bud Ah hev yan o' t' best cures in t' wold fur kicking—Ah gives 'em nowt ti eeat." Later it turned out that Dawson had gone down to Hawnby on finding the pony wanted shoeing, and the blacksmith having shod her all round he said, "Now, Bobbie, sha's deean." "Aye, Ah can see that fur mesen," replied the new owner as he clambered into the mouldy saddle, wonderfully secured with girths, mainly consisting of band, and gathered up the reins, equally remarkably repaired. "But I shall want paying, ya knaw, Bobbie," said the man of the anvil. "Oh, then, thoo mun leeak to Boyes or Lowndes fur that next tahm they cum, Ah tell'd 'em tha owt ti 'a'e gitten t'awd gallower shod afoor they gave me her." With this he rode off.

The old man was a small farmer, but treated his stock in much the same way as his hounds and horses. The last cow he had he starved till it died, at a time when his meadow close in front of his house was thick with grass. Some of his neighbours mowed some for the unfortunate animal, but so ill did Bobbie take this liberty they did not repeat it.

Writing to me regarding one of my articles on the old dales sportsmen, Mr. Robert Garbutt, Bilsdale, says :—

"April 3, 1901.—With regard to your interesting sketch of Bobbie Dawson I have known him for many years, and although paralysis has affected him on one side, and made him lean rather with his head, he is in appearance what he was twenty years ago. Age seems to have dealt very kindly with him, and he is now able to walk a distance of nine or ten miles with ease. . . . Foxes and hounds are his all absorbing topic, and when he had a small farm and kept a horse, not having a

wife to do his dairy work for him, he used to milk his cows and give the milk to the hounds at once to save further trouble with it."

Perhaps like poor Dan Leno, the hound's bread was dry one day and buttered on both sides the next. At any rate, the Bilsdale Hounds in Bobbie's day were noted for their voracity when away from home, and a story is told of the veteran whip calling at the Fox and Hounds at Carlton-in-Cleveland during Mr. Arnel Barnard's era, for a stirrup cup after hunting. A feast had been prepared for some gentlemen who had been shooting, and whilst Robert was discussing in his own mind whether he was to pay for another "drop o' gin" himself or whether any one would "stand him yan," hounds discovered the feast and rapidly feasted. On hearing a shout inside the house, and on some one rushing out to tell him what was happening, Bob clapped the only spur he had on into the side of his old mare and galloped off for the Carlton Bank as quickly as possible, blowing his horn the while. It was some time ere he ventured to call at the Fox and Hounds again

This story he told me in all *bona fide*. Once when the Sinnington met at Duncombe Park, Bobbie "towed up." He had been to Helmsley Market on the previous day, and had had a drop or two of gin—his favourite medicine—the result of which was he was somewhat thirsty on arriving at the trysting place. The butler was instructed to give the old man admission, and he was shown into a room where were assembled several well-known hunting men, including Viscount Castlereagh (now Marquess of Londonderry), and the late Viscount Helmsley. "Good mornin', gentlemen all," said Bob, "It's ta neea use this mornin'; scent weean't lay. Ah say, Lord Feversham, could ya send yan o' them idle dayvells in t' hall fur a glass o' yall? Ah's despert dry." The ale was brought, and after he had despatched it, Bobbie condescendingly said, "Noo, young gentlemen, Ah deean't knaw ya, but Ah'll shak hands wi' ya all, and hoap you're all good fox-hunters."

If Dawson was famed as a hunting character—it was more because of his quaintness, perhaps, than his prowess or

science in the field. He was also well-known as a cricketer, and at the wicket he seems to have been really a first-class man. He was a member of the dale club, which met as its opponents the surrounding teams of Kirbymoorside, Helmsley, Stokesley Great Ayton, and Ingleby Greenhow. At one time, cricket was a great game in Daleland, nor is enthusiasm wanting to-day. Twenty years ago, however, more was thought of a long stay at the wickets than a big score. Once Bilsdale played Great Ayton. They won the toss, and Dawson went in first. Slowly he walked up to the wicket, and, spitting on his hands with great determination, he prepared himself for the "Yatton bowlers." Ball after ball came, and at last Bob got tired of running, so quietly kept the fielders busy. At last, tired with the monotony, one bowler said, "Well, Ah's gahin' yam fur sum tea afoor Ah bowl anuther ball." Still Bob was quiet—it took a great deal even in that day to make him demonstrative, unless he fancied something detrimental was being done to fox-hunting, then he soon became roused. He was not asked to join the bowler at tea, so complacently sat down, and was ready for him on his return. They never did get him out, and a similar occurrence once took place at Stokesley, when Robert and Steve Ainsley went in first together.

Occasionally Bobbie was commandered as umpire, and once—when Bilsdale was playing the police at Helmsley, I fancy—he was acting in this capacity. One of his home team was fairly put out, but the umpire pretended to be looking the other way. He was appealed to, "How's that?" "Ah warn't quite leeaking," he answered, "bud if t' dayvell diz it ageean he'll 'a'e ta gan oot." Even when playing cricket Peg Humphrey, the ubiquitous "weean," as he called her, did not leave them unmolested, and Dawson told me of one occasion when the witch, who gave them so much trouble in the hunting field, in her wonted form of a hare, ran over the pitch, snatched up the ball, and made off with it, nor was it ever found again.

I have already stated that Dawson was not a little superstitious. He often talked of witches, of spirits, of haunted

places, of spells and ghosts with all the sincerity of firm belief. In his own fields he was annoyed by "the sperrit of a woman in white," which he threatened to a neighbour he would shoot "if he set een on't ageean." The neighbour seriously counselled him to be guilty of no such indiscretion, adding, "them things is all reet if ya deean't mell on 'em."

Almost a sign and omen was the following apparition the old man had, of which he told me a few days ere he was put into what was to be his death bed. I told it thus in a sporting journal at the time :—He was almost the last of the old school—so far as Bilsdale went he was the last—and his thoughts had evidently been dwelling upon former days, for he said, "Ah were gahin' yam fra Chop Yat t' other neet when Ah gat lost. It were pick dark, an' Ah'd gitten wrang some hoo. Seea Ah sat doon unner a tree. Nobbut a bit hed Ah been sittin' when a golden leet appeared. Sike a grand, bonny leet. Ah were capped, an' sat fair stagnated. All at yance awd Dick Spink cam up iv his velvet cap and kerseymere leggins, and with him were George Bell's father. Ah s'u'd 'a'e leyke ta'a'e spokken tiv 'em, bud Ah c'u'dn't git nowt owt. Ah saw where Ah was an' got messell yam." The old man said he was not afraid, for he knew "neyther on 'em wad hurt him." Ere long he went to join them in that happy hunting-ground, which in their innocence they would be certain to gain, for we shall be judged according to our light and environment.

I have already said he died as he lived—ever talking of hounds and foxes. When the doctor put his stethoscope to his heart, he asked "Can you hear a fox barking in my heart doctor ?" He felt his end was near, however, and as the old dalesfolk who remembered Bob as an old man when they were children, came in to see him, he urged them, with all the tender affection of a father making provision for the children he was to leave behind, "Nivver ti let t' awd hunt gan down." There is something pathetic about all this wonderful love of hunting found in the last of a genus of strange opposites. So at last on June 17th, 1902, at six o'clock in the evening, Robert Dawson, sportsman, whip,

Yorkshireman, and character, was gathered to his fathers in his ninetieth year. He slept peacefully away, after having begged that he should have a huntsman's funeral. The late Rev. John Hawell, M.A. (Vicar of Ingleby Greenhow) went to see him, and he asked that he should be buried upright, as we read in the "White Doe of Rylston," the Claphams and Mauleverers were.

Mr. Hawell was taking service at the mother church in the dale at the time of Dawson's illness, and often used to see him and have a bit of talk with him. The Vicar told me that he used to humour Bobbie, but not for a long time did he get to know what the old man's idea was in desiring "ta be putten awaay" (as he termed it) in this manner. At last it came out one day in conversation. "Ya knaw," said Bob, "Ah sall nivver rest unless ya put me away iv a sittin' position like, seea that Ah can hear t'hoonds when they come doon t' deeal." He was not, of course, buried in this position, though he always imagined he would be.

Funerals in Yorkshire daleland, perhaps more than in any other part of England, are occurrences of more than ordinary importance and interest in the locality in which they occur. A man may miss Church, he may be irregular in his attendance at his Shepherd's club meeting, possibly he may not like most of his neighbours with clock-work regularity "gan ti market" on Monday or Friday, or whenever the day may be. Whatever he misses in the way of sight-seeing and holiday-making, he never misses the funeral of those whom he has known or those who have been identified with the same locality for never so short a period. I remember reading in the life of Johnny Osborne that one of his contemporary trainers near Middleham spent the last days of his life attending these last sad events, whilst I have heard a perfectly true story in Cleveland regarding an old woman, who had become somewhat "dowly" and was ordered a change by the doctor. Seeing his patient some days after, the doctor said, "Well, ——, have you been away and had a change? And do you feel any better?" The old lady replied, "Whya noo doctor, Ah've been ta three

fundrils i' ten days, an' Ah isn't a bit better." Funerals are a sort of gathering of the clans. All enmity for the nonce is dropped, if such there existed. As a mark of respect, and I am afraid as something of an outing, too, friends who have not met "sen t'last burrin'" all foregather to eat and smoke, and after discussing relationships, turn the conversation into general channels.

In introducing the subject of death in his "Wit, Character and Folklore of the North Riding of Yorkshire," my good father says :—

"A lack of the needful may compel the parties concerned to wed without ostentation, but not so in the case of a funeral. Every sacrifice is made to honour the dead. They like it to be said that their loved ones were decently buried. They themselves feel proud to say, 'Ay, he's gecan ; wa've gitten him sahded by, an' it war a beautiful funeral, Ah will say that.'"

Knowing and appreciating all this, and with a desire for something of the spectacular as well as to have his last journey down the dale accompanied by hounds, by horsemen, and by the members of the hunt in scarlet, Bobbie was, as stated, most anxious, as he himself put it, "That he s'u'd be buried like a hunter." I may mention that one day when the old man was at Potto Grange, the residence of Mr. F. Wilson Horsfall, the present master of the Bilsdale, he saw some old pictures of the burial of Tom Moody (a Shropshire whip). Not usually a demonstrative man, he did on this occasion wax enthusiastic. He lingered over these old prints as a child over his first picture book. He left them only to return and to return again. They had a peculiar fascination for him, and though he said nothing at the time except that "They were despert fine picters," still they made an impression on his mind which never left him. He never saw them again, but the various scenes depicted in the series and the story told by them were accurately and indelibly imprinted upon his mind. I do not think the old man was possessed of much poetry in his nature, though he had a certain amount of sentimentality, which is bordering on the confines of the same admirable quality, if not often synonymous. There they were, these

BOBBIE DAWSON'S GRAVE SIDE.

three pictures, and side by side with the panorama of Tom Moody's funeral in his mind was another similar event; not far off in a secluded and beautiful valley, not in the new church—no! it must not be there, it must be in that old building where as a lad he went, and to whose God's Acre he had followed the last but two of the old school of sportsmen, who had for well on to a century, year in and year out, hunted on those rough hills and moors with him. To the letter it was to be like unto that he had seen portrayed at Potto. He had it all in his mind's eye. It was his last wish, and it was carried out. Would he could but have seen it. The following lines written on Tom Moody will not only give an insight into the character of the pictures which Bobbie saw, but at the same time fairly accurately tell the story of his own burial :—

Six crafty earth-stoppers in hunter's green dressed
Supported poor Tom to an earth made for rest :
His horse, which he styled his "Old Soul," next appeared,
On whose forehead the brush of his last fox was reared.
Whip, cap, boots, and spurs in a trophy were bound,
And here and there followed an old straggling hound.
Ah! no more at his voice yonder vales will they trace!
Nor the wrekin resound his first burst in the chase!

Thus Tom spake his friends, ere he gave up his breath—
Since I see you're resolved to be in at the death,
One favour bestow—'tis the last I shall crave—
Give a rattling view halloo, thrice over my grave;
And unless at that warning I lift up my head,
My boys you may fairly conclude I am dead!
Honest Tom was obeyed, and the shout rent the sky,
For every voice joined in the tally-ho! cry.
Tally-ho! hark forward!
Tally-ho! Tally-ho!

Unfortunately, at the time of the funeral I was engaged on the staff of a sporting newspaper, and could not get away to Bilsdale to see the end of my old friend. The following description of "The Last Meet" gives a fairly accurate description of what took place :—

"Unique as the ceremony was, it was characterised by rural simplicity. The slow, solemn procession from the house to the church-

yard was headed by the hearse, driven by a member of the hunt—Mr. John Garbutt—in his scarlet coat. Immediately behind it walked Bobbie's grey pony, bearing the old whip's coat, cap, boots and spurs, the latter of which belonged to the Duke of Buckingham, and Mr. F. Wilson Horsfall, ex-Master, rode next, alongside the hounds, the members of the hunt riding behind, with old Nicholas Spink, who now claims the honour of being the oldest member of the hunt, leading the way. Amongst the members of the hunt were Messrs. Robert Garbutt, ex-M.F.H., 'Nimrod' Pearson (Secretary of the Sinnington), Chapman Garbutt (Chairman of the Bilsdale Hunt Committee), John Garbutt, Dr. Snowden, Henry Chapman, Frank Dobson, Ben Kitching, Jos. Kitching, Seth Kirby, Stephen Ainsley, John Temple, Bell Medd, and almost all the dalesfolk. The service both in the church and at the graveside was conducted by the Rev. B. Wilton. When the polished oak coffin with its brass plate, inscribed 'Robert Dawson, died June 17th, 1902,' was lowered into the grave, Mr. Horsfall placed on the foot of it the whip, cap, coat, boots and spurs last worn by the old man. Standing over the grave, Bentley, the huntsman, sounded 'Gone away' on the horn, as Bobbie himself had many a time and oft sounded it within the very echo of that last scene in the history of an interesting life."

"Kam Sahd, Chop Yat," thus described the final scene:—

The weary huntsman, worn with years,
Reclines in death and disappears,
On mother earth's congenial breast,
He takes his last unwaking rest.
In life that mother loved him so,
She oft revoiced his tally-ho!
And quite as loud, and just as fast,
Returned his shouts and hunting blast,
Yea, even the tongueing of his pack
She heard and thrice re-echoed back!
An antiphon that shook the sky
'Tween hunting notes, and moorlands high,
When Bobbie heard the rousing strains,
The blood was frantic in his veins.
Bob Dawson with Bob Brunton meet,
And hunting chums their fellows greet—
The sportsman with his eager hound
From field to field in rapture bound,
And taste the joys, uncloy'd and real,
The substance of his earth's ideal.
Such Bobbie thought the future state,
And led his beauties on the gate,
He rode a huntsman on his bier,

With scarlet huntsmen in his rear.
But soon, alas! a sudden check,
No trace was found of Bobbie's trek;
The hounds assumed a puzzled mien,
Were sullen and dejected seen;

BOB BRUNTON.

Nor broke the dale with vocal bliss,
But dropped in sorrow such as this!
The hunters shared the hounds' dismay,
And broken-voiced they sighed "away!"
But on their comrade's grave so drear
They shed a tributary tear.

Bob Brunton, mentioned in the above lines, was a crony of Dawson's—a kindred spirit. Though Brunton had much

in common with his Bilsdale contemporary, still he saw a great deal more sport, and in his days was a hard man to hounds over the Cleveland country, and often had a day in the Bilsdale country. To the end, Bob could give a holloa, and on the last occasion the writer saw him he could scarcely walk, but had come to see a meet of the Cleveland Hounds at Marton, around which he farmed and lived for so many years. On this occasion he took off his hat when hounds passed him. It was on the same occasion I heard him say, "Fox first, then the hounds, then any other sportsman you like." The above dictum might well be followed now-a-days. Brunton—the last of the old Roxby and Cleveland School—died on September 17th, 1907.

At the Hunt dinner some months after the death of Bobbie Dawson his presence was much missed, and a toast was proposed in his name, and honoured by the members standing in silence. Many were the reminiscences recalled of the old man. The present writer related how, on the first occasion he saw Bob at a meet of the Bilsdale at Chop Gate, the old fellow said :—"Ah say, young man, you'll excuse me, but you ride like a cat on a darning needle." Glancing through my diary, I find an account of the previous Hunt dinner taken from the "North-Eastern Gazette," in which the following passage occurs :—

> The toast of the evening, "The Bilsdale Hunt," was proposed by Mr. John Wood, who spoke of the age of the Hunt and the loyal manner in which the inhabitants of the dale had stuck to it through thick and thin. He hoped it would long continue to flourish. On the suggestion of Bobbie Dawson, the veteran whip, who was one of the principal guests, the toast was extended to "The Bilsdale and other Hunts." Mr. Chappie Garbutt proposed the health and long life of Bobbie—the immortal, who was, he said, one of the oldest supporters of the world's finest sport. In responding for Bobbie, Mr. J. Fairfax Blakeborough, Vice-Chairman of the Hunt, said next to the Duke of Buckingham, the connection of his old friend, Bobbie Dawson, was the most interesting in the personnel of an essentially interesting Hunt Club.

At a subsequent meeting of the Bilsdale Hunt Committee (June, 1903), on the motion of the Master (Mr. F. Wilson

Horsfall), the following resolution was entered upon the minutes :—

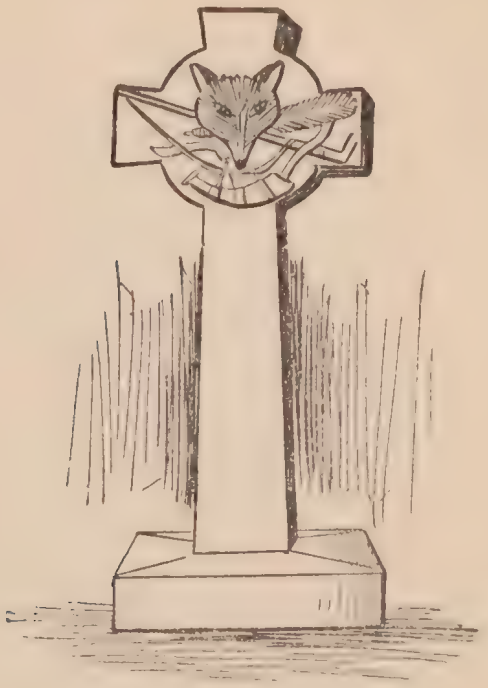
> That the Committee of the Bilsdale Hunt desire to place on record its indebtedness to the late Bobbie Dawson, whose death is a great loss to this, the oldest English Hunt.

It remains only to be said, Bobbie gave away his few belongings to those connected with the Hunt; to Mr. Horsfall, who did much for him in his last illness, he gave his much-prized horn (said to have been handed down from his forbear Forster, who was whip to the Duke of Buckingham). By this horn he set great store, and one can imagine him saying :—

Though toil hath somewhat worn thy frame,
And time hath marred thy beauty;
Come forth, lone relic of my fame,
Thou well hast done thy duty.
Time was when other tongues would praise
Thy wavering notes of pleasure;
Now, miser-like, alone I gaze
On thee—a useless treasure.
Grace still in every vale abounds,
But one dear charm is wanting;
No more I hear my gallant hounds
In chorus blithely chanting.
And there my steed has found a rest
Beneath the mountain heather,
That oft, like comrades sworn, we've prest
In pleasure's trail together.

He also gave his diary to Mr. Horsfall, who, as already stated, handed it over to the Hunt Committee. A year or two previous to his death, a collection had been made for him amongst hunting men around Helmsley and in Cleveland, some £60 being subscribed, the conditions being that on his death the residue was to go to the Hunt. On the morning when the presentation was made, at a fixture of the Hunt at Chop Gate, Bobbie said he "thowt he wad hev to git married noo." Mr. 'Nimrod' Pearson acted as Treasurer for the old man. There was a little money left, and this was employed in having a gravestone carved in his memory. Unfortunately the emblems of

the chase—a fox mask, brush, a hunting horn, and whip—were carved in relief upon a cross, the emblem of the Church's religion, and owing to the incongruity, the stone, a picture



BOBBIE DAWSON'S GRAVESTONE.

of which is here given, has never been placed at the head of the grave. Long will the name of Bobbie Dawson remain green in Yorkshire. !

CHAPTER X.

EVOLUTION OF THE PACK.

I LEFT the actual history of the Bilsdale Hunt at a time when it was in very low water, to deal with the connection Bobbie Dawson had with the pack. Now, at the time when the Bilsdale hounds were almost extinct in the dale which gave them their name, Dawson had the only hounds in it. By some means, which I cannot quite explain, a portion of the pack had found their way to Swainby. It will be remembered that the late Lord Feversham ordered hunting to cease owing to a story reaching his ears that the huntsman had been selling some of the hares which they killed. Some of the hounds went to Squire Bell, and so far as I can gather, a number, which were trencher-fed around Swainby and Faceby, were gathered together by one John Rickitson, who hunted them. In "The North Countree," Mr. Dixon gives the following extract from the journal of John Andrew, a name so intimately connected with the Cleveland Hounds.

Wednesday, April 2nd, 1818. We having twelve couples of hounds and John Rickaby five couples and a half. Found a fox in Newton Wood, ran by the stell side nearly to Upsall, where he was headed at the Stockton Road. Then to Nunthorpe and by Brass Castle, down below Newham, then turned and went below Sunny Cross, nearly to Tanton, then near Newby, where the hounds ran up to him and killed him in a wheat field, where he could not make a trot. A burst of forty-five minutes without a check, Rickaby the brush. The Doctor (Dr. Mackereth, of Skelton), James Andrew, John Andrew, and Rickaby's nephew well up. Nine couple of our hounds up at the death, and two couple of Rickaby's. N.B.—Rickaby rode well. The absent hounds with Richard Scarth, W. Coates, Isaac Booth, and Mason Williamson, being thrown off, ranged Mr. Jackson's plantations, and found a bitch fox, and ran her for three hours very hard to Wilton Wood and Court Green and back several times, until both horses and hounds were tired, when they lost her in Mr. Jackson's plantations.

This, of course, was prior to the date when the late Lord Feversham wished the Bilsdale Hunt to cease; but I am

inclined to think that after the period when the Cleveland and Mr. Rickitson's hounds joined for a day's sport they came back to Swainby.

On the present Lord Feversham taking the mastership of the Bedale Hounds, he sent a number of puppies up into Bilsdale to walk. It was not to be wondered at that the Bilsdale sportsmen soon had these hounds entered to work, and saw some excellent sport with them. Indeed, when the

STEPHEN AINSLEY, THE BILSDALE BARD.

young hounds went back to be entered to the Bedale pack, the huntsman informed the Hon. Mr. Duncombe, for such he was then, that they were ready for work, and as useful as the old hounds. The secret eventually came out that not only had they unlimited exercise and freedom, but also in their youth were taught their work. Some years ago, Mr. F. Wilson Horsfall, Mr. Walter Pearson, and the present writer, spent an evening at Chop Gate, and had in old Stephen Ainsley, who told us something regarding this period of the Hunt's history and its resuscitation. "Often," he said, "the old hounds, led by the immortal Minister, showed wonderful sport—the indirect result of which was the re-establishment of the pack. They used to have impromptu little hunts,

any one of the recognised 'old originals' calling up the pack by the horn at most unearthly hours of the morning and hieing to the hills. It was on one of these occasions to which 'Stein,' as he is always called in the dale, referred, that a fox known to have been near a certain heap of thorns, was soon bolted, and away hounds went. The fox again went to ground, but was caught, turned down, and killed. A second was accounted for the same day. I mention these instances more to show the innate love of the sport and the fact that though the *modus operandi* may not be *a la mode*, still they managed to see some fun with these young and untrained hounds lead by the redoubtable Minister. At hay time the young hounds always went back again to the Bedale country, and after the season referred to, Joe Mason, who was the first huntsman that Lord Feversham, then the Hon. W. E. Duncombe, had, said to his master, 'We maun't send no more hounds into that Bilsdale country of yours or they'll kill every cub we hev.' 'Oh,' said the young M.F.H., 'they've been training them a bit, have they? That is only what one can expect in Bilsdale, it is their breeding.' Shortly after he heard the dalesfolk were anxious to re-establish their pack, so sent over Mr. McLauchlan (his agent, I think) to Chop Gate to interview several farmers and sportsmen (the word is not so synonymous as it was in that day) to whom notices of this revival meeting had been sent. They turned up *en masse*, and the little Buck Inn, where there have been so many hearty Hunt meetings since, was filled to repletion. The exact number present at the meeting itself was fifteen, exclusive of Mr. McLauchlan. These hardy dalesmen represented a wide area, and quite filled the little room at the Buck, for this was before it was made into the comparatively swagger place it is now. The meeting was unanimous in its desire for the pack to be restarted, which perhaps goes without saying. The exact date of this meeting I cannot give. Lord Feversham took the Bedale in 1856, and had them until 1867, and, personally, I should think it would be about his fourth season. At any rate, he sent seven couples of hounds into the dale 'ti set

'em on their legs ageean,' as Stephen put it in his broad mother vernacular. This, thon, is the story of the revival of the pack."*

Squire Barr, a young man, but coming from an old Bilsdale family, was the first Master. He had Nicholas Spink, of whom more later, as whip. Barr resided at Holly Bower, where lives the present huntsman, and gained for himself the name of a hard rider. He had money, and occasionally drove a carriage and pair of greys. He was "thowt a lot on" by the dalesfolk, and named Squire no doubt because of the fact that whilst he was of them, yet he was able to live in a comparatively palatial manner. He kept the hounds at his own expense, and when they had a good day's sport he rewarded them with bread loaves and milk on his return. He left the dale, however, and so had to give up the hounds. He placed the Bilsdale on a firm footing, however, ere he left his native country for near Thirsk. Some idea as to the antiquity of the Barr family in Bilsdale may be gathered from the following obituary notice, which appeared in the "Malton Messenger," December 24, 1903, regarding a cousin of Squire Barr's :—

A link with the past.—"Edward Barr, Laverick Hall, Bilsdale, died Dec., 1903, aged 80 years," so read the plate on the coffin of the dead, whose mortal remains were interred at St. John's Church, on Saturday last, and by whose death a link with the past has been severed. There was a great funeral to witness the last solemn rites performed by the Vicar, the Rev. B. Wilton. . . . He was one of the oldest inhabitants of the dale, not only in age, but also one whose genealogy could be traced back for generations, for it is close upon 400

---

*As this book is going to press, Viscount Helmsley tells me the Earl of Feversham remembers the Bilsdale becoming a foxhound pack. The noble Earl argues that they were not foxhounds till they discontinued hunting the hare, and that was not till he helped to assist in their reformation. Even then, they were anxious to hunt hare and fox in the dale, but he gave permission only for the fox to be hunted. Were the theory as to hounds which hunted hare as well as the fox being harriers correct, good-bye to my fondly cherished theories heretofore expressed.

years since the first antecedent of the now dead settled in this beautiful dale. In the reign of Henry VIII., history says in the year 1513, the battle of Spurs was fought. James I. of Scotland invaded England, followed by the battle of Flodden, in which James, with his 50,000, met by the Earl of Surrey, with 26,000 men, was defeated and slain. It was during these rebellious times that the first Barr, a Scot, found the quiet dale and settled, enclosed land, and later, as the first rent, paid £2, which has now risen to £50, and generation after generation have followed unbroken in the same spot.

Writing to me from Leeds, Mr. Richard Barr says :—

I have been particularly interested in your articles regarding the Bilsdale and Sinnington Hunts. My father, David Barr, retired to Kirbymoorside when I was a boy, and the last 20 years of his life were spent there, so that I saw a good deal of Jack Parker and his "yoicks boys," and often heard his "Hark to Lingmoor," and "Tally-ho"—couldn't he holloa in those days, too! Some time ago you made reference to the Barr family, who were intimately connected with the Bilsdale Hounds. I am one of the old line. My grandfather was born at Laverick Hall, Bilsdale, but from that date the family got considerably spread. That would be late in the eighteenth century, some division of money taking place then. Early in the nineteenth century there was a Robert Barr living at Chapeltown, who would be brother to my grandfather, and himself father of the Robert Barr, founder of the firm of Barr, Nelson, and at one time Town Clerk and Magistrates' Clerk of Leeds. In old Bryan Barr's days—known locally as the lawyer of the dales—there was in the possession of the family a number of MSS., dealing with the early history of the family, which is believed to be Hamilton, and of lordly origin, but they were purloined, and up to a year or two ago none of our family know anything of them. It is known now there is a man in or about Leeds who has, at any rate, some of the manuscripts which would throw light on our family history.

Of one of the runs, which took place about the season 1881, Mr. T. Clarke, of Winton, gives me a good account.

The Hurworth had a great day from near Oliver's Whin to Whitestones on the Hambleton Hills (the report of which by the way brought Mr. Forbes, the present Master, out with the pack for the first time a few days following). The Bilsdale met on the day following the Hurworth run and found, probably the Hurworth fox, near Whitestones, and ran hard by Arnim Green by High Silton straight to Foxton. Mr. Clark heard the pack, and jumping on to a pony joined the pack there. Leaving Winton on the right, they crossed the Brompton and Northallerton old road and ran parallel with it to Hellikeld, re-crossed it over Brompton Banks leaving the Fox and Hounds Inn left-handed to Oliver's Whin. Now commenced a point almost field-to-field co-

incident with the wonderful Hurworth run. To Cotcliffe Wood went this fox, out at the top end to Borrowby and Kirby Sigston high road, where a check took place for a quarter-of-an-hour. The hounds cast themselves (as they still do), and, eventually, an old hound took the line down the turnpike for over half-a-mile. The fox had turned left-handed past Leake Church and then bore to the right past Kepwick Lime Kilns to Borrowby Mill, where he pointed for Upsall. Leaving the Castle on the left he went on almost to Kilvington Hall, but turning short back right-handed, hounds ran into him just to the South of Kilvington village. Amongst those who saw the end of what must have been a great hunt, were Mr. Ralph Turton, Mr. R. B. Turton (who had left his horse dead beat in a ploughed field), James Ainsley, Nicholas and Dick Spink, J. T. Scurr (a great man with Squire Bell's hounds), who rode a young horse, J. Harland, who joined hounds just before they reached Cotcliffe, and who rode a good grey with a crooked ankle, and Mr. T. Clark (Winton). Messrs. Turton took the field back to Upsall and entertained them to refreshments.

In Spink's early days the favourite hound nomenclature is found in the following list :—Mountain, Minister, Charlotte, Ruby, Trimbush, Countess, Truelass, Glancer, Twister, Climbank, Ranger, Dido, Charmer, Congo, Barmaid, Vagrant, Ringwood, Music, Brusher, Blucher, Chanter, Ragman, Woodman, Bingwell, Lady, and Ruby.

Mr. Robert Kitching followed Mr. Horsfall after his one season as M.F.H. He invariably rode a grey or white horse, and often wore a green coat. He was none the less enthusiastic in matters venatic than his predecessors, and was once heard to say regarding his son, Robert the younger : "If nobbut oor Bob teeak ez mich hodding back as he taks pressin' forward to hounds, Ah s'u'd think the wolld on him." It was in 1889 he took hounds, at which time he was living at Swainby, on a farm where Mr. George Kitching—one of the hardest riders over a moorland or across country I know—now resides. Here Bob reared not a few puppies, and could that orchard in front of the house speak, it would tell some tales of young hounds being "broken in" to sheep. Bob tied them to an apple tree, and turned in an old moorland tup. The young entry were so battered about that they never had any desire to molest sheep afterwards. Regarding

Robert, a story is told of an incident perhaps unparalleled in the annals of Northern hunting history :—

Early in the mastership of Mr. W. Forbes, of the Hurworth, a fox ran straight past Robert Kitching's house, and it is said jumped up at one of the windows. Bob saw it, and was unable to restrain himself. Quickly he threw a saddle over his white mare, let out the few hounds he himself kept, blew his horn furiously, which brought a few more from Swainby, and in a trice was on the line of the tired fox. On he raced after his scratch pack, and ere the Hurworth Hounds and followers came in sight the white mare was on the skyline of the hills above. Bob killed his fox, or more correctly speaking the Hurworth fox, alone. A few weeks later that same lily-white mare carried her owner to meet the Hurworth. Whilst hounds were drawing Arncliffe Wood, Mr. Forbes caught sight of his contemporary huntsman behind a tree, and they had a little interview, during the course of which the Master of the Hurworth spoke his mind as only he can. He concluded his lesson on the etiquette of fox-hunting with : "Now, I think you'll remember William Forbes as long as ever you live." Bob had shaved off his moustache in the meantime, and did not think he would be recognised, but he was. This white mare he rode was wonderfully clever, and could jump like a cat from stone to stone, and cross the worst bogs in the Bilsdale country.

Not infrequently Bob had the Bilsdale sportsmen and the Farndale Hunt officials down at his place for the night—sometimes to the hunt ball at Swainby, sometimes to ride over the Hambletons with him on the following day to hunt. From all accounts, these were jolly gatherings, the like of which we know not now for the social side of hunting is disappearing. These hunt balls were great local events a quarter of a century ago, and from all parts came sportsmen to Swainby to dance, and hunt the next morning :—

> With many a brush and mask the walls
> Shall hang, a glorious sight, Sir !
> Trophies of runs, bold leaps, and falls ;
> But they hang here to-night, Sir !

To welcome every scarlet coat,
And offer a free pass, Sir !
That all may come in riding boots,
And dance wi' t'bonniest lass, Sir !
All night, until the break of day.
When horn and hound without, Sir !
Shall bid him tear himself away
From the maiden's wiles ; to hunt that day ;
Yoicks ! tally-ho ! to shout, Sir ! —R.B.

DICK SPINK.

Bobbie Dawson and the Spinks accompanied each other in their ride down Scugdale ere yet the sun had set to be in time for the hunt ball, and it is told how Bobbie, never very careful about his personal cleanliness, was wont to stand in the pump trough at Kitching's house to give his boots some semblance of polish ere the great event of the evening.

On one occasion, I believe, the Misses Kitching black-leaded his boots for him. Dick Spink was always a tidy man,

and had a somewhat fine type of face, reminding one of the old pictures of the squirearchy ; it was essentially a sporting face. He assisted all the respective Masters of the Hunt from time to time as whip, from the era that Squire Barr had them and up to his death, which occurred on June 28, 1901. At the time of his demise, I wrote the following to a sporting journal :—

Poor old Dick Spink has joined the great majority, aged 82, severing an interesting link with the past. He lived at Orra till within a few weeks of his death. Years ago he had a farm there, on which were born to his dame fourteen children, first a boy and then a girl in rotation. His forbears had lived at Orra for generations. His brother Nicholas was huntsman for twelve years. Spink told me of a very fast run they had once from Bilsdale to Rosedale. At Rudscar, in Rosedale, the fox went into a jet hole, being dead beat. The followers thought it was dead, and Metcalfe being the first up jumped off his horse and got into the hole, seized Renny, and off with his brush. It proved, however to be very much alive, and Spink never saw a fox go faster than that one did down the hill. Hounds proved their superiority, however, and though they had a long run—a nine or ten mile point—they ran their fox back over part of the same line, and killed at the White Mare, of Whitestoncliffe, above Sutton, on the Hambleton Hills. It must have been a remarkable day, and a truly remarkable fox, for there is proof positive they never changed, the fox killed being minus his brush. Dick gave some very good advice. which might well be taken by all patrons of the hound and the horn : " Deean't jump until y'are foorced ti, ya deean't knaw what y'are hoss ez got ti deea afoor neet." Speaking of the Hunt, to which his life was devoted, he said : " We had a good character, and went to Thirsk and all over." He did not recognise that it was the amusement that the quaint manner and ready wit of Bobbie, himself and Bell caused, and their superior knowledge of the sport, that made them in such request as well as the sporting character of the pack.

For three years Nicholas Spink assisted Squire Barr to hunt the Bilsdale country, and when the latter resigned, Nicholas was prevailed upon to continue in office. He did so for sixteen years, Bobbie Dawson whipping-in to him during this period. Nicholas was born in Bilsdale and nursed in the very atmosphere of sport. In his youth, Nick and his brother Dick, who also occasionally whipped to the pack, were wont, with the Medd, the Bell, and Dale lads to call up

the hounds, remove from their forefeet the wires* which prevented them from straying too far away, and have a hunt. Indeed, the father of the Spinks found it necessary to keep his stable door locked, for he "nivver had his gallower or his lads at yam when t'hoonds were out." I remember Nicholas telling me how on one occasion he managed to get into the hay loft, then climbed down the rack into the "gallower's" stable, smashed the lock, and was away to an early morning fixture ere his father was out of bed. From childhood then he was a hunter, if not a huntsman. He took part in some of those wonderful runs of which the ballad, and legend of the dale still tell. Thus, when at last he came to preside over the pack he loved so well, he was conversant not only with every inch of the country, but every hound and its idiosyncrasies. The author of "The North Countree" says :—

"Notwithstanding the difficulties with which he had to contend in the shape of limited means, and what was worse, an exceedingly limited supply of foxes, he and his lieutenants, his brother Richard and Bobbie Dawson, gave every satisfaction in a somewhat critical country, and showed excellent sport."

I have by me one or two stories regarding Nicholas. Like many other huntsmen and masters of hounds, Jorrocks included, he hated a crowd close behind his hounds. On one occasion, the fixture was at Broughton. A bagged fox was to be turned down, and from all parts of Cleveland came sportsmen. Nicholas was in a fine stew. "Ah knaw they'll ower ride 'em ; they weean't giv 'em a chance ; Ah knaw tha weean't ; they'll gallop 'em off t' line, Ah knaw tha will," he said almost plaintively. However, he hit on a brilliant idea. He had his fox turned down in a part of the country where a line of hand gates was the only means of exit. Away went the fox, then hounds, and then Nicholas, who got to the first gate, and here he remained fumbling with the latch as though he could not open it. The horsemen were all

*The practice of wiring hounds was also adopted by the Cleveland Hounds till a prosecution against the Bilsdale by the R.S.P.C.A. stopped it.

impatient behind him. At last, when he did open it, he pulled it to again, and galloped on to the next gate, where he repeated the comedy. By this time hounds had got settled down on the line, and were a good distance ahead. This was just what Nicholas wanted, and a rattling run, which would otherwise have been spoiled at the outset, followed.

Mr. William Scarth, Carlton-in-Cleveland, tells me of a great day the Bilsdale had during the mastership of Nicholas Spink, who was at this time living at Faceby. A bagged fox was to be turned down at Potto, and thither the narrator, a well-known yeoman farmer, the name of whose forbears is so intimately connected with the Cleveland Hounds, went. The bagman did not run far, however, and as Mr. Scarth had been riding the same horse with the Cleveland Hounds on the previous day, he did not accompany Nicholas and his hounds to Carlton Banks, whither they went to draw. On arriving home, his father was just about to go out shooting on an adjoining farm, the shooting of which he had taken, and asked the then youthful William to follow him. After "doing up" his horse and having some dinner, Mr. Scarth got his gun and followed his father. When opposite the point where Faceby Manor Lodge now stands, he heard hounds tongueing in the distance, and stopped to listen. Yes! he was not mistaken, the pack were yon side of Whorl Hill running full cry. Whilst he was listening, a fox which had evidently been run, though not hard pressed, came into the same field, and not seeing him continued on its way. Putting two and two quickly together, dispite the gun and dispite the good dinner he had had, Mr. Scarth set off to run as hard as he could for home. He could not speak when he arrived, but handing his gun to his sister, he seized a saddle and bridle from the saddle-room, in a trice had it on his horse, and away he went after hounds, which had just passed through the field opposite. He was soon up to them and away they went by Skutterskelfe and over the River Leven. Alone with hounds Mr. Scarth attempted to cross the water where there was no ford, and on the far side his horse stuck in a sand-bed and could not move. A

farmer who saw his plight went for ropes and spades, but by pulling and shouting, the exasperated sportsman got his horse to make an effort, and with a plunge it came out at the right side. On he got, and away after hounds towards Hutton Rudby. Near Church Wood they had a check, but by "ticeing" and whipping he got them on to the line again and they ran down to the little field just near the old road at the top of Rudby village. A number of foot-people had heard hounds and seen the fox, and on its entering the field mentioned they surrounded it and kept the fox in. There he sat looking first at one side, then another. On came Mr. Scarth, who expected hounds would kill their quarry at once here. But no sooner did the little pack enter the field than away he went. By this time, Nicholas and one or two others had "gitten gethered up" and now commenced a point-to-point race. They are small enclosures here, and the Carlton yeoman was mounted on a horse which could jump well, so had somewhat an advantage of the Bilsdale fellows. To end the story, which by the way was told by Mr. Scarth to Miss H. Morrison and myself as we returned from hunting with the Hurworth Hounds, on Nov. 14th. this season, as this book was going to press, the fox was killed, and Mr. Scarth secured the brush.

Now, as already stated, the finances of the hunt were low, and there was no spare cash for such luxuries as new uniforms. Mr. Thomas Parrington tells us a good story, illustrating this :—

"A few years ago Nicholas Spink (the Master and huntsman) and 'Bobbie' Dawson had one good red coat between them, and one purplish and blackish red one. I understand the red coat to have originally been presented to Robert. The agreement between them was that 'they should tak ton an' ton aboot' with the coats. It was, nothing to them that Nicholas was a canny size, an' Robert nobbut a little yan. So Nicholas came out the first day in the good coat and Robert in the old one. The second day Robert came out in the good one, but Nicholas could not bide the idea of Robert being in the good red coat whilst he was in the purple sack, and he came out in his work-a-day things, and so through the season Nicholas wore one day a good coat and the next rode in plain clothes, and kept his bargain with Robert."

Next season, it is a pleasing sequence to the story to know, they each had a good pink coat. *A propos* of scarlet coats. I may mention that Nicholas was married in scarlet at Faceby Church. During his last season, Mr. R. Garbutt joined Nicholas, and then Spink left Bilsdale, and was employed at Potto by Mr. F. Wilson Horsfall, as farm manager, and Mr. Horsfall became huntsman of the pack. He only carried them on one season, however. Nicholas did not do much hunting after he went into Cleveland. In two or three years he took a small farm of his own, occasionally donning a scarlet coat. He was almost the last of the old school of Bilsdale sportsmen, and not till August 29, 1905, did death o'ertake him. He had a stroke some time previously, and had long been ailing. During the time of his confinement to his bed his talk was of foxes, as was that of his contemporary Dawson. On the day before his death he became delirious, and was heard to say, "Fassen 'em up, it's ta neea ewse, Ah can't hunt 'em ti-daay." The last occasion upon which he saw hounds was at the end of the season 1904-1905, when, nearly blind, decrepit with age, slow of step he walked to Swainby to a fixture of the Bilsdale, and stood bare-headed by the pack. It was a touching picture, for he recognised :—

> I shall hear the who-whoop ! some day
> And I must be in at the death ;
> Once more, "tally-ho ! " with my feeble breath,
> And I shall be "gone away ! "

I followed his remains to the old churchyard at Swainby on their next and last journey. Here amid the grey ruins of Whorlton Church, with the Castle Keep near at hand, with the hills o'er which he galloped so often, and saw such wonderful sport, within almost a stone's throw, Nicholas lay down to rest after an active life. And as we gazed upon that coffin we felt it contained the remains of almost the last of his genus.

Just as this volume is going to press, Sir Reginald Graham, Bart., has sent me his "Hunting Recollections," in which I find the following story apropos of Nicholas Spink :—

"The boundary was hereabouts (Cotcliffe) joined by the Bilsdale,

a moorland hunt and a trencher-fed pack, which has existed for ages. Sometimes they came on the line of a fox into the heart of the Hurworth Vale, and tradition had it that they were not very particular what they did on these occasions. One of their Masters, Mr. Nicholas Spink, of Bilsdale, ran a fox down to Welbury Whin, dug him out there and took him away in a sack. This occurred when Lord Castlereagh was Master of the Hurworth, who at once wrote through his Hunt Secretary to remonstrate with the Bilsdale M.F.H. on his gross breach of hunting customs, which resulted in a letter containing the following curt reply: "We allus dig.—Nicholas Spink."

The hunt dinner of November, 1901, at Chop Gate, already alluded to, was not without a note of sadness, for the two old men, "Dick" Spink and George Bell, who had, year by year, looked forward with such enthusiastic anticipation to the event, were no more. Bobbie, who was not long to live, was present, and as this was his last dinner, I here give an extract from an article which I wrote at the time, which will serve to give some idea as to the character of these old-world functions :—

After the dinner, which was essentially Yorkshire in its menu—roast beef and goose—a very happy evening was spent. The remarks passed at the repast were entirely in keeping with the personnel of the assembly, both individually and collectively. Occasionally, we heard, "There's a check at this end," "Noo wa've fun' him," "It's a capping scent," and so on. When the geese made their appearance, Bobbie said, "They'd better 'a'e left them fer t'poor fox." Then the tables were cleared, Mr. Seth Kirby, of Helmsley, taking the chair. He read letters of apology from Mr. Thomas Parrington and others. Mr. Parrington said it was very plucky of the Bilsdale farmers to carry on the hunt in the manner they had done. He wished them all good sport, and hoped they would remain the best of friends, which was essential to the successful carrying on of a hunt. After the toast of the Bilsdale Hunt had been proposed, Mr. Chapman Garbutt asked those present to honour that of Bobbie Dawson, who, he said, "was t'best sportsman what ivver follered hoonds." He added: "Sixty years is a long time to act as whip, but that's t' time that Bobbie's been at t'gam." During these remarks the veteran sat still, as during the singing of "He's a jolly good fellow." Then the grand old man of Bilsdale rose to his feet, and thus delivered himself: "Why Ah hev ta thank Chappie an' one an' all. Ah hope Ah sall last anuther year or tweea, but yan nivver knaws. Ah hope t'hunt 'll allus gan on, an' Ah will saay 'at t'hoonds we hev noo are ez fahn a lot ez we hev hed sen t'awd Deeak deed. They gi'e tongue weel, an' that's a gret thing. Ah heeard t'Cleveland at

SPOUT HOUSE (THE SUN INN), BILSDALE.

Stowsley last year, an' they didn't gie tongue a bit. Why, when oor hoonds kill ya might think wa hed a pack o' fifty couple oot." Those present stood up in silence as a mark of respect to the memory of Dick Spink and George Bell, who for years had never missed the annual dinner. Glasses were reversed, and the forms of the departed sportsmen rose before us in memory. It was hardly like a Bilsdale Hunt gathering not to see them there.

It was of another hunt gathering at Spout House Inn, when all the old characters were assembled, that the following verses were written by the author :—

The rain poured down, and the wind blew chill,
When the sportsmen gathered to chat o'er the kill,
To crack of the sport they all love so well,
And each his own favourite story to tell.

A party of sportsmen, of fox-hunting fame
(Each one of that party I'll mention by name)
Met : I shall not say where, nor shall I say when,
But the name of each Nimrod you'll very soon ken.

They'd talked for a while, when one said " Come along,
Let's join in a rousing Tally-ho and a song."
The ball set a-rolling continued to spin,
And they toasted brave Renny in every whin.

" It's the sport of all sport," Bob Kitching, he said,
" It's a sport that will live when all others are dead."
" It tops every other," Bob Brunton avowed,
This made Richard Spink, with a yoicks long and loud.

Speak up like a sportsman, a true one indeed—
" It's the sport of our kings of every creed ;
Our fathers enjoyed it, and we do the same,
We're doing our best their fame to maintain."

Bob Garbutt, a regular good-hearted sort,
Said, " Them 'at deean't hunt they owt ta be taught ;
'Tis the greatest of pleasures, you'll all agree,
Noo leeak what it's deean fer baith you and fer me."

Bobbie Dawson—" Larl Bobbie "—a Nimrod for sure,
A veteran old whip and a curious cure,
Replied to Bob Garbutt, " Thoos spokken what's trew,
An' Ah knaw fer Ah've hunted mair an' 'onny o' you."

George Bell, the blacksmith, rose after Bobbie,
For talking of hunting is ever his hobby ;
" I've hunted," he said, " over hill, dale and plain,
And I'd hunt more than ever were I once young again."

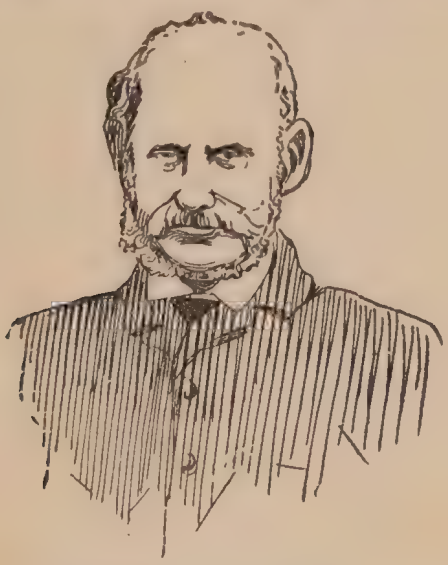
So they toasted the sport again and again,
Good luck to the pack and all good sportsmen ;
Bad luck to the keeper who turns out a foe,
And they ended the toast with a loud Tally-ho !

INTERIOR OF SPOUT HOUSE.

During the season 1896-1897, Mr. Robert Garbutt, mentioned in the foregoing song, and his son, Mr. Edward Garbutt, had the hounds, and saw their best sport over the Hambleton side of the country. "Ted" whipped to his father,and occasionally carried the horn, and was,and indeed is now, a hard fellow over a country. The Garbutt family have long been connected with the history of the Hunt, and Robert's brother "Chappie" is now the oldest member, and Chairman of the Hunt Committee. His forbears have always walked a hound, and called it "Ruby," and to this day there is a Ruby at "Chappie's" farm at Hawnby. In my diary, on November 9th, 1903, I made the following entry :—

Yesterday I was at the Bilsdale Hunt dinner at Chop Yat. It was

an enjoyable function. Chappie Garbutt was there, also Stephen Ainsley. The former said he would commit suicide if the hounds went down; it was the only bit of "re-creation they got." Steve, too, was quite lively, and sang a number of his interminable hunting songs—some of them with more than forty verses, said and believed to have been composed by himself, but which peculiarly enough I find, with altered place-names and facts, in the "Badminton Library: The Poetry of Sport," as having been written a century before Stein saw the light. I would not say so for the world, for Bilsdaleites will tell you no one sings like Stein, and no one has such songs to sing either. He



"CHAPPIE" GARBUTT.

himself tells a story of how at one of the Earl of Feversham's rent audits the then agent asked for "Just forty verses of that song of yours." Steven is on the Committee of the Bilsdale Hunt, and years ago regularly followed the pack on foot, and occasionally on a "gallower."* He is a stonemason by trade, of Scotch extraction, and one of a big family. He was born at the quaint old Spout House, kept by his elder brother* and they show you the marks yet on the old stone-mullioned window where the young Ainsleys sharpened their knives prior to sitting down to dinner. Stein once told me that "breedin' will tell, an' a dowter of his had married yan Wheldon, a blacksmith, at Hawnby. Sha used ta be 'at sha wad run whal sha brast efter t' hoonds, an' wad hev hed me keep all t' dogs in t' pack. Ah ewsed ta keep yan reglar i' them daays, an' well sha waited on it" (i.e., attended to it). Chappie recited his poem, which is a regular institution, but which he will not

*Now deceased, though the license is still held by the family.

give till primed with Jamaica, regarding the late fox-hunting parson at Carlton, "Tommy" Brown, who was given to his cups as well as the chase, and counselled his parishioners from the pulpit, "to do as I say, and not as I do!" It commences :—

There is an old fellow in our town,
And his name it is Parson Brown.

A portion of it is sung, and no one enjoys it more than Chappie.

Since Mr. Robert Garbutt had an accident to his hand some years ago, which necessitated the amputation of some of his fingers, he has never ridden to hounds, and I have only seen him out on foot once—after the Bilsdale Hunt Ball on February 22, 1906. "Chappie" comes out regularly on foot, however, though over 68 years old, and sometimes on one of his farm horses, but he considers no walk too long when there is "the bark of a hoond," as he terms it, "at the end of it."

CHAPTER XI.

MR. H. W. SELBY LOWNDES AS M.F.H.

BEFORE Mr. H. W. Selby Lowndes (now Master of the East Kent) took the mastership of the Bilsdale Hounds, there was a talk of him reviving the old Eskdale pack, which

HANDLEY CROSS, CARLTON-IN-CLEVELAND.

Mr. Singleton, who was "a boy to go," hunted for a short time, and with which Mr. David Smallwood showed such excellent sport. This, however, was found impracticable, so hearing the Bilsdale were without a Master, he saw the hounds and some of the sportsmen, the result being that he was elected Master for three years on April 8th, 1897. Eventually, he took up his residence in a new house built for him by the Vicar of Carlton-in-Cleveland, and appropriately enough

called Handley Cross—for the whole of the circumstances surrounding the history of the Hunt were not dissimilar to Mr. Jorrocks' famous Handley Cross pack. The hitherto trencher-fed hounds were kennelled at the rear of the house, a whip was appointed, hounds subjected to kennel discipline, regularly exercised, and systematically fed. Mr. Lowndes, connected with whose family is so much of interest in the world of venery, took an active interest and part in the whole of the kennel work, and soon made evident he intended to bring the Bilsdale pack to a much higher status than it had ever known before. He saw local covert owners, and, indeed, paved the way for a very successful season. The opening meet was at Carlton, when a very large number turned out to see the Bilsdale Hounds, which up to then had merely been a name to them, under the control of the young and energetic South-country M.F.H. I believe this first day was blank—the only blank day of the season. Afterwards, foxes were found plentiful everywhere, and Mr. Lowndes met with a very hearty welcome, perhaps peculiar from the Tyke towards a sportsman. He proved himself really fond of the sport, and everything connected with it, and what is more he showed the Cleveland, the Hurworth, and the South Durham fellows that whatever his cattle might be, his heart was in the right place, and they must go hard and straight when hounds ran with a good scent if they would catch the Master of the Bilsdale. He could not bear to see anyone going on ahead, and at the outset he was a better rider (I do not say horseman) than he was a huntsman. It is not inferred that he was a "jealous rider" in the usual sense of the term, but simply that he must be in the first flight even though the foremost in the chase might be indiscreet and careless as to the fact that they would want their horses not only later in the day, but on some future occasion near at hand.

A story is told of a day with the Hurworth Hounds, which illustrates my point. One day, hounds were somewhere near Picton, and amongst the followers were Mr.

Lowndes and Mr. William Scarth, a fellow-parishioner. Both were known to be hard men over a country, both valued his reputation as such. Hounds went away at a good pace with a screaming scent, and the Master of the Bilsdale and the well-known yeoman, whose forbears have ever been so intimately connected with hunting in the North, went away at the head of the van. Side by side they rode, taking their fences together, and each endeavouring to pass the other. It was for all the world like a point-to-point race, and no doubt both men more or less regarded it as such, for on they raced, never noticing that hounds had suddenly swerved round, and were running in a totally different direction. A large percentage of the field followed them—as they so often do follow a scarlet coat looming in the distance—then suddenly one or the other of the Carltonites looked around for hounds, and found them nowhere to be seen. One by one the field came up asking the same question, "Where are they?" "Which way have they gone?" and so on.

Mr. Lowndes would never be out-jumped either; if one man was going to take a nasty obstacle he would be over it too. They will show you in Bilsdale tremendous places he went over, and few were the stone-walls which turned him. Of course, this all shows nerve and a determination to be with hounds, but the good horseman considers rather how much he can save his horse than how much he can take out of it. Mr. Lowndes, as I have said, came to Bilsdale and proved himself a good sportsman, and a fellow after their own hearts. He had much to learn, though I believe he had hunted harriers since his boyhood's days, and nothing teaches patience, nothing provides so much hound work as hunting "the timid hare."

In Bill Nichol, who had been with the Cleveland, he had a useful whip, and a man who helped him much in kennel management after his arrival. The new M.F.H. soon fell out of love with Bilsdale hound blood, and commenced shooting and exporting, keeping one or two bitches which

he thought looked like suiting the hills, and which had a good cry. One Bilsdale bitch, which he retained, bred some excellent litters. He imported fresh blood, as in a measure he was compelled to do, for the hounds he at first kennelled commenced killing sheep, causing no end of trouble and expense. They ran and killed several sheep in Bilsdale itself prior to the regular season, and it was owing

H. W. SELBY LOWNDES.

to this that John Boyes, then of Castleton, who had a small pack of hounds of his own with which he hunted a part of the Farndale country, was consulted by Mr. Lowndes. Boyes had a wide experience of moorland hunting, and of everything connected with venery, and the Master of the Bilsdale asked him if he could stop hounds from "sheeping" when they had once commenced. Boyes answered in the affirmative, and Mr. Lowndes asked what course he would adopt: "I'd shoot everyone that looked at a sheep," was the reply. At first, the M.F.H. did not care to adopt so drastic a step, but finding he could not stop them, he secured

the services of Boyes as whip, and they bought muzzles* for the whole pack, took them out on to the moors, walked them for hours amongst sheep, and every hound which made a point at one sealed its own death warrant, and was shot on reaching the kennels, or drafted. In one week, fifteen couples were so dealt with or sold. Much trouble, expense and worry did all this occasion. However, Mr. Lowndes set himself to work to build up another pack, as already stated, and despite all the difficulties with which he had to contend, he killed more foxes during his first season than had ever been known before in the country, and showed excellent sport. Of course, it must be admitted that in most parts foxes had been better preserved for him now that he had given the pack a greater status than it had ever had before, and showed he could kill his foxes.

At the outset, however, his pack would not kill a fox, they would run up to it and then stop. Boyes suggested there were only two courses open—either to throw a cat in among them or "badly use" one fox. One day, a man from Stockton told Mr. Lowndes he had a clean, strong fox he would sell. It was brought in a box, hounds met near Carlton, and as a villager had complained of a fox doing considerable damage to his poultry, the imported animal was secured in a bag, which Mrs. Lowndes fastened in her coat, and took to the spot where the marauding animal was supposed to lie. Here she turned her burden down and holloaed. In a few seconds hounds came up, and the quarry not knowing the country was soon run into. The pack were still muzzled on account of "sheeping," and they killed their fox though thus handicapped. The muzzles were then removed, and they were quickly blooded. The funny part of the matter was that the farmer said some time after, "You've killed my poor fox, I never lose any poultry now," which

*Last season (1906-7) Mr. S. Conyers Scrope experienced the same difficulty with his now extinct pack, and had his hounds ringed through the nose. This did not, however, prevent them from running mutton, and it seems as though hounds which have once been blooded to sheep are never to be trusted again.

shows it had either been a two-legged fox or some other vermin which had run off with the poultry, as is so often the case. Mr. Lowndes had his pack under wonderful control. They were almost at a word, and dare not run riot. I was interested the other day to find that the famous Mr. Meynell, who perhaps did more than any other man to make hunting the sport it is, entered all his young hounds to hare. Cecil, in his "Records of the Chase" says :—

"One of the peculiarities of Mr. Meynell's system was that of entering young hounds to hare, a custom exploded in all kennels of to-day. I have reason to believe his motive for doing so was because many contemporary packs hunted both hare and fox, a custom which experience proves to be incompatible with the perfection of steadiness. Another motive was that of teaching hounds to hunt. Although inconvenient, it was, perhaps, less objectionable at that time than it would be now, because hares were by no means so numerous; but under any circumstances, it cannot be surprising that hounds should have a predilection for the pursuit of an animal they had been first encouraged to hunt, and that great severity must be exercised before the poor hounds could be made steady to the proper scent."

It is said that a hound which will not look at a hare is no good, or rather a puppy which takes no notice of this illegitimate quarry does not augur well. Possibly this is the case, but if he is corrected when he does "look" at a hare, it is possible he will be saved the "Ware hare!" rating with an accompanying slash of the whip, whilst the hunt officials will be saved much trouble. Yet I have read that Mr. Meynell's hounds were under wonderful control, and could all be stopped in the same field if a fox were running, until the word was given for them to proceed. The ex-Master of the Bilsdale, and one of the coming (if he has not already come) gentlemen huntsmen of the day, was also remarkable in that he had his hounds in what we call in Yorkshire "good awe." Even when a bagged fox was to be turned off not a hound dared move till he gave the word, not even those which had previously been trencher-fed in Bilsdale, and were not then under such discipline. Indeed, he used to say they dare not move their sterns on such occasions without permission. They occasionally ran

a bagged fox in Mr. Lowndes' era—the Bilsdale were ever rather partial to "baggies." There is no doubt that when he was in Yorkshire, the Bilsdale pack with Mr. Lowndes at their head, showed some of the most wonderful runs enjoyed in the county, and it must also be admitted, that not a few of these were after bagged foxes. In a country of rock and mountain, moor and dell, with possible blank days, peopled by a wonderfully sporting community who love to track foxes, it is difficult to prevent an occasional fox being trapped, and once caught, if hounds do not run him it is possible they will never again have the chance.* So, unfashionable, and in a measure unsportsmanlike, as it may be, the moorland M.F.H. has little alternative. A word regarding one of these days with another pack may be appropriate and interesting here. I take the following from my diary :—

I went down in time to see them bagging the fox. First some of the bedding on which it had laid, strong of excreta, was placed at the bottom of a sack to make scent lay stronger, whilst to still further enhance it, some "torpetine," as they call it, was poured on each pad and on the brush, anniseed not being procurable in the dale. This was after some preliminary arguments as to who should "tak hod on him." The fox was held by "the lugs," then dropped, brush first, into the poke, the huntsman keeping hold of him till the mouth of the poke had been closed up so as to only admit of his hand being withdrawn. I felt sorry, I must confess, for the poor beast, whose chance was such a poor one. We then adjourned to the inn near "to wet his head," as it was termed, such toasts as "Well, here's hoping he'll give us a good hunt," and "Here's to t' yan 'at gits his brush," being drunk. All the youth of the locality had turned out on foot, and quite a cavalcade moved down the road to the place chosen for "tonnin' on him doon." The hounds, which were unmistakably "kittle," knowing there was something extraordinary in the wind, were fastened in a cart-shed, and howled with impatience. Down

*I have heard that in olden days some of the Bilsdale sportsmen used to dig out foxes in Snotterdale (above Faceby) and elsewhere, then take them to the next fixture of the Cleveland and sell them to Andrew. Since then, it has always been a custom to have a bagged fox if possible at Martinmas, when the dale lads are all home from their situations for a week's holiday.

went the fox, which was given a few minutes' law, then the huntsman sounding his horn, hounds were released, and came out in response with a tremendous burst of music before ever they got to the spot where the fox had started, hardly putting their noses to the ground, they ran with scent breast high, and a tablecloth would have covered the whole of them. A cur coursed the fox for some distance, but though this invariably makes hounds so disgusted with the hunt that they give up, they ran on. The foolish animal instead of making good his escape turned round with some railings between himself and the cur and "hanched" (snapped) at his unorthodox pursuer. In the meanwhile, the hounds came up, and soon made an end of their quarry, though peculiarly enough they did not eat it; trencher-fed packs rarely will for some reason. I have seen many good runs with bagmen, but they undoubtedly make hounds wild and disinclined to draw for a fox.

Mr. Lowndes, then, had not a few bagged foxes, and once ran a badger in the same way. He had some fine low-country runs towards Stokesley from Broughton Wood, and from a drain near Dromonby, which invariably held a fox. Both in "the country" and in the moorland he was always with his hounds, nothing seemed to turn him, and it may truthfully be said if ever there was a first flight man it was he.

It was at the end of his first season that Mr. Lowndes had an unfortunate dispute with the Hurworth Hounds as to the boundaries of his country, which culminated in a trial before the M.F.H. Association in 1898. I have before me as I write the evidence adduced, which I here propose to summarise.

Mr. H. W. Selby Lowndes (says the book of evidence) was, at a meeting of the Hunt Committee held at Chop Gate, Bilsdale, on 8th April, 1897, appointed Master of the Hunt on the proposition of Mr. Robert Garbutt, the late Master. In December, 1897, a correspondence between the two hunts commenced as to the boundary of the hunts.

Mr. Scurfield then sent the Master of the Bilsdale letters from Mr. W. Brown, the owner of Arncliffe, and Mr. Haynes, the owner of Thimbleby, both stating that the Hurworth Hounds had exclusive rights to hunt their coverts. The evidence continues with a letter to the Masters of Fox-hounds' Association, signed by George Bell, which runs :—

On the 18th of April, 1898, Mr. H. W. Selby Lowndes gave notice in writing to Mr. Scurfield, that the Committee of the Bilsdale Hunt claimed the whole of the banks on the East side of the high road leading

TYPICAL BIT OF BILSDALE COUNTRY. KIRBY-IN-CLEVELAND BANK.

from Thirsk to Stokesley, and that such high road was practically the boundary between the two hunts. The Hurworth Hunt has only been established since the early part of the present century, whereas the Bilsdale had been hunting the whole country from Baysdale along Carlton Bank, Swainby, Arncliffe, Silton, to the White Mare at Whitestonecliffe, for years before that, and in Mr. Dixon's book, entitled "In the North Countree," mention is made of the Bilsdale having a long run from Cotcliffe Wood, near Boltby, on the 10th of April, 1821, and another from Arncliffe Wood in 1840. During the lifetime of Mr. Peirse, owner of the Thimbleby Estates in the early part of the present century, the Bilsdale Hounds hunted there regularly, but when Mr. Robert Haynes came into possession of those estates he did his utmost to prevent his coverts being drawn, though it can be proved that the Bilsdale hunted them during the illness to which he eventually succumbed. As soon as Mr. William Haynes succeeded to the estates in 1873 he invited the Hurworth to come there to cub-hunt, and the same year he also invited the Bilsdale, owing, it is said, to the fact that the former had not been very successful in killing foxes there. It is only quite recently, in fact, since Mr. Head became the tenant of Arncliffe Hall, that the Hurworth ever hunted there, and it was only during the past season that they claimed the Thimbleby and Silton coverts as their country. Some 70 years ago, the Master of the Bilsdale, "Hunter' Garbutt, lived at Boltby, which is quite close to Silton, and he regularly drew the Silton Woods, Spring Wood, and Thimbeleby coverts. The highway from Thirsk to Stokesley lies at the foot of the range of Cleveland Hills on the Western sides of which are the Broughton, Dromonby, Busby, Carlton, Faceby, Swainby, Arncliffe, Thimbleby, Silton, Kepwick, Cowesby, and Boltby coverts, practically in a continuous line, and of these the Hurworth Hunt are now desirous of claiming those of Arncliffe, Thimbleby, and Silton, and so breaking into the middle of such line. The Bilsdale have met regularly at Broughton, Busby, Carlton, Faceby, Swainby, Osmotherley, Silton, Upsall, and Boltby, which are either on the sides or just at the foot of the aforesaid range of hills, and the obvious boundary as has always been accepted until quite recently by both the Bilsdale and Hurworth Hunts is the highway above referred to.

Mr. Thomas Parrington's evidence ran as follows :—

I am 79 years of age, I hunted the Hurworth Hounds during the years 1860 to 1864, and was Master of the Sinnington Hounds for five years. I know thoroughly well the whole of the district hunted by the Bilsdale, Cleveland, Hurworth and Sinnington Hounds. The ordnance plan shown to me and signed by me whilst hunting the Hurworth is one which I lent to Mr. Forbes, the present Master of those hounds. I believe that he gave this plan to my brother, Mr. Leonard Parrington. Upon it I had marked in blue the various meets of the

Hurworth whilst I hunted them, and the nearest one to the Bilsdale is Cotcliffe. I never met on the East side of the main road leading from Thirsk to Stokesley with the Hurworth Hounds, as I considered that the hill sides and coverts on that side belonged to the Bilsdale. I have often hunted with the Bilsdale, and have always believed them to be one of the oldest packs in the kingdom. They have always drawn and hunted the Arncliffe, Thimbleby, and Silton Woods; in fact, practically all the Cleveland range of hills from Baysdale to Whitestonecliffe so long as I can remember, and I have always considered the highway from Thirsk to Stokesley as defining the boundary between the two hunts, as it practically lies at the foot of the aforesaid hills throughout their whole length between the two places I have named. I believe that this hunt has been in existence continuously for over 300 years, they having been established by the Duke of Buckingham, who owned the Yorkshire estates now belonging to Lord Feversham.

Robert Dawson said :—

I met the Bilsdale for the first time at Ewe Cote, when about five years old, and I have hunted regularly since then until a month ago, when I had an accident to one of my hands. I am now, and have been, Whip to the Bilsdale Hounds for over 60 years. The first Master of the Bilsdale I can remember was Richard Tate. After him the following persons were successively Masters :—George Bell, the elder; Leonard Leng, of Broadfield; George Bell, the younger, "Squire" Barr, Nicholas Spink, Robert Garbutt, F. Wilson Horsfall, Robert Kitching, and Robert Garbutt (as joint Masters), Robert Garbutt and W. Selby Lowndes. The hounds have always belonged to a committee ever since I can remember them, and been trencher-fed. My father, Francis Dawson, was hound gatherer for the Bilsdale Hounds, and always hunted with them. He was 99 years of age when he died. I have heard him talk of hunting with "Hunter" Garbutt, who was a Master of the Bilsdale, and lived at Boltby, about five miles to the South-east of the Silton Woods, and he has told me of these woods being hunted by him in his time. I have many times hunted the Silton Woods, Thimbleby Woods, and Arncliffe Woods with the Bilsdale Hounds, and never knew that our right to hunt there was disputed until now. I used to take the hounds to the public-house at Silton the night before we went to hunt Silton coverts and Spring Wood. I distinctly remember the first time the Hurworth Hounds hunted at Thimbleby, as Mr. William Haynes asked me to stay with him at Thimbleby the night before he invited them to hunt there, just after he succeeded to the Thimbleby estate. Mr. Haynes regularly hunted with the Bilsdale, and many a time when we have drawn his coverts and those at Silton and Arncliffe. In my time the Bilsdale Hounds have often met at Swainby and Ingleby Arncliffe to draw the Arncliffe Woods, at Osmotherley and Slapestones to draw Thimbleby Woods, and at Silton to draw

the Silton coverts and Spring Wood. The nearest meet of the Hurworth Hunt, adjoining our country in the Silton district, was at Cotcliffe.

The case for the Hurworth Hunt was thus set forth and signed by Mr. Scurfield and Mr. Alex. Park, the latter of whom was then Hon. Secretary of the Hurworth :—

In order that the Committee may better understand the above dispute, we, the Committee of the Hurworth Hunt, make the following statement :—The Bilsdale Hounds have until last year been a trencher-fed pack, hunting a hill country without any low ground near the Hurworth Hunt. The coverts in dispute are woods forming the extreme edge of the Hurworth country, just as the ground begins to rise and form the hills. We lay before the Committee the evidence of past Masters of the Hurworth Hounds to the effect that they always drew these coverts as part of the Hurworth country. We also forward the evidence of the owners of these coverts to the same effect, and we produce documentary evidence that the Hurworth drew these woods 100 years ago. We also file evidence that in the late Lord Feversham's time the Bilsdale were stopped hunting altogether, and only resumed it by permission of the present Lord. We acknowledge that we, ourselves, are sowewhat to blame for the present state of affairs, because, considering as we do that the Bilsdale are exclusively a hill pack, we have not been so particular as we perhaps ought to have been in protesting whenever they drew these extreme boundary coverts of ours, as we know they have done from time to time, but always, as we considered, under protest, and by our tacit permission. It is quite possible that under the peculiar circumstances, the Bilsdale may have drawn some of these woods oftener than is within our knowledge, but they have not been advertised to meet there, nor have they drawn Spring Woods previous to the advent of the present Master, Mr. Selby Lowndes. In order to explain certain circumstances which may possibly be made to appear adverse to our case, we wish to state that, when the Raby Hounds were given up on the death of the Duke of Cleveland, the Hurworth Hounds were invited to hunt the Durham side of the Raby country. The Hurworth accepted this invitation, and allowed Mr. Bell, of Thirsk, who then had a pack called the Hambleton Hounds, to hunt Cotcliffe Wood, Arncliffe, Silton, and Thimbleby temporarily. When the Hurworth retired from the Raby country, they reverted to their own country, which had been thus temporarily lent to Mr. Bell, and about the same time the Bilsdale began to hunt again after their long stoppage. Of course, the Hurworth Hunt consents to abide by the decision of the Association of Masters of Foxhounds.

The late Major Elwon, an ex-M.F.H. of the Hurworth, said he always drew the coverts in dispute, and considered them his country. Col. A. F. Godman and Mr. W. H. A. Wharton

replied in similar terms, the latter saying, "I always considered Arncliffe and Thimbleby Woods were in the Hurworth Hunt, but they used to be drawn by the Bilsdale Hounds—whether by right or consent, I can't say. My permission was never asked." Lord Londonderry said during his Mastership (1873-75) there was no question about the coverts being in the Hurworth country, and in the same strain wrote Sir Reginald Graham, Master of the Hurworth from 1886-1888. Mr. T. L. Wilkinson, sent extracts from the Diary of Thomas Wilkinson, Master of the Hurworth from 1799, for many years, substantiating the Hurworth claim :—

1799.—Earthed one fox at Sir Wm. Fowles' Wood from Arncliffe after a good run.

1800.—March 25th. Lost one fox at Arncliffe ; found at ditto.

1801.—Feb. 10th. Earthed one fox at Snotterdale from Arncliffe, after chasing remarkably hard for seven miles.

1801.—March 31st. Earthed one fox at Snotterdale, and five hounds went away with another to Hambleton. Both found at Thimbleby.

1801.—Oct. 15th. Killed one fox at Arden, near Helmsley. Found in Thimbleby.

1801.—Dec. 16th. Earthed two foxes at Sigstone ; found ditto. Ditto at Thimbleby ; found ditto.

1802.—Nov. 2nd. Earthed one fox in Black Hambleton, and killed or earthed another from Arncliffe.

1804.—Nov. 30th. Killed a brace of foxes from Spring Wood, one after a capital run of 14 miles over the moors, joining Kildale ; the other at Roseberry by Tunner Bath.

1805.—Feb. 21st. Blank day from Spring Wood.

1808.—Oct. 29th. Found a fox in Spring Wood and earthed in Kildale after running near 20 miles.

1810.—Oct. 23rd. Earthed an old bitch fox in Silton Knipes from Silton Wood, got her out, and earthed her again in Landmoth Wood.

It remains only to be said the Hurworth won their case, and that the run which really created the dispute was one of the greatest in the history of the Bilsdale Hunt.

Mr. Lowndes, as I have said before, showed some excellent sport in all parts of the Bilsdale country. He loved his hounds and he loved hunting. Nor was his wife less enthu-

siastic. Not unfrequently she had puppies in the perambulator with her children, giving them both an airing together. I have not space to enumerate the many excellent runs he had, both on the moorlands and in the low country. At the end of his third year he resigned the mastership of the Bilsdale, and was elected M.F.H. of the East Kent, where he has shown some excellent sport, killing a record number of foxes during his first season, and finishing one great run last season (1905-6) on a borrowed bicycle, having ridden his horse to a standstill.

Following his era, the Bilsdale once again became trencher fed. Mr. Lowndes left a few puppies, and these the Bilsdale Hunt Committee took back into the dale, with which to commence the formation of a new pack—for that was practically what they had to do. They were without a master, a huntsman, or a whip, and the financial position was not too substantial. At a meeting of the Committee, Thomas Bentley, a nephew of Peter Bentley, a well-known Bilsdale sportsman of former years, who was "desperate keen," had shown himself a straight man over the moors during the time Mr. Lowndes had the pack, and apart from the fact that he was "a hunting bred 'un," he was eminently the right man to take the dual office of master and huntsman. He accepted the office purely from a love of the sport, for he knew full well that his salary would be hardly sufficient to keep his horse, let alone procure him uniform and pay the incidental expenses which always fall to the master of a pack, be it ever so humble. So, mounted on a wonderful old Irish hunter, which he purchased for something under ten pounds, and with a small pack of hounds, he commenced his first season, 1900-1. So far as pageantry, status, and perhaps so far as scientific hunting went, this might be a retrogressive step, but it was a sporting one. It seemed as though the hunt must become extinct, and but for such men as Bentley in the dale there is little doubt it would.

For three years did Bentley hunt hounds, having E. Barr whipping to him at first. During the second season he had no whip, and except in the Hambleton country,

where he engaged and paid John Boyes to whip, he was alone for the third year. Many were the long rides home he had by himself, except for hounds, and many the hard days; but again, I say, he loved the sport, and this explains much. Residing at Holly Bower, Bilsdale, Bentley farms the land around him, and often did a day's work before setting off to hunt, and another on returning. He surmounted many difficulties which presented themselves by sheer pluck and determination, and through fair weather and foul maintained

THOMAS BENTLEY, BILSDALE HUNTSMAN.

that good humour which is characteristic of the man. Not only is he a sportsman, every inch of him, but he carries with him that indescribable something which makes it possible to pick out from his fellows the man who lives in an atmosphere of horses, hounds, and foxes. He rides on the moors as only a man born with the smell of turf in his nostrils can, and he, like Frank Freeman, now huntsman of the Pytchley, is one of the most remarkable men for viewing a fox I ever saw. A welter weight for a huntsman, yet he is a difficult man to catch when hounds get away with one of those stout hill foxes. Unassuming, he rather under-estimates than exaggerates his knowledge of venery. This, together with his enthusiasm and keen sense of the humorous, has made him very popular.

The following extracts from the "Malton Messenger" tell their own story of a further evolution in the history of the hunt :—

May, 1903.—On Monday evening, at the Buck Hotel, Chop Gate, an important meeting of the Bilsdale Hunt Committee was presided over by Mr. F. Wilson Horsfall. The annual statement showed the Hunt to be in a sound financial position, and it was stated they had ended a very satisfactory season. It was proposed by the Chairman, and seconded by Mr. J. Fairfax Blakeborough, that Thomas Bentley be re-appointed huntsman, both gentlemen speaking of the excellent manner in which he had hunted hounds. Mr. Garbutt Johnson was re-elected Secretary, and thanked for his services to the Hunt. Mr. Blakeborough was proposed as Chairman of the Hunt Committee, but moved an amendment to the effect that Mr. Chapman Garbutt occupy that position, which was carried, Mr. Blakeborough being elected Vice-Chairman.

Sept. 3, 1903.—For three seasons—since Mr. Selby Lowndes resigned—the Bilsdale Hounds have been without a Master. Feeling that the Hunt lacked status, a meeting was held on Sept. 19th, Mr. C. Garbutt presiding and Mr. J. Fairfax Blakeborough being in the Vice-chair. The latter read a letter from Mr. F. Wilson Horsfall, Potto Grange, Northallerton, expressing his willingness to fall in with the wishes expressed by some members of the committee to act as Master. He said in his letter he would take the pack for three seasons, and allow the pack to remain trencher-fed as at the present time. The Vice-Chairman moved that Mr. Horsfall's offer be accepted, and Mr. Seth Kirby (Helmsley), seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously. Mr. Horsfall has previously acted as Master of the Bilsdale Hounds, and is not a little popular amongst Northern sportsmen. The indefatigable Thomas Bentley is still to act as huntsman, and George Teasdale has been appointed as whip.

Mr. Horsfall made it conditional upon taking hounds that Bentley continued to act as huntsman. The Master resides at Potto Grange, and for years has followed the Bilsdale and other local packs. He is perhaps even better known as a breeder of Cleveland Bays and Yorkshire Coach Horses than as a sportsman, though he is pre-eminently that, as well as an ornithologist. The opening fixture was at Hall-Garth on November 10th, 1903, the trysting place being one of the two farms in the hands of the sporting parson (the Rev. J. L. Kyle, M.A., Vicar of Carlton-in-Cleveland), a brother-in-law of Mr. Horsfall. This meet followed upon the

hunt supper of the previous evening at Chop Gate, and not only did Mr. Kyle dispense hospitality, but also one of a litter of foxes on his land provided a gallop. Whilst retaining the old-world mannerisms in connection with the hunt, Mr. Horsfall has done much to improve it alike as a pack and a hunt. He treats the sport more as the means of giving pleasure and health, than the serious undertaking in life which some of us are inclined to make it, and which, of course, it is to the professional huntsman and master of a crack pack. Whilst sanctioning much from his field because he recognises the fact that it is not many years since each man who walked a hound had a sort of privilege to encourage his own hound, and endeavour to assist in the hunting of the pack, he is ever watchful over the interests of the farmers. No one recognises better than he that it is by their sufferance alone hunting continues. The season 1907-8 has opened since this book went to press, and already some excellent sport has been enjoyed with the Bilsdale pack. May it long continue with Mr. Horsfall, who has done so much for the hunt, at the head of the present regime.

THE FARNDALE.

CHAPTER XII.

THE FARNDALE.

THE following chapter cannot be taken as anything approaching an historical survey of this interesting pack, and I regret that I must make this admission at the outset. Notwithstanding the fact that I have seen or otherwise communicated with almost everyone whom I had reason to believe could assist me in arriving at some sort of decision as to the origin of this pack and the various chapters in their history, I find on placing the whole of my notes in order to edit them that only a meagre story can be unfolded, and at the same time an incomplete one. Not a single diary or scrap of writing has come my way during the course of the search made, and no one whom I have interviewed can go any further back, either of their own knowledge or from what they have heard, than the period when old Joe Duck was at the head of affairs in connection with the Farndale Hunt. Baily's Hunting Directory, which, as a rule is remarkably accurate, tells us the hunt dates from 1835, and though I am firmly convinced that there were hounds in Farndale long prior to this date, no data can be produced to prove that this was so. It is generally claimed that when the Duke of Buckingham died, his tenantry continued to hunt, and that the Sinnington, Bilsdale, and Farndale packs spontaneously came into being. So far as the first two hunts are concerned, a fairly clear case can be shown in support of the theory, but with regard to the Farndale it is more difficult. Of course, at this period —after George Villiers' death—packs were more personal than local, and the Sinnington Hounds were maintained by the Duncombe family. There was in Farndale no family able to maintain a pack, nor is it likely that, except by accident, the Duncombe Hounds would break the isolation of this dale—which is now, as was the case then,

a portion of the estate belonging to that family. So far as legend shows, Buckingham DID hunt in Farndale, therefore it is not unlikely that some of his hounds might be kept here—for the old leases of many Yorkshire estates contained a clause requiring the tenant to keep a hound. For instance, those living on the Roxby estate, near Whitby, were, in their agreements, required to keep a hound. By the kindness of Mr. E. R. Turton I am able to give the exact wording:

"To feed and keep for the said landlord, free of all expense, one dog, bitch, or puppy during the said tenancy."

Another interesting clause ran:—

"Not to allow any disorderly, debauched, or criminal characters to frequent his house, but to endeavour to live Godly, honestly, soberly, and willingly in that station to which he has been called, and to keep up the credit and respect of his village and his landlord."

More because the Farndale country formed a portion of that hunted by England's first pack, than because I am at all convinced that the hunt has the same claim to antiquity as the Sinnington or Bilsdale, I am including a few notes regarding its personnel in this history. Farndale is smaller and more isolated than Bilsdale, and because of this isolation, whatever traditions there may have been in connection with the hunt have never reached the outside world, and having failed to collect any in the dale itself, I am led to believe that much which is most interesting in connection with hunting history in the sister dale is wanting here.

As the Farndale country is now constituted the pack hunts the dale which give the pack its name, and also Bransdale, where they join the Bilsdale territory. Towards Kirby-moorside they hunt to the right of Hutton-le-Hole, Rosedale, and Danby Dale, the latter by permission of Squire W. H. A. Wharton, the Master of the Cleveland. By the same clemency they hunt Westerdale, and often meet at Castleton. Their own country proper is defined by no very strict boundaries, insomuch as the points at which they touch the Sinnington, Goathland, and Cleveland countries are not frequently hunted by those packs, and there are few coverts

which hold foxes near these points which might be disturbed. Therefore, the masters of the packs mentioned do not insist upon boundaries being strictly observed. Rougher than the greater part of the Bilsdale, the country is almost devoid of grass and woodland. Still it is a sporting country—the very fact that it is hunted under so many difficulties proves that, and I venture to say that no fox-hunt in England is conducted with a smaller working expenditure. Yet though this is the case it is to be regretted that so little interest seems to be taken in the pack in the dale itself. The hunt is essentially the Farndale, but it seems to be governed by three committees—that in the dale, one in Rosedale, and one at Castleton. So far as I understand the two latter-named authorities, they have no jurisdiction with the inner workings of the hunt, other than the control of certain moneys subscribed amongst themselves, and collected, by means of which they guarantee the huntsman a certain sum (seven and sixpence, I fancy) for each day he takes his hounds to Castleton or Westerdale. They have a hunt dinner of their own, a hunt ball, and when the pack is over at Castleton I have heard them referred to as 'The Castleton Hunt.' This, then, is a separate organisation entirely. Not actually in the Farndale hunting country, and, therefore, having no real demand upon the pack, these hearty sportsmen provide the wherewithal to see hounds and have sport, and the Farndale Committee not recognising any liability for the huntsman's 'time' on this 'Castleton side' of the country, pay him only when he hunts in that portion actually Farndale territory. There is an amicable understanding between these several authorities, however, but it is the Farndale Committee which is answerable for the liabilities of the hunt, the appointment of officials, and who would decide vital questions, such as the election of a master would be. I know not how long the Castleton Committee has been in existence, but for years it has been an understood thing that the pack hunts the country on the Danby and Westerdale side of this pretty village. Mr. Sturdy Watson says, so far as he can remember, the first Committee was formed here when Mr. Whitwell,

head keeper to Lord Downe, procured permission from Squire Wharton to hunt this part of his territory. The late Thomas Nicholson was appointed Chairman, Mr. Sturdy Watson, Vice-Chairman, Mr. Harry Gibson, Secretary, Messrs. John and Fred Hart, James and Thomas Mortimer, Richard Tireman, John Stockton, and Messrs. J. W. and J. R. Alexander being the Committee. But Mr. Alexander, Senr., remembers the Farndale Hounds coming to, and hunting at, Castleton before some of these Committee men were born, in the days of old Joe Duck, and when the Cleveland were yet a trencher-fed pack. However, more of this later.

After this outline as to the *modus operandi* of management, it may be well to return and take another glance at the country. In many respects it is very similar to the Bilsdale. On several parts of this moorland the ground is very soft and boggy, which, of course, one must expect in these countries, but those who have hunted long in them know almost every bit 'o' soft grund,' and every sheep track and gate. To the dalesman the bog is as nothing; but the fear of them, and the exaggerated idea many low country sportsmen have of their number and character, keeps not a few away from these old-world packs, where the longest and the best runs are yet to be enjoyed. I remember Mr. Alexander, Senr., who for half-a-century has hunted with the Farndale and other local packs, telling me of a man losing his horse in one, but such occurrences are few and far between.*

There are many men to whom the bullfinch, the post and rails, and the widest of stells are as nothing, to whom the longest day and farest meet are never too long or too far,

*The bogs here are not nearly so bad as many of those I came across when hunting with Mr. Conyers Scrope's ill-fated Wensleydale pack. On the last day of this pack's existence (April, 1907), the Master, Messrs. G. and H. Scrope, the Marquess of Exeter and the author found ourselves in a morass over which we could not even lead our horses. I shall never forget the be draggled appearance we all presented when we got on to sound going.

but who will not face the Yorkshire moorlands, simply because of the treacherous character of the ground. These miry morasses and the holes and jet workings which abound on the hill sides are as a snake in the grass, an unseen enemy. When the obstacle to be overcome is the most formidable fence, the rider and the horse are both as a rule conversant with what is ahead. With a bog and with heather-concealed holes and crags, however, it is true, matters are different, for generally speaking the man who gallops into a bog does so in entire ignorance of what is in front of him. ''Ware bog!' shouts a friendly sportsman over his shoulder as he skirts the edge of a morass, but his kindly warning comes too late, and in goes the horse and rider, up gurgles the inky water from what seemed a perfectly safe piece of ground. As often as not the sudden stop sends the rider from the saddle—and this is exactly where he wants to be, for a horse has a much better chance of struggling on to *terra firma* without any weight upon his back. Even if the rider is not thus unceremoniously removed from the saddle it is the wisest plan for him to at once dismount and keep his horse moving. The question may naturally arise what is a bog? Even the substance and *raison d'etre* of these oft-times deep man-traps vary but usually speaking they are portions of tableland where the drainage of the moor settles or a subterranean stream runs. The remarkable thing is that though with the least pressure water appears, there is no indication of moisture on the surface save the herbage peculiar to marsh and morass. Yet let a horse get on to the ground and there is a gurgling and a spluttering as though one were sinking into the depths of the bottomless pit. There are bogs and bogs; whilst some will not bear even a sheep, others only cause a horse some inconvenience and possibly wrench his shoes off if he is not shod well 'in.' The worst morasses soon become known to hunt servants and regular followers, who in these countries—though they may be blunt—are exceedingly thoughtful and warn the field against them. I am reminded as I write of an experience in one of the worst bogs in the Bilsdale hunting country. It is known

locally as 'Old Meg,' and lies upon Bumper Moor—a moorland almost rotten and unrideable. A good fox had turned his head that way, and those of us who were left in the run galloped onward. There was no time for warnings on that day, and only those who knew of the existence of 'Old Meg' saw the end of that wonderful run. Some excellent fellows went home with a good deal of 'Old Meg' upon their clothes. This particular bog is one of the worst I know. There are places where a horse is up to the saddle-flaps before you can utter the proverbial 'Jack Robinson.' What is the best course to adopt then under such circumstances? If the mount is really in and the morass lies on sloping ground, let him have his head, then aim down the hill, or to the nearest ling or heather. It is a fact worth remembering, that however bad the ground may be underneath, no horse can sink when the wiry heather or ling is underneath.

From the nature of the country as described, it will be seen that a big horse is not required, nor yet a very valuable one.

Since the history of the Farndale Hounds in their present form, so far as information can be gathered, seems to commence with the huntsmanship of Joseph Duck, it might be appropriate at the outset to say something regarding him. He was, so far as I can gather, possessed of all that enthusiasm and love of the chase which has distinguished the folk in the neighbouring dales. Something of a character was he too, but because of that isolation in which he lived, and the fact that he rarely left the dale, he gained nothing of the renown of Bobbie Dawson or his Bilsdale contemporaries. Of course, it must be admitted, too, that long as he lived—he died a centenarian—he was not taking an active part in hunting when almost the last of his own genus in the dale. His connection as an official of the Farndale Hounds ended when there were yet many characters of similar sporting tirelessness left in the neighbourhood—hence it is when we come to glance at his life in changed times and altered circumstances that we note the remarkable and admire that which is best in his life, and that of such men as old Jack Carr, Jack Todd,

and Jack Parker. When a character sketch has been given of one of these veterans, as of Bobbie Dawson, one has more or less spoken of the whole of them, the outstanding idiosyncracies being peculiarly similar. Most of them were entered to the chase very early in life, never departed from it, and died full of years and service. Still there are dissimilarities of detail. Jack Parker, of whom much will be said later, was a hard man to follow, and was usually with his hounds no matter what the country might be through which they were travelling. Neither Joe Duck nor old Bobbie Dawson were riders, nor had they the horses to ride had they been inclined to 'push on.' Hounds were bred much smaller in these days, and perhaps more with a view to music, bone, and colour, than pace or symmetry. In an interview I had with old Mr. Alexander, he told me that Duck rode a grey pony not much over thirteen hands. He very often walked, getting a boy to lead his pony, and taking his hounds amongst crags and through dells where even a "gallower" would be unable to travel. Even now with these dale packs they require little hunting. At a check they will cast themselves, and I have noticed that huntsmen invariably cast back on the hills before casting forward, if hounds have not already made back to the last point where they were able to speak to their fox. According to Mr. Alexander, who has known the hunt for forty-five years, when tally-ho was heard, and hounds got away, old Joe was not seen any more for some time. He only had this one pony, which was over twenty years old. He had some seven couples of hounds, and it is interesting to note that though from time to time the Farndale have had drafts given them from other packs—they have succeeded in retaining the colour which has always characterised them—black and white—which is obviously the best for seeing hounds on the moors. They were of this colour in old Joe's time. But where did he get his hounds from to commence, or re-commence as the case may be—the Farndale? This is a question upon which I am not very clear. It seems at this period they still possessed that individuality

which still marks them—the colour, which is almost peculiar to themselves now, though as I have mentioned in dealing with the history of the Bilsdale Hunt, the Cleveland were, as the Roxby hounds—the first chapter in their interesting history—black and white, and the Bilsdale by using some of the Farndale stud hounds, now have one or two which are thus marked. It is interesting to note that Sir A. E. Pease surmises that it is impossible the Roxby originated with drafts from the Bilsdale, or at any rate contained a good deal of the blood of the pack which the Duke of Buckingham brought with him in his banishment to Helmsley Castle. Therefore, seeing that the Roxby Hounds were light-coloured, and when the Bilsdale were breeding all their own hounds they too were light-coloured, it may not be extravagant to suggest that the Farndale might have their origin or re-origin by drafts from these two packs, and from the Sinnington.

At any rate, whatever was the origin of the pack with which Joe Duck commenced to hunt about the year 1833, small as they were, alike in number and height, they showed some wonderful sport. They were essentially trencher-fed, as they are to-day, though in the first Duck's era nearly the whole of the five or six couple were kept in the dale itself. In those days it was something of a privilege to walk a hound, and every man knew not only a good deal regarding the science of the chase, but the technique of hound-breeding and the points of a hound so far as the best stamp for hunting this rough moorland country went. Mr. Alexander tells me there was considerable competition between the dalesfolk as to which were to have the best hounds. With the Farndale and Bilsdale, and I suppose with most trencher-fed packs, those who once take a hound do not 'walk him' for only a few months, and then, sending him in to the kennels receive another puppy to rear. They keep to one hound till he becomes too old for hunting and then take another, which is invariably given the name borne by the former. Thus one finds many families who have kept hounds for over a century, and father and son have ever given them the same

name. Only this season (1907-8), Bentley, the Bilsdale huntsman, told Lord Helmsley some of those who walked hounds thought as much about them as of their wives.

In Joe Duck's long era of office, the Farndale, like the Bilsdale, hunted hare one day and fox the next. Tuesday was the day set apart for hunting Reynard, and Friday for running 'puss,' but from what I can hear they were never very particular so long as 'they gat a hoont.' I am told they killed 27 hares on one day during Joe Duck's time, and it is stated that though they often accounted for a considerable number, hares were more plentiful in the locality than is the case now, the argument being that farmers would preserve them when they were showing some sport in which they could participate. As Mr. Alexander pointed out to me, 'Farmers were ever the best keepers.' He tells me that if a fox got up when they were hunting hare they would at once leave the chase of puss, whilst they would not leave the line of a fox for a hare if one got up from her form almost amongst them. I should hardly have thought this with a pack with which there must necessarily have been much riot and not a great deal of control, but that is what I am told.

What Sir A. E. Pease says regarding the Roxby Hounds, which were hunting within walking distance of the Farndale country, will be equally appropriate to the latter pack, and seems to confirm what Mr. Alexander told me :—

> The "Roxby Hounds," prior to 1817, hunted fox and hare on alternate days ; and hounds always knew, so it is said, which they had to hunt, for being thrown into covert meant fox, ranging the fallows meant hare ; besides, they always cheered the hounds by naming the quarry ; and there are a few old men still (1887) hunting with the Cleveland Hounds who remember old Tommy Page, *long* after hare hunting had been discontinued, crying out as hounds were drawing, "Dancer, a fox!"; "Sly Lad, a fox!" I believe this practice of hunting hares with foxhounds, and of hunting foxes with harriers was common enough, although neither Sly Lad nor Dancer, nor any other hound in the pack, dreamt of finding anything but a fox when drawing coverts.

Thus one finds the master of the Glaisdale Harriers (Mr. W. Brown), whose country adjoins the Farndale, saying

so recently as October of 1906, after his pack had killed a "bag man," that :—

> My hounds can kill both hare and fox,
> Which ever gets a-foot.

They had more foxes in the country in these early times than is the case now-a-days, and one of the best days which the veteran at Castleton can remember followed upon a fixture at Fairy Cross Plain, a public-house in Fryup at that time. Old Joe Duck was over seventy then, but as tough as leather. He jogged up to time, and after "having a bait" in the moorland inn, they "pulled out," as removing the horses from the stable is called, and ere the day was ended had had three splendid gallops and killed three foxes. One of these Mr. Alexander still has in his possession. It is worthy of note that a peculiarity of trencher-fed packs is they never break up their foxes. In this day, I am told, all the best runs were from Fryup and Westerdale, but as Mr. Alexander did not hunt with the pack on the other side of the country, it is possible his memory only recalls those in the part of the country mentioned. One run he remembers in old Joe's time was from the Eskletts, in Westerdale, to Rosedale Head, down into Farndale, past Potter's at the Hall, to Hutton-le-Hole, where the run ended. I was told of many more runs, fast and long, but as they embrace such a plethora of place names of which the reader may be ignorant, I have refrained from quoting them. I am told a number of bagged foxes were run at this period—an age when most packs seemed to encourage the practice of foxes being caught and brought to a fixture, where a collection was made for those who had trapped or dug for them, the end of the sack opened, the quarry given a few minutes' or seconds' law, and then hounds released from the stable or outhouse where they had been confined.

In the early part of last century, drinking and fox-hunting seemed to go hand-in-hand together, both before and after the chase. Now matters have been somewhat altered, and so far as I can make out a good deal of "liquoring" is done in the field itself, the size of some canteens being so con-

siderable that the owner and user thereof has a man out to carry it. This, by the way. Reference has been made to Fairy Cross Plain, where hounds often met. My aged Castleton informant says that it was here he saw for the first time the quaint custom, not yet altogether extinct, brought into practice of paying tribute to a fox recently killed, by adjourning to the nearest hostelry and placing his mask or brush in a bowl of punch or other liquor. The veteran Duck was master of ceremonies on the first occasion, and the punch was quite muddy coloured when ladled out.* Nor were the rites and ceremonies ended, for each sportsman whilst stirring his glass with one of the pads had to propose the following toast :—

Come fill a sparkling bumper
And take it up with glee,
To all our brother sportsmen
Who hunt his majesty.
And a hunting we will go, will go,
And a hunting we will go, brave boys,
And a hunting we will go.

Prior to repeating these doggerel lines, each sportsman said, "Here's a health unto his majesty," this, of course, having reference to the fox, and not the reigning monarch. Many of these old-time bucks were wont to draw the pad out with their teeth and give it a shake, this calling for a loud tally-ho from the company. If the enthusiasm of any should fail to be great enough for them to imbibe part of the fox as well as hunt him they were fined sixpence, which went into a common fund for more liquor. I am told that in the Whitby neighbourhood it was customary for the fox to be disembowelled and the liver taken out and put into a jug of beer, whilst Mr. Jos. Mortimer, of the Feversham Arms, Farndale, told me the local pack years ago, when they killed in Rosedale, poured a gallon of ale through the mask and allowed it to drip off Reynard's tongue. I have said this custom is not entirely obsolete. Though I have never seen it in its entirety, I DO remember on one occasion being with the Farndale when they killed a fox near Hutton-le-Hole. The brush, mask, and pads were cut off, and a move was then made

* I have a record of this custom being observed so late as 1883 in the Sinnington Country.

to the inn in that village, where the pads were placed in glasses of liquor. This old custom is now, I fancy, peculiar to the Farndale Hounds, though at one time, as those who have read "The History of the Cleveland Hounds as a trencher-fed pack," will remember, the old Nimrods around Roxby were wont to hie to the parson or churchwardens of the parish in which they ran into their fox, claim the sum—usually five shillings, I believe—paid for the killing of this class of "vermin," then enter the first inn and spend the "head money" over a fox-flavoured bowl of liquor. All this may sound somewhat barbarous, but we must bear in

mind that we live in another age, and I am afraid, so far as fox-hunting goes, a degenerate one.

It may also be mentioned that like the Bilsdale sportsmen, those in Farndale, in their hare hunting days (which ended with the introduction of keepers and the laying aside of his horn by Joe Duck) were wont to rescue from the hounds one or two hares, and sending them on to one of the dale inns ahead, draw on that way towards dusk and finish the day with hare pie. These were days when sport commenced as soon as daylight appeared, and the darkness having ended the day in the open, the company adjourned to the seductive turf fire at an inn and possibly whiled away the time with song and legend till next morning, when not infrequently they would have another hunt. Yet farming paid then, and the yeoman was a type of manhood the like of which one rarely sees now.

Nor does this custom seem to be entirely obsolete at the

present time, with harriers at any rate, for I read in the "Whitby Gazette" that on Boxing-Day, 1905, the Glaisdale

JACK CARR (PETER'S JACK), ESKDALE HUNTSMAN.

Harriers met at Mr. R. Carr's, Board Hotel, Lealholm. Mine host is a well-known hunting man, being a descendant of the immortal huntsman, Jack Carr, who for so long hunted the Eskdale Hounds, and a connection of Mr. David Smallwood's, at one time master of the same pack, which is

now extinct. After killing four hares and running a fifth for an hour-and-a-half, eventually losing her :

"An adjournment was then made to the Board Inn, where Mr. and Mrs. Carr provided hare soup and other appetising viands, together with a hearty welcome to all who would partake of their hospitality. Over a hundred and fifty availed themselves of Mr. Carr's invitations, and all were loud in their praise of the esteemed landlord and his good lady for the excellence of their entertainment. After the cloth had been removed, and a steaming jorum of a certain decoction (the recipe for which is held by Mr. 'Scutt') had been placed before the guests, the company resolved itself into a social gathering."

It is difficult to enter into details regarding Duck's era of mastership, or control—whichever term one may care to employ. I have already regretted the absence of any manuscript or diary to help me to elucidate the history of the pack at this period. Amongst other letters received, the following communication from a descendant of the deceased huntsman :

"I am very sorry to inform you I cannot get you anything about the Farndale Hunt or old Duck which will help you. We have no dates about anything.—I remain, yours truly, J. WAIND."

I do not suppose they would have any formal meetings. There was no expense. The pack was kept by farmers, there were no hunt servants, each man who kept a hound came out himself and had the privilege—not even yet entirely lacking—of assisting in the hunting of the pack, and especially of encouraging and urging or "cheering" on his own hound. Joe did not wear scarlet, so there were no clothes to buy, he received no remuneration, so there were no wages to pay, the hunt received no communications, so had no secretary to answer them. Thus it will be seen the *raison d'etre* for the holding of meetings was wanting, and if any were held, no record has been preserved. Legend has in her sparingness handed down to us little of the quaint, still less of fact, and it was with some difficulty I succeeded in procuring the account of the most wonderful run which the Farndale Hounds had during the period that Joe was hunting them. It was in his early connection with the pack that on a February morning a fox was risen in Wass Gill, to which reference has already been made. He

made for Rutland Rigg, passing Hope Inn and by the high side of Gillamoor, where it seemed as though Kirbymoorside was to be the next point. Turning left-handed, however, hounds and sportsmen were taken past Southolme into the low country towards York. Gilling was passed, Ampleforth College left behind, and still this fox went on. Easby village was just skirted, Braudsby folk all brought to their doors by hounds, and again, some time later, by those who were following and were somewhat out of the run. Again they got a glimpse of hounds, and went on to Easingwold, where Joe left his horse and followed hounds as best he could on foot. Within two miles of York they went, and though Joe was begged by several farmers to stay the night and put up his hounds and horse, he trudged on, arriving at Gillamoor at 5 o'clock the next morning.

Moorland foxes are undoubtedly tough, and *do* give wonderful runs containing excellent points, but the probability is that hounds would change foxes—perhaps more than once when running through some of the coverts in the Sinnington or York and Ainsty country—I should say probably the former, for it is quite possible that a fox from near York would travel as far, in February of all months.

Another run, of which I have not been able to procure such minute details, was also with a Wass Gill fox on a splendid scenting day. He ran straight to Blawirth, which is almost at the commencement of the moorland road from Ingleby Greenhow to Kirbymoorside. Continuing in the Cleveland direction, hounds ran down Turkey Nab into the low country and were lost to view. They ran to Stokesley (ten miles from Wass Gill as they went) on to Yarm, which, I suppose, will be other eight, and killed in the County of Durham—which, of course, is just over the river here, and not for two days were they recovered.

As was the case in Bilsdale, Joe Duck called up his hounds with his old trusted horn on a hunting morning as he rode his pony down the dale. Eagerly awaiting the sound as it echoed back again from On (or Horn) End or from the hills, the hounds would bound from the shadow of the little

thatched turf house, near where they had been sitting, eagerly holding their solemn heads first on one side and then on the other, awaiting the quietude to be broken by the musical blast, which to them meant pleasure and business combined, and re-union with *confreres* in seeking for a fox, which might possibly take them many miles away from their comfortable beds. Saluted by their master—a trencher-fed

JOE DUCK.

hound must endeavour to disprove the truism of the Biblical assertion as to the serving of two masters—they, peradventure, uttered a note ("yowl" they call it in the dales) of delight, then joining the one or two hounds already collected, jogged on till the whole pack—never a very large one—was collected.

Such then is a picture of Joe on a hunting morning mounted on his little cob and in a pair of high boots, with an ash whip stock and his horn secured round his neck. It must have been a picturesque sight, this old man, full of love for his duty—an arduous one often—for which he neither received, or, if I have judged the man rightly,

desired, monetary payment. He belonged to an old school, yet whilst of it he had most of the virtues without the vices. He had an individuality all his own—entirely out of harmony with the times and manners in which he lived, he was a temperate man over his cups at the table. He was a regular man too in his hours. This may perhaps have followed upon the fact that he was, as has been mentioned, what at that period would be defined as "high larned." He had widened his knowledge and conceptions by reading, and seems to have carried with him an air of refinement which, as well as his prowess and powers, his enthusiasm and untiring tirelessness with hounds, earned for him no small respect and a name which still lives.

I have to thank the Rev. Bertram Darley, of Harthill Rectory, Sheffield, for a tribute alike to the memory of Jos. Duck, and to many happy days spent with him by stream and moor. Mr. Darley, who is a member of a family well-known in North Yorkshire, was intimately associated with the veteran from boyhood, and early admiration grew into mature affection. The character sketch is all the more welcome because the recollections are happy—it may be in a measure sacred—ones; of days and events, of scenes and incidents, of joys and disappointments, which are gone, and of which the main actor, full of years, has gone, too. After reading of these journeys, one feels to have known Duck, and to be able to picture him with his youthful charges by the side of the stream, or working up their excitement by his cheery holloa as he urged on his hounds. Here is Mr. Darley's word picture:

"Joe Duck had a long and close connection with 't' Darlas' of Spaunton Moor and Aldby Park. It began a good while before my own birth in 1850—probably in the early forties. My father (Mr. H. B., Darley) used to go with his family to Spaunton Lodge every August for grouse shooting, and so soon as I was old enough to know anything I knew of 'Old Duck' (as we always called him) as the Mentor of the family, both girls and boys, in the art of trout fishing. We knew him too, of course, as a fox-hunter, and sometimes joined him in that sport, but the family had generally all returned to Aldby Park by the end of September, so we did not have many opportunities of hunting. Still we had some good days with him and the Farndale Hounds, and for many years I possessed the mask of a fox which I saw killed by him

and his hounds on the moors near Blakey. But it was as a trout-fisher that I knew him best. He taught the whole family of nine of us; and my father and mother, who were very strict as to our bringing up, trusted us to 'Old Duck' with the greatest confidence—a confidence which he thoroughly deserved, for I never knew a more guileless, simple-minded man in my life, and under the most exasperating circumstances and worst of sport, I never heard a word from his lips but such 'as becometh saints.' His patience was inexhaustible and nothing ever ruffled his temper. 'Soa,' was his nearest approach to an expletive when 'partic'lar fine fellows' were lost and things went wrong. He was, like many who engage in solitary sport, extremely taciturn; but such brief snatches of conversation as he indulged in were ever as innocent as a child. We all fished with him more or less, but my brother Cecil, my uncle, the Rev. G. T. Hudson, and myself were his most frequent companions, and I was able to keep up my friendship and sport with him the longest, indeed, until shortly before his death. Many a long day's tramp we had with him in Rosedale, Farndale, Bransdale, Sleightholmedale, and on many of the lesser tributaries of the main becks, every one of which and every inch of each he knew by heart. After a 'fresh' we always expected him, and eagerly I used, as a small boy, to scan the 'rigg' dividing the Spaunton Moors from Farndale; then what joy to see his well-known figure appearing on the skyline, striding away, walking well from the hips with measured tread—a gait which he never varied, the very way to get over the ground for long distances. Soon he would arrive, his pockets full of little tins containing various grubs, and perhaps a bottle of minnows and loaches; then he would decide which particular stream would be in best order for fishing, and off we would go for a long and happy day, returning at evening in triumph with a basket full of 'partic'lar fine troots.'

He was a fly-fisher and a skilful one too, but it was with bait and natural minnow that he excelled. The Dock grub was perhaps his favourite bait, and with it he once caught a 5-lb. trout in the Dove, just below his house. His rod was made by himself, in two pieces, which he spliced together when in use. The butt, a piece of ash about 6½ feet long, the other piece was lancewood of similar length with a bit of whalebone at the tip. It was painted green, and as in size and colour the lower half resembled the housemaid's broom handle. I used chaffingly to call it his broomstick. He used no reel either on this or on his fly rod (which was also made by himself) in those days, though in later years he had an ordinary fly rod with reel and rings. At the end of his long rod was a horsehair loop, to which he attached a line of the same material, with a gut bottom. To shorten his line he would turn the rod round and round in his hands, sometimes until the hook and bait were wound right up to the rod end, then he would thrust it through the smallest openings in the alders and bushes which overhung

some of the best pools, and made them impossible to the average fisherman; then he would reverse the process until his line hung free and drop his grub or minnow quietly into the desired spot. If he got hold of a good fish he landed it somehow.

On this rod so rigged out he caught the five-pounder mentioned above, a veritable giant for the Dove. He hooked him at the waterfall below his house, and being unable to give him line, he threw in the long rod which the fish towed down stream, there being a 'fresh' on at the time, to another hole about 200 yards lower down. Old Duck followed up his rod, recovered it, and played out and landed the fish, which was by that time half-done. It was sent off at once to my father at Aldby Park, and as in those days there was no railway, I suppose it was taken on horseback. Many of the best spots on these streams are to this day so overgrown as to be unfishable by ordinary methods, but in this way and on that old long rod with grub or sink or draw minnow, or daping with natural fly, old Duck got many a basket of good fish. He had a device of his own, which I never saw in any tackle shop or described in any book, for fishing the wasp and dock grub; it was a leaded and hackled hook, and perhaps his manufacture of these gave rise to the lines you published about his making his own flies, for they were something like an artificial fly. Perhaps he did make some flies also, but well as I knew him, I have no recollection of seeing any of them.

I never saw him smoke, but he *always chewed* tobacco from my earliest knowledge of him—say in 1855, and when he was fishing with me he always had a quid in his cheek all day long. After I took to smoking myself, I remember well asking him, as he took a bit of my tobacco to chew, why he did not smoke it, and he told me that he had smoked a good deal when he was younger, but thought it a bad habit and so he took to chewing instead.

His age is uncertain. From what he told me when he was about 70 and his memory still fresh, I gathered that he was more than 100 years old when he died, probably about 102. All he could tell me of his birth was that he was born and baptised in London, his father being a Farndale man. I searched the registers of several of the most likely London Churches, but could not find his name. As he grew old, his relations were desirous of having a photograph of him, but he persistently refused to be 'took.' However, I thought I could persuade him, and one day in the autumn of 1884, I got hold of a photographer who was doing some work for my sister at Lastingham, drove him up the dale and caught Duck in his ordinary costume such as he had ever worn on our fishing expeditions; drab breeches with brass buttons, blueish-grey stockings, red neckerchief, etc. I drove up to the garden gate and said, 'Come, Duck, get the old 'broomstick' and your basket and come out into the garden.' So he did, and I persuaded him to let the man

photograph him then and there. At that time he must have been about 96 years of age.

I believe that Thomas Ward followed W. Peacock, and was huntsman for some years, and he was followed by his son Harry. Some of those between Wm. Duck and Wm. Peacock must have hunted the pack for a very short time. One of Thos. Ward's nephews is my tenant here, and he is very positive about it. I remember myself that some of my family used to go to Thos. Ward's for a day's hare hunting annually for several years in succession, and my own impression is that he hunted the hounds at that time.

At last, when for forty years he had hunted season after season, it dawned upon him that he was seventy years of age or more, and though still active he was not the man he had been. So he laid aside his horn, not, one would fancy, without a sigh, and taking up his rod, now with increased affection, spent even more time whipping the river Dove, which winds and twists through the beautiful dale.

Yes! Joe, if a Nimrod, was none the less an angler. Indeed, one hears almost more in the dale regarding his deftness with the rod than with his hounds. The May of his life had come—not by any means the December, for he was yet long for this world—and one could almost fancy him singing in the words of an old song full of philosophy :—

What though the hunter's horn is mute,
The wild halloo no longer heard ;
Though fox nor hound is now a-foot,
And no one wears a scarlet suit.
Yet still young May doth don a dress
That shines a thing of loveliness
In raptur'd sportsmen's eye ;
Not, not alone, for the sweet rose
That now first owns the summer's sun,
Not for the blossoms they descry,
From Spring's full flow'ry lap just won ;
But that she calls them to the plain,
And beckons to the stream.

Here, then, amid stream and flower, breathing the pure air from the hills on which for so many years he hunted, old Duck spent the last years of his life.

It was in the hunting season of 1890 that he passed away full of years—the end of a life full of service. On

December 19th, 1890, his remains were borne up the steep hill which separates Farndale from Bransdale, then down into that dale, a long and tedious journey of which Joe reck'd not. His soul was in that happy hunting-ground, this was his last journey over that rugged road which climbs the heathery hill. His end was hastened by a fall. Hearing the horn one hunting morning, he turned to the door, again it sounded, clear, sharp and musically on the frosty air; had not the old man been a huntsman himself? Was it likely then he could remain indoors when the very note he had just heard bade him come as did the old hunting song:—

O list! 'tis the horn's joyous sound,
Re-echoing over yon hill;
The Mountains far distant resound,
It gurgles along with the rill.
O haste to the joys of the chase,
Ye youth of the mountain and vale;
Mount steeds, the most famed for the race
As they snort to the echoing gale.

Joseph did haste, indeed so quick and hot did the blood flow in his old veins that he said to the maid-servant, who was engaged in washing the step, "if ya deean't cum by Ah'll jump ower t'top o' ya." He suited his action to his words, and there being ice outside he slipped and fell, and I imagine, broke his leg. This was the beginning of the end, and he died as stated.

Ah sing nut o' yan fra history's page,
Bud o' one Joseph Duck, wheea deed a gret age;
I' Farndale he lived, i' Farndale he deed,
An' 'at Joe war a reeght un, yan an' all war agreed.

CHORUS.

Then here's ta Joey Duck, me lads,
May his name amang uz live;
Seea lang ez spoort is spoort ya ken,
Seea lang ez we can give
A three times three we'll drink ti Duck,
Tiv his memory let uz drain
A bumper, an' neea heel taps noo!
Cum, drink ti awd Duck's name.

Joe war a huntsman ya ken fer fotty lang years,
On hoss back an' foot, at least so it appears ;
He hunted his pack wi' t'grettest o' skill,
An' offens Ah've heeard war t'fost in at t'kill.

Byv t'Dove he wad stan' and theear cast the fly
On t'rippling water, an' watch it sail by
An' fra t'winding stream monny a fish did he take,
An' ivvery fly his awn han's did make.

He war chuck full o' sport, an' hearing t'hoonds pass,
Thoff a hundred an' one, he louped ower t' lass ;
Sha war weshin' t'door step, bud thoff he cleared Peg,
He slipped on t'ice, an' Joe brak his leg.

Writing in his Parish Magazine, the Rev. J. Graham, then Vicar of the parish, referred thus to the death of one of old Joe Duck's sons, and incidentally to old Joe in January, 1903 :—

The late Henry King Duck was of a very quiet, subdued and silent temperament, and a great lover of the silent and beautiful handiworks of God, which the book of nature reveals in all its glorious magnificence in our secluded dale. His whole soul seemed to revel in the solitude of the river Dove, where he was to be found with his fishing tackle, and endowed with the skill and patient endurance of a keen sportsman, which he seemed to inherit from his renowned father, who was acknowledged to be one of the greatest inland fishermen in the neighbourhood and was laid to rest in Bransdale churchyard on Dec. 19th, 1890, at the advanced age of 102 years.

William Duck had followed his father years before this as huntsman of the Farndale. I am told he rode a good horse to hounds, but his connection with a hunt was a short one, spreading as it did only over a couple of years. Like his father, he did not ride in scarlet, and being younger and more impetuous he rode closer to his hounds, and was as intent upon " brushing the fox " as any of the field, amongst whom friendly rivalry in this direction exists to-day. The hunt was still continued in the same primitive manner. He was " a quiet civil lad," is about the *summun totum* of the information I can gather regarding him. Here, so far as I can procure information, is a list of the huntsmen of the Farndale Hounds :—

No regular huntsman ....—...
Joe Duck, from about 1835—75.
Wm. Duck, „ 1875—77.

Wm. Stonehouse.
Robert Jackson.
Jack Todd—one season.
Wm. Peacock.
Harry Ward—three years.
Joe Shaw—about ten years.
Dick Shaw (present huntsman)—seven years.

I must leave to the imagination the doings of the hunt and the sport enjoyed during the periods, which cannot have been very long ones, of Stonehouse, Jackson and Peacock. Of them, I can gather nothing. It may well be imagined that the changing of huntsmanship of a pack of this character, whilst causing much local discussion, was no very serious or momentous chapter in the history of the hunt. No such questions as the influence of the new head of affairs, his financial capacity to hunt a pack, new kennels, etc., would crop up. The new huntsman would possibly borrow the horn of his predecessor, and on his own pony set off with the hounds which he had no doubt helped to hunt many a time before.

Old Jack Todd was an interesting character whom it is my lasting regret I had not the opportunity of interviewing. I did see him once, and only once, riding a donkey to a fixture of hounds when eighty-seven years of age. He waited at the top of a hill near Farndale to meet the dale pack, and left very shortly after, so that I had little or no opportunity of talking with him. The old man had had experience as a huntsman of harriers, as the following obituary notice, which appeared in the "Malton Messenger" for August 8th, 1903, tells us :—

"Death of an Old Huntsman.—Jack Todd, the faithful huntsman to the late Squire Shepherd, whose noted Lastingham pack of harriers used to be the pride of the country side, has at length passed away at an advanced old age. The deceased for many years lived at Lastingham, adjoining the kennels, and when the late squire died, 'Jack,' with that redoubtable pluck which signally displayed itself, not only in himself, but in his 'old pal' and co-worker in the hunting-field—the famous Jack Parker, of Sinnington Hunt celebrity—kept the pack of harriers going (as Parker did the Sinnington) with very little 'ready' to help him from the outside world. Jack Todd was of a famous hunting stock of Farndale 'bred-uns'. Reared in the

dales he was cradled among fox-hunting, and he dearly loved it all his life, and even long after the 'allotted span' he might be seen mounted on his favourite hunting horse, 'Jack,' booted and spurred and ready to join in the chase with the Sinnington or Farndale packs. Jack leaves a numerous family of sons, all enthusiastic hunting 'moor-enders.' The funeral took place in Lastingham Churchyard, on Friday last."

In the same journal a correspondent wrote later in 1906 :—

An Eccentric Carrier.—'Jim' Todd, as he is familiarly styled, drives his carrier's cart from Hutton-le-Hole to Lastingham and thence to Kirbymoorside on market and other days. As he passes along the edge of the moors and along the circuitous and wooded roads he has invariably a few fox-hounds after him and his cart. 'Jim' is a rare hunting-bred 'un, as he is a descendant of the far-famed 'Jack' Todd, the noted huntsman of a bygone day, and the instinct and the breed are so initialled on 'Jim' that he may be heard singing some favourite snatch of a hunting song, and ever and anon relieving his feelings by blowing his horn to keep in touch with his hounds as he passes along his weary and toilsome journey to market. And he can blow his hunting horn, too, making the welkin ring and rousing the many visitors at this season of the year all along the route. He is a good honest fellow, and all the people of the moors and district know 'Jim.'

In August, 1907, the following paragraph appeared in the "Malton Messenger" :—

At the sports recently held at Saltersgate, the hounds sent by James Todd, of Hutton-le-Hole, who is also recognised as the Lastingham carrier, were to the fore in the hound races. 'Jim' yet carries huntsman Todd's horn, and treasures it as the apple of his eye, for, although 'Jack,' his father, has long gone to 'the happy hunting-ground,' his son Jim makes good music as he passes along the moors to adjacent villages on his way to Kirbymoorside market, thus announcing to his patrons by the merry sound of the horn his approach. Jim secured the first prize in the hound race with his splendid bitch, 'Dido,' one of the Farndale strain of blood; and another, 'Old Kruger,' belonging to Stephen Todd, of Gillamoor, ran a good second in another race, and was placed third in another contest. Jim says the old Farndale blood will always show itself.

In September, 1907, the same local publication contained the following paragraph :—

The shooters have made it lively on the Spaunton Moors during the past week, and also on lands adjoining, the Dormans and their friends of the Spaunton Shooting Box being very popular among the

moorland people. A few nights ago, keepers' game watchers, beaters, and other friends held a "social" at the Crown Inn, Hutton-le-Hole, when a very enjoyable evening was spent, toasts, songs and sentiments being introduced in a rational and harmonious manner. "The Dorman family and their shooting friends" was a toast that was received with much enthusiasm, and duly acknowledged by one of the head game-keepers. Among the many songs sung was "Do you ken John Peel," the singer being a son of the late Jack Todd, Squire Shepherd's huntsman in the days long ago. Young Todd gave the hunting cries, and there was no mistake in the chorus with which the "moor-enders" followed, much to the delight and astonishment of their friends.

Harry Ward, who I believe followed Peacock, was a good sportsman—is a good sportsman yet, though somewhat alienated from the Farndale Hounds. A farmer, born in the dale, and having followed the hounds from his boyhood, he not only knew every inch of their country, but also not a little regarding the habits of hill foxes, and just the very bit of moor to draw under certain conditions. These dalesmen are made sportsmen by force of circumstances. Isolated as they are from large commercial centres or towns of any description—where all amusement and excitement is quite erroneously supposed to be alone found—they grow up with nature, in their own crude way come to understand her, and this knowledge has ever stood the huntsmen of dale packs in good stead. Ward showed excellent sport during the three years he had the hounds. There is an old Yorkshire saying to the fact that "Him 'at follers t' hoonds asteead o' follerin' ploo 'll seean nut hev a hoss ta foller either," but I do not think this can be applied to the Farndale huntsmen. Keen sportsmen as they always have been till recent times, they seem to have shown more moderation in their recreation and their cups than their contemporaries in Bilsdale, with whom they had very happy relations at this particular period.

Mr. Harry Ward has often told me they had wonderful sport in his day, and more foxes than are now found in the country. Not unfrequently during the season he would ride over and meet the Bilsdale, the two packs joining, and when Robert Kitching was at the head of affairs with the Bilsdale, Ward used to bring the Farndale to Swainby, stay all night

with Robert, and then ride over the next day to Upsall, attend the servants' ball at Upsall Castle, and hunt on the following day.

Joe Shaw followed Mr. Ward, and to this veteran is due the very existence of the hunt. Never before or since did a man "tak' hod," as we say in Yorkshire, of a pack with greater difficulties ahead, with a more up-hill fight. Naught but a pure love of the sport and a peculiar local patriotism could have induced anyone to have agreed to build up a pack and endeavour to show sport with the then existing conditions and prospects. I believe he only had two-and-a-half couple of hounds, no money in hand, and at that time no horse fit to ride on to hounds. Yet he was a dalesman, a sturdy, determined, sporting dalesman. He saw, just as clearly as any one ever did see in any walk of life, that he had a call, and that call was to save the Farndale pack from extinction. Some hounds had, I believe, been sold or given away—at any rate, a correspondent who hunted with him, says :—

"He was the bravest man that ever was. With five hounds and the horn in his pocket he commenced to hunt the pack on foot without any subscription. From somewhere he procured other two hounds, and came to Castleton to run a bag fox with these seven hounds. Could any one fail to admire the sportsman ? Could any sportsman fail to admire, too, his methods ? A quiet man, unostentatious, his turn out was naturally and perforce quite in keeping with his own personality. This bagged fox and his pluck and unfailing assurance were not without avail, for a subscription was set on foot, and from that date the pack and its status has continued to improve."

Mr. Alexander, Senr., tells me that one hound Joe had, called Ranger, could kill any fox which got up. He was a big, black dog-hound, which came from Bilsdale. The "veteran" added, "Bilsdale men said he was a sheeper, but Farndale were willing to try him. Joe gave him several thrashings and broke him off. Then the Bilsdale men wanted him back again. Cleveland gave them a good hound or two, one particularly good bitch was called Jessamine—I remember her well, because she had a sort of terrier voice."

From small things then Joe Shaw commenced to rebuild

the Farndale Hunt, and be it said to his credit he succeeded with the aid of those whose sympathy he demanded. He was a man who "rode on a bit," and was as keen about procuring the brush, or endeavouring to do so, as any man who came out with the pack. With trencher-fed hounds the huntsman and the whip where there is one reserve to themselves the right to claim the trophy if they have succeeded in arriving first at kill. He got his first hunting horse, I believe, out of Danby Dale or Fryup, John Boyes, who had a little pack of his own at Castleton, telling him of it. I was with the old man on one or two occasions when he hunted hounds, and well remember him saying in reply to something I had told him regarding one or two Yorkshire packs having good sport, "I'm varry glad. I allus like to hear of other packs having good sport." This tells us something of the man. On this day he "brushed" the fox, and I shall never forget his natural pride and excitement. Possessed of a good voice, he had a knowledge of the science of the chase, which assisted him not a little in hunting, what is, a difficult country. Dick Shaw followed his father as huntsman, and deserves every credit for the manner in which he has shown sport. He has always received great support from the Castleton side of the country, and particularly enthusiastic was the late Tommy Nicholson, of Castleton. He was the largest subscriber, and was always anxious to make up any deficit should such occur. I remember seeing him at one of the hunt dinners at Castleton, and when the famous "John Peel" song was sung he stood up and was much moved.

The "Whitby Gazette" thus referred to the veteran's death :—

An Aged Sportsman's Death.—The death took place on Friday (May 13th, 1904), at his residence, 'Ashfield,' Castleton, of Mr. T. Nicholson, who for many years was associated with the Farndale Hunt, and was well-known in the locality as a true sportsman. He had attained the age of 79 years, but maintained to the last his love for his favourite pursuit, for which he had ample leisure, as he followed no occupation, although formerly interested in agriculture.

I have brought the history of the hunt up-to-date, and

as I can now speak of my own knowledge, a few words regarding some long runs and other extracts from my diary may be of interest. First let me say that Dick Shaw is a miner in Rosedale, and after his day's work has had many a long walk collecting hounds for the following day. He keeps one or two at his place near Church Houses, where he has a little farm. A big man, he can ride the moors with anyone, and though his *modus operandi* of hunting may be original, still he has shown some good sport, and has got together a pack which is level and fast.

I should mention that some years ago Mr. J. W. Alexander Junr., who, like his father before him, has always been a most ardent follower of the pack, was instrumental in introducing some new blood into the pack, which has proved of service. When at Edinburgh University he hunted with a pack which the late Mr. R. Routledge had at Gordonberry, in Roxburghshire. This Mr. Routledge had married a daughter of a local sportsman, and had a pack very similar in themselves and in status to the Farndale. Mr. Alexander brought home with him a dog and a bitch. This cross was found very beneficial, and some of the finest hounds now are out of this strain, whilst one of them went last season to the Staintondale. Farndale Hounds, two or three seasons ago, had a very fast black bitch "whose note was death." She was known as "t'black bitch," or "t'awd bitch." I do not think I ever heard her name. Blucher, a dog-hound, was another very useful member of the pack. He ran for more than ten seasons, I believe, and died in 1905, having broken his shoulder.

The following is a summary of a run, from my diary, well worth recording, it took place in November, 1903 :—

Hounds had met at Trough House, and amongst those present were :—Mr. Fred Hart, of Danby, a keen follower ; Mr. ' Jack ' Alexander and Mr. Whitwell, a sporting keeper on Lord Downe's estate. After crossing Fairy Cross Plain, a fox was holloaed away from Stockton's Plantation. Making for Danby Head, he ran to Crunkley Gill, crossing the Howe and Buska Beck, he ran as straight as an arrow over Glaisdale to Arncliffe Woods. The day was fast wearing on, but what booted this to hounds ? They worked out the line up Arncliffe with some difficulty, scent being none too good in covert, and ran on to

Egton Grange and over to Dowson Garth. Here more than once hounds and quarry were in the same field together. The fox gained Coomb's covert, however, and as darkness was near at hand and the kennels far away, it was decided to leave the fox for another day.

Another run I find in my diary took place on January 7th, 1905, and is recorded as follows :—

"After all one must go to the hills for strong foxes and for old-fashioned sport. With one of these moorland packs, the Farndale, a day or so ago, the run of the season in the North took place. The fixture was at Cleggerit Bank, in Bransdale, which is a narrow dale dividing Farndale from Bilsdale. A fox of the right sort was found, and one of the most wonderful runs, one might almost say of the century, took place. I need not detail the peculiar names of moors and gullies, of intakes and ravines over which this old Cæsar of a fox took the equally wonderful little pack ; sufficient to say that the huntsman and such of the field who could live the pace rode on until darkness began to fall around this lovely hill country—one of the roughest and 'trappiest' hunting countries in the north. Right down Bransdale they went at the start, then up the precipitous hill, over into Bonfield Gill, which is so isolated that an early rhyme tells us that "Bonfield Gill is where the Lord never was and never will." To Keear Nest, a ravine of crags and boulders, hidden away on the moors in Bilsdale. Here the fox crept into a hole. Although not hunting etiquette, these enthusiasts procured spades and a terrier eventually bolted their fox and set him going again. Never did a bolder fox make a gamer bid for liberty, and whether or not he gained it is matter for speculation, for these Yorkshire moors are dangerous enough in the day time without endeavouring to follow hounds over them at night, therefore the huntsman was reluctantly compelled to give up the chase. Music these dales sportsmen will have, and they breed their hounds specially for it. For miles and miles hounds could be heard running, tongueing as they went, although four hours since they had first risen their fox. Yet hounds did not seem to be slackening pace. They were now two or three miles ahead still running on the moors, over hill and hole, bog, and gully. Back went the huntsman to the kennels without a hound, and the sportsmen took their several routes homeward with yet a lingering wish to stay with hounds. The pack was heard running at ten o'clock and had they killed their fox or run him to ground some of the pack would have no doubt have found their way back either to Dick Shaw's place or to their homes in other parts of the dale. So far as I have heard, not one of the working hounds landed back until the early hours of the next morning.*

These then form the *summum totum* of my notes on the Farndale Hunt. Jorrocks told us that "him wot does much

*This season (1907-8) the Blencathra ran two foxes to ground, and whilst bolting the second, a third got up and ran at such a pace

dancin' will not do much 'untin'," but I think, so far as Farndale is concerned, they have proved him wrong. No reference to the dale hunt would be complete without mention of the hunt balls. There are three every year—one at Rosedale, one at Castleton, and one in the dale which gives the hunt its name. Business here is combined with pleasure, for these functions contribute their quota to the hunt funds. Very homely, and, in consequence, very enjoyable functions they are, too. Every follower of the pack who has a fox mask or brush brings it, together with some of his wife's confections for the supper afterwards, whilst in Farndale, I have seen here and there the head of a badger mingling with those of Reynard, brock being plentiful in these hill countries. Evening dress is NOT essential here, nor has the hunt club an evening dress of its own. The Nimrods, therefore, "trip it" as fantastically as they can in top boots and white breeches. When the pianist and fiddler are anxious for a rest—the dancers are NEVER tired—then some one sings a hunting song, and the whole company join in the chorus. They are good dancers, too, in the dales, being inducted into the mysteries of the art at a very early age, on the stone-floored kitchens of their homes, to the strains of a melodeon. On then, do they dance, till four o'clock or after, then an hour or two's sleep brings with it daylight and the sound of the horn—for hounds always meet on the morning following one of these dances. There is poetry in all this, and the social side of hunting in this old-world land savours of the past just as does the sport itself. Indeed, Sir A. E. Pease told us in his book on the Cleveland Hounds :—

"Anyone who would see last century foxhunting at the present day, and how the rough countries of Yorkshire were hunted generations ago, cannot do better than have a day with these old trencher-fed packs, for the Farndale and Bilsdale countries have not felt those changes that time has wrought in other parts."

May it be long before the conditions alter, say I.

---

that hounds were lost to view and were not recovered till next morning. Two seasons ago the Bedale pack was lost on the moors near Masham, and their whereabouts not known till a wire came from Pateley Bridge the following day.

SIR A. E. PEASE

(Author of 'The Cleveland Hounds as a Trencher-fed Pack,' whose book is much quoted in this volume).

THE SINNINGTON.

CHAPTER XIII.

EARLY DAYS OF THE SINNINGTON.

After "In the North Countree" had gone to press, its author came across a gentleman who gave him some valuable information, which is contained in an addenda to the volume mentioned. He informed him that a kinsman had had some interesting documents relative to the Sinnington Hunt, bearing a date in the middle of the seventeenth century, but these were most unfortunately destroyed at his decease. One of these documents set forth the boundaries of the Duke of Buckingham's country. I admit that I cannot quite conceive the necessity for any such document at this period when the Duke was alone hunting the fox in Yorkshire, and when his own estate was all too wide for him to hunt regularly; but, nevertheless, we are told this document bore his signature, and that of Graham, and gave the following as the boundaries of the territory :—

> From Old Malton up to the Rye, up Howe Beck, and to the source of it; thence to Byland Abbey, from thence to Tom Smith's Cross, and Hambleton Plain, and across East Moors to Bilsdale and Bransdale end. The boundary extended from Mitchell's Plantations to Lowna Bridge; thence up Hangman's Slack to Hartop Beck Meetings, and by Aislaby Whin to Pickering. The Pickering country they were not allowed to hunt on account of the deer on the Crown lands in the neighbourhood, and there was a clause binding them to stop the hounds "if running within a certain distance of the said Crown lands."

This document, it seems to me, would be drawn up more with a view to the preservation of the Royal forests than in respect of fox-hunting rights in the neighbourhood. Possibly it was to give permission for certain of the forests to be hunted. The Sinnington country, of course, recognises some of these boundaries now-a-days. The Bilsdale and Farndale claim a good portion of the territory mentioned, having, as already shown, kept hounds in the dales which respectively give the packs their name, after the Duke's death, and formed

a country of their own by mutual consent or by virtue of hunting it. The Duncombes I have already mentioned kept hounds when they purchased the estates from the Duke's executors, and they would be the groundwork and basis of the Sinnington Hunt of to-day. I should almost imagine that it was regarding the Duncombe hounds the old hunt song, which my father has amongst his collection, was composed, insomuch as the word Sinnington is never employed. It is possible, even at the date of this song, that the Duncombes still had a private pack, as most of the squirearchy had at this period, and that the sporting lights of the ocality had one, too. However this may be, it will be seen that the Duncombes countenanced it, and that there was no small amount of enthusiasm evinced in the sport at this early period. My father says regarding the occasions when the song was particularly popular :—

The observance of the Mell Supper which still lingers in remote corners of our Yorkshire dales, is but an unrecognisable ghost of what it once was. It has now degenerated into a supper pure and simple, given to the few harvesting hands about the farm. The Mell doll, dance, act, guisers, straw plaiting, songs and recitations are all gone, forgotten, save by a few of the older folk. There was a time when the round of the Mells was looked forward to and considered as much of an institution as Christmas itself, but self-binders, horse-rakes, and the like reduced the number of hands required for the safe ingathering of the grain, to an undreamt of minimum, and so rang the death-knell of the Mell supper. Why, fifty years ago, it was not an uncommon thing for a farmer to employ during harvesting fifty or sixty hands, now !——

As a good example of the Cleveland dialect, perhaps under editorial pressure written more "*pro bono publico*," than strictly correct as to the sound of each word as uttered by our dales-folk, the following old song of the Sinnington country may be taken as a fair specimen of the style given at such a gathering. It having been recited as late as 1808 at the Mell of John Plews, of Castleton :—

"Come A-Hunting."

Recited by W. Barker at John Plew's Mell, Castleton, 1808.

Come alang, let's away, wa mun all on uz gan,
Its t' last day wa s' hearken ti t' sounds

O' t' sweetest o' music, that ivver fills t' wood,
T' whinny, or t'spinny, ther's nowt near so good
As t' song 'at is sung by the hounds.
Ther'll be all maks an' manders o' hosses Ah ween
Au'd yauds, an' blood tits, an' fussocks an' all,
Ther'll be Tommy on Farmer, Ah'll wager a pun',
It wad bunch a lahl cockle, it wad Ah'll be bun
Frev onnywhere yam tiv its stall.
An' yan's sarten ti finnd, Young Willie fra t'Mires
Astride of his mother's brown meer,
Well gingered for t' day, like a two-year-au'd colt,
Prancing an' dancing, its tail like a bolt,
Thoff ti' market its jogged monny a year.
Ther'll be Bobby's blind mare, 'at yance raced a coo,
An' lost by three lengths an' a field,
And au'd scrape yer bacon[1] on Methody Meg
That downs on its knees for ti pray or ti beg,
'At its master ti sin mudn't yield.
Ther'll be Pull Back, an' Fearnaught, an' Hedge-peeping Tom,
An' Suckker, an' Slimmer, an' Sly,
On stringholts an' roarers, baith bare-backs an' pads,
Au'd folk an' young folk, baith lasses an' lads,
An' mebbe ther'll be Mistress Fry.
Wa mun drag Jack fra t' stithy,[2] an' Bob frev his last,[3]
An' Sammy mun lig doon his birch,
His sand board mun idle, an' t' horn book this day.
Skeller'd mun lig, while t' scholars away,
Stop t'parson fra mumbling in t'chetch,
An' Ah wadn't be 'mazed if Miss Duncombe to'nd up,
An' its worth monny a mile for to gan
Ti watch how sha'll ride wi' t' best on 'em there,
Ower hedge, dyke, an' gutter, ther's nowt sha weean't clear.
It's 'foller' sha's cried to monny a man,
Ther's nivver neea saying like as nowt it mud be,
'At Miss Nancy fra Fadmoor mud come,
If t' happen sha diz, Ah'll be bun for ti say
Ther's few 'at 'll pass her, 'at's hunting to-day,
For sha rides like Au'd Harry, bah gum!
Bud of all 'at could happen ti mak' us good sport,

1. A term of derision often applied years ago to Non-conformists, who are still, though quite erroneously, imagined to be greedy in rural districts.
2. The Smithy (blacksmith's forge).
3. Bob was evidently a Cobbler.

Efter t'brush, pads an' t'heead's gi'en ti t'winner,
Is for t'parson an' t' Squire t'ane tither ti lip (scold),
Sikan's mainly good friends, bud oors deean't sip
Fra t'same bottle noo efter dinner.
This wise they fell oot: ivvery year afore t'Mell,
T'parson thowt up a sarmon right new,
An' t' Squire, his missus, an' all up at t'hall,
Wiv his bairns an' his sarvints, t'job lot, gret an' small,
O' Mell Sunday fair filled t'family pew.
An' nivver a wo'd fra t'parson's lips cam
Whahl t' Squire hed sattled him doon
Fer he thowt mair o' him, an' the Lord a gay bit,
Bud yah time wa sat, wa s'u'd 'a'e been sitting yit,
It's as trew as the Lord 's up aboon,
Bud just when wa'd gitten ti t'varra far end
O' wer manners, an' aimed wa'd away,
Yan o' t'grooms oppen'd t'door, flang t'curtains apart,
Shoved his head thruff an' shooted, ya'd best mak a start,
T'Squire's not coming hither to-day,
Wa've gitten three pups, an' t'bitch isn't well,
(Th'are bonnily marked, maistly white),
He's fair setten up, an' begs ya'll pray 'at t'au'd bitch
'Ll pull thruff alright, if not, he swears t'witch
In t'hoss pond, he'll duck afore t' night.
Then, t'parson loup'd up, an' fairly skriked oot,
Gan back to yer master, my man,
An' tell him fra me, Ah shall nivver mair wait
For his dogs, or his hosses, should he come soon or late,
You can pull back that curtain, an' gan.

. . . .

Whisht! whisht ya! What's yon? Look, look you, ther's t'fox
Yoicks ho! forrard-on! ivvery yan.
Ther's t'hounds i' full cry, wi' tan tivvy on t'horn,
He's wakken'd an' brokken this fine winter's morn,
An' Ah'll bet thruff Tom's faud yard[1] he'll gan,
T'geese are fair flowtered,[2] while t'ducks flackker roond,
An' t'hens finnd' 'at t'cock's lost its heead,
An' ther's au'd Betty's sow a full yard heading t' hounds,
Tom's calf's brokken loose, an' wi' loups kicks an' bounds,
Heads t' sow while it's nigh flayed[3] ti deeath,
What wi' lahl dogs an' gret dogs, an' mongrels an' curs,
Wi' lurchers an' snackers[4] 'at hares better ken,
No wonder sly reynard, frev his nap's wakken'd up,
An' lithin his brush, thought there's neea time ti sup,
Ah mun leave baith my goose, duck, an' hen.

1. Fold Yard. 2. Excited 3. Frightened. 4. A greyhound often used for poaching.

For they're all on 'em come some fine sport to hev,
An' t' fost i' yon crowd's Raggy Ben ;
Why, ther's t' grandest turn out 'at ivver Ah've seen,
This day me ti hunt, an' my scent 'll lay keen,
Bud Ah care not for dogs, horses, or men.

When it was the Sinnington Hounds actually came to be known as such, is wrapped up in oblivion. Either just before or immediately after the above verses were written, a hunt club came into being, the primary objects of which would be to regulate the affairs of the hunt and its country, and secondly, to promote good fellowship and bring together those whose tastes coincided regarding the hounds and the bottle. The Roxby and Cleveland sportsmen discovered :—

Whereas the happiness of all countries does chiefly consist in the correspondence and friendship of one neighbour with another, and nothing contributing so much towards it as the frequent conversing of the gentlemen together, who may thereby quash all idle stories, that are too often spread about the country to the disuniting of some families and the great prejudice of sport . . . . etc.

The Sinnington fellows no doubt found the same state of affairs extant, and also that some very happy evenings could be spent in one another's company, and like the Roxby and Cleveland, they formed a hunt club. We are not told what were the essentials to membership, but in the case of the last-mentioned organisation the very first rule was :—

That no person be a member of the club but such as shall first publicly lay his right hand upon a hunting horn and declare himself no enemy to cocking, smocking, fox-hunting and harriers, and shall promise to do the utmost in his power to promote the interest of the club, and shall subscribe his name owning his consent to the underwritten rules. Clergymen to be excused of the word smocking, and laying their hands on the hunting horn.

I have already said the date of the formation of the Sinnington Hunt Club is uncertain. No doubt it had stages in its evolution, and after being little more than a free-and-easy assembly, grew into the important organisation which had the interior management of the first pack of fox-hounds in the world. To quote " The North Countree " :—

The subscription was the small one of 10s. per annum, but fines played an important part in the receipts of the club. Each member

of the hunt not up at the kill was fined 5s. Then it was customary to repair to the nearest house of entertainment after a fox had been killed, and having done justice to a good dinner, to spend the evening with jest and song ; and every member not attending the said dinner was fined 2s. 6d. A bonus of 5s. was also paid by the churchwardens of each parish in which a fox chanced to be killed, so that there were various sources of income, which we doubt not were pretty sharply looked after.

Of course, at this period hounds were without doubt the property of the farmers, whilst it is needless to say they were trencher-fed, for the Sinnington was the last of what may be called the important packs to be maintained in this primitive but essentially sporting manner.

CHAPTER XIV.

EARLY MASTERS OF THE SINNINGTON.

THE KENDALL FAMILY.

As already stated, the records of the Sinnington Hunt are exceedingly sparse, and we are left somewhat in the dark regarding its personnel after the Duncombes gave up the hounds, or after they became the property of the country. One of the earliest masters was Mr. John Kendall, of Pickering—whose descendants have for so long been connected with the Sinnington. Indeed, it is a remarkable fact, that when one looks at a representative fixture of the Bilsdale or the Sinnington Hounds to-day, there are the descendants of the families who were amongst the first to follow fox-hounds in this part of the world. They have handed down from generation to generation a sporting legacy which is still strong in these countries, though possibly not so unanimous as years ago. Particularly does one see this hereditary love of the chase in the Kendall family. Of course, they are but one of many, though, peradventure, their name is more prominently brought before us in this stage of the history of the Sinnington than any other. One often hears a yeoman farmer spoken of as a "good awd hunter," a colloquialism which means much; for as a rule it speaks of a father, and a grandfather, possibly a great-grandfather, who, in his own day, has been to the fore with hounds. Such a man must this Pickering Kendall have been. Whether or not he followed a committee as masters, whether the old Hunt Club had the management of affairs (if then extant), or whether, as seems probable to me, hounds were hunted pretty much as the Roxby and Cleveland in this day, by some person, nominally huntsman, but actually assisted by each one who walked a hound, I cannot say. At any rate, the Sinnington some time prior

to 1745 regaled itself in the luxury of a master, who also seems to have been huntsman—possibly more huntsman than M.F.H. The date given is fixed by that on a horn he carried, which is thus referred to in "The North Countree" :—

> Mr. Kendall's horn is still (1888) in existence, and is the property of a descendant, Mr. George Hudson, of Pickering, whose collection of British antiquities is, perhaps, the best in the possession of any private individual. It is a big, curved beast's horn, mounted in silver at the base, and with a loose silver mouthpiece. There are two silver bands round it, to which are attached loops for the strap by which it was slung round the huntsman's neck. In the silver band at the lower end Mr. Kendall's name and the date, 1750, are engraved, but we should feel inclined to think it is much older than that.

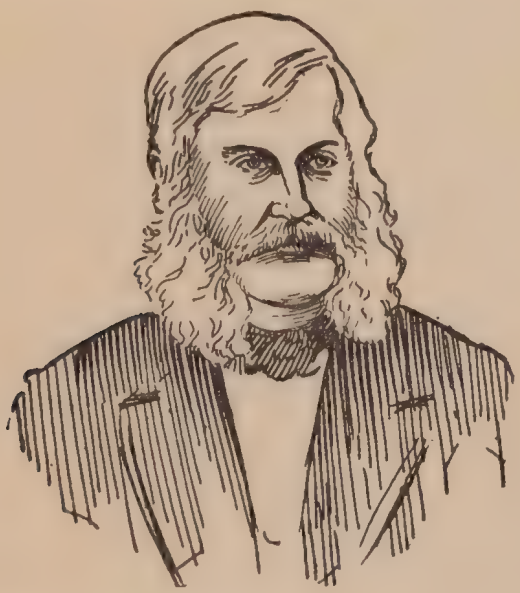
Such horns were not obsolete half-a-century ago in Bilsdale, for the late John Dale, one of the keenest hunting men I ever met, told me of its use then in his boyhood.

So far as I can tabulate it from the data before me, the following is the list of Masters of the Sinnington Hunt.

	From	To
The Duke of Buckingham	1670	1678
Scratch pack hunting odd days	1687	1695
The Duncombe family	1695	—
The Hunt Club	—	1745
Mr. John Kendall	1745	1765
Mr. John Kendall the younger	1765	1770
Mr. Wells (Pickering)	1770	1830
Mr. T. M. Kendall (East Ness)	1830	1838
Mr. Wm. Kendall (younger brother)	1838	1853
Mr. John Kendall / Mr. T. Isherwood } Joint Masters	1853	1858
Sir William Worsley	1858	1860
Mr. T. M. Kendall (Pickering)	1860	1875
Mr. Robert Ellerby	1875	1879
Mr. Thomas Parrington	1879	1884
Mr. Robert Lesley	1884	1891
Mr. R. C. Swan (pack kennelled)	1891	1894
Mr. Penn C. Sherbrooke	1894	1904
Viscount Helmsley	1904	—

Unfortunately, family tradition has not preserved many details of the Kendalls' connection with the Sinnington. In 1745, we find Mr. John Kendall, then 37 years of age, at the head of affairs for his first season. He remained in

that position for twenty years, for these were the days of long masterships. He seems to have devoted his life—as did many of the squires of that period—to sport, and when the hunting season was at an end in the Shire of broad acres, he hurried across the Channel to France, there to hunt the bear at Charleroi. In 1765, he resigned the mastership of the Sinnington, and a year later died. On his death, his son, another John Kendall, took the pack, and for five years showed sport. After



MR. T. M. KENDALL, SENR., MASTER OF THE SINNINGTON 1830-1838.

his era some uncertainty occurs as to the successors. Mr. John Kendall, Junr., was followed by a Mr. Wells, who held office in the early portion of the nineteenth century. He resided at Pickering, but either he had no descendants, or none can be discovered to give any account of his term of office, which is shrouded in obscurity. His house, however, has been shown to me in Pickering, just below the bridge as one crosses the railway.

Either in or about 1830, Mr. T. M. Kendall, of East Ness and Pickering, took hounds for a while, and though it is uncertain just how long he had them, it was not for long. Certainly, before 1840, his younger brother, Mr. William

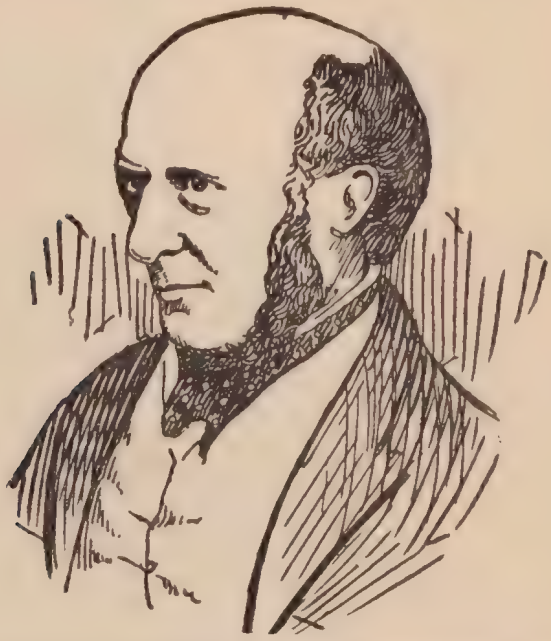
Kendall, also of East Ness, had become master, and from his epoch we come to something approaching certainty and authenticity regarding fact and data. When Mr. Kendall took the hounds, they had previously become riotous beyond measure. The few young hounds which had been entered were bred injudiciously, and it is alleged even a strain of cur had been allowed to creep in and remain—at any rate, puppies so tainted were entered, and allowed to run with the pack. The consequence was fatal, and it is on record that they once ran and killed a jackass; indeed, one old man informed the writer they would run anything from a "mowdy-warp tiv an elephant" at this epoch. Mr. Kendall set himself to eradicate these riotous and withal dangerous hounds, and found the most drastic measures alone would meet the case. Several were at once sent to the gallows, and in their place came nine couples, which the new M.F.H. purchased from Mr. Hill, of Thornton-le-dale. Mr. Richard Hill, who lived at Thornton Hall, near Pickering, began to keep hounds there in 1810, and up to his death in 1858 hunted the country from Howe Bridge, near Malton, to Filey, in the East Riding, and for a considerable number of years, by permission of Sir Tatton Sykes, hunted a portion of the Wold country from Sherburn to Hunmanby, which was given up when Lord Middleton's country was formed. Mr. Hill became known as a famous houndsman, both in kennel and on the flags. Some drafts also came from Devonshire—presumably from a pack hunting the stag—as the object in view was to produce a faster and altogether bigger hound—speed, yet with bone and substance. Ere long the Sinnington pack were—if not altogether level at the outset—a very different lot to that which Mr. Kendall found on taking the reins of office. Two hounds, of which he was particularly fond, because of their excellence in nose and speed, were Royal and Ruby, which invariably led the pack. There is still at Ness Hall a painting of a third hound, Batchelor, a black and white dog.

Perhaps the first huntsman of the Sinnington was Jimmy Gowland, or "Golden," who for forty-six years—possibly

JIMMY GOWLAND, OR GOLDEN, FOR FORTY-SIX YEARS HUNTSMAN OF THE SINNINGTON.
[*From an old painting.*

from the date of the first Kendall—carried the horn over this country. There is a quaint oil painting of him still extant at Ness Hall, but the only record I can discover of his characteristics is what Miss Katherine Duncombe tells us :—

In looking down a list of Sinnington huntsmen two names stand out from the rest—those of Jimmy Gowland (Golden) and Jack Parker. The former, of whom a quaint old oil-painting exists in the district, was huntsman for forty-six years—during the close of the eighteenth



MR. WM. KENDALL, MASTER OF THE SINNINGTON 1830-1853.

century and the early part of the nineteenth—and died in 1822, aged 81. He was a phenomenally light-weight, and a hard and jealous rider, and was always especially determined to eclipse any stranger who happened to come out with the hounds. He had a great predilection for thoroughbreds, and for some unknown reason would only ride mares. His wages were £50 a year, and he provided his own horses.

He was over 80 years of age when his portrait was painted, and had to be lifted on to his horse. After he retired, owing to old age, Mr. W. Kendall carried the horn himself for some time. Later, he procured the services of a certain Waring, a keen fellow, who was followed by Jack Clark, a tailor by trade, who lived at Keldholme, near Kirbymoorside. He

was a light wiry man, weighing only about nine stones. For about ten years he hunted the pack, having for four years as whip to him, William Clark (better known as "Wicket" Clark), who is still in the flesh, and keeps a posting establishment at Kirbymoorside.

Mr. Marcus Kendall wrote to me regarding "Wicket" Clark, when the reference to him appeared in newspaper form, and refuted the statement that he was ever whip. Mr. Walter Pearson, my original informant, replied :—

Your informant regarding 'Wicket' Clark is not accurate when he says the old sportsman was not whip for Jack Parker. I have seen Clark, and he tells me he was whip for four years, and still has his cap and scarlet coat, which he often lent to jockeys at Kirbymoorside Hunt Races. The story (given later) of Jack Parker being told to take the horn and blow it is absolutely correct, as Clark was there and heard Mr. Kendall's remark to the huntsman, who had his arm in a sling. Lockey Clark was not Jack Clark's son, but Jack Clark married Lockey's mother long after Lockey was born. Jack Parker, Clark tells me, used to hunt badgers with five or six couples of hounds, and often had the same hounds out the next day to chase the fox after hunting all night.

Mr. T. Coverdale, Junr., Kirbymoorside, writes :—

With reference to "Wicket" Clark, I beg to give you the following particulars :—Clark was whip to "John Clark" from the season after the "bullroast," in honour of the coming of age of the present Earl of Feversham, in 1849, and continued until he was married in 1855 ; at the same time he had a barber's shop on premises where Mr. J. Petch's office now stands. Previous to '49, he worked occasionally at the kennels, and at the Tontine Inn, kept then, I believe, by Bethell Thompson. In proof of his being whip, the old man still possesses part of his livery, which was found for him by Mr. T. Isherwood. When he first started, Mr. Kendall was master, and paid him 12s. per week wages. The last year he was whip there were no wages forthcoming, and Clark gave up, aptly remarking that "you can't keep a wife on nowt." While Clark was following his occupation as the whip-cum-barber, his shop was only open on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Clark and a certain client of his held political opinions diametrically opposed, and after one very heated argument, Clark remarked, "All sike like s'u'd 'a'e tha thropples cut." A few days later, this same political antagonist came in to be shaved as usual, but instead of placing a towel under his chin, Clark tied him to the chair, duly lathered him, and taking the razor out of the boiling water, drew the back of it over Priestley's throat. Believing himself to be wounded, Priestley jumped

up and ran out of the shop, with the chair still tied to him, shouting the while, "Oh, Mary" (his wife's name), "Ah allus sed he wad deea fer ma some tahm." James Clark followed "Wicket" Clark as whip to the Sinnington. They were brothers.

During the period Clark carried the horn, Jack Parker was often out riding "young uns," and being an observant chap, was often able to assist in whipping-in and by viewing a fox away. He was destined to play an important part in the history of the hunt. Whilst hunting one day, in the season of 1851-2, Clark broke his arm near the small hunt gate at the bottom of Skiplam Wood, and was, of course, laid up for some time. So Mr. Kendall, who had had his eye on "Jack Pairker," as he was known locally, for some time, got him to carry the horn, which he did for thirty-eight years. This opened a new chapter in the history of the hunt —a long one, full of sport and rich in anecdote. In 1853, Mr. Isherwood took the hounds and retained the services of Jack.

At this time the country was very differently constituted, there being no made gorse covers, and no hand-reared foxes, which so easily swell up the total killed during a season. Mr. William Kendall's best season was that in which he killed 25 brace of foxes. At this period of the hunt's history, and under the conditions then obtaining, this was more than good. Some odd notes have reached me from the present head of the Kendall family of some runs during the mastership of his sporting forbears. One was with a white fox, which was run three times from Lastingham Banks to an old mine in Rosedale. Hounds never killed this fox, for it was eventually caught in a stone trap by some Rosedale farmers. It was stuffed, and up to a few years ago was in the possession of a farmer in the dale, named Garbutt. It was sold at his sale two or three years ago.

Instances of white foxes are not isolated. Colonel J. S. Talbot, in his recent book on "Foxes at Home" (page 8), tells us :—

"I remember even a pure white fox being killed at Wentworth (the Countess de Morella's, near Virginia Water) by the Garth Hounds, some years ago, but this, of course, was a most rare occurrence, though

strange to say, another white fox was killed elsewhere that very same season."

In his still more informing book, Mr. T. F. Dale says :—

It is not surprising to find many abnormal colours in a race so variable. White foxes are not indeed common, but are fairly frequent. In 1898, a white fox was seen in Roborough Woods, a covert belonging to Stevenstone (Hon. Mark Rolle's) country. There has been one white fox killed in Essex, and two in Somersetshire, one of the latter being preserved at Cothelestone Hall, near Taunton. (Mr. C. J. Esdaile, of Cothelestone Hall, tells me that he knew this fox from the time when it was a cub). There was also an instance in Kincardineshire, but this fox is believed to have come ashore from the wreck of a Norwegian vessel, and was probably an Arctic fox (C. lagopus), which is one of a species distinct from our common fox.

To come still nearer home, we have an instance, too, in Yorkshire, for on the 7th December, 1848, a white fox gave the Cleveland Hounds a wonderful run. Mr. Thomas Parrington, who, in future years, was destined to preside over the interests of the Sinnington Hounds, was in the run, which took the followers through at least a dozen parishes, and an account of which appears in Sir A. E. Pease's book somewhat minimises the whiteness, for he concludes thus :—

It is most remarkable, but nevertheless true, that throughout this extraordinary run of over about 30 miles of difficult country, and during three hours and five minutes, the hounds were never once off the scent. The pace was never slow, and how one fox, for they never changed, endured through the run is almost incredible. The fox, one that had "braved the battle and breeze" for many a season, was almost white with age, a game and gallant fellow.

The mask of this fox (writes Mr. Parrington) was in Kirkleatham Hall, and will be there yet if the moths have not devoured it.

I remember, too, hearing some years ago in the Bedale country of a white, or nearly white, fox which was killed somewhere near Danby-on-Yore, but in this case again I fancy age was the cause.

Col. R. F. Meysey-Thompson in that most readable book, "The Course, the Camp, and the Chase," tells us of a white fox in the York and Ainsty country. He says :—

"Another celebrity was a white fox that was one of a litter at Thorpe Green, and was constantly seen in 1865-67. Some of the other

cubs had more than a usual amount of white, but this one, a short distance off, looked perfectly snow-white. Sir Charles liked its being about, and would never hunt it if he knew that we were in pursuit of it, but on one occasion the hounds ran it hard down the whole length of the long wood at Kirby Hall, and it was not known at first that it was the white fox. The fox was headed and came right through the pack without hounds recognising it was a fox till it had passed. Then they caught the scent and soon were in full cry, but they were whipped off. He was killed eventually, however, and was too much torn for his carcase to be stuffed, as Sir Charles had always intended."

To revert to the Sinnington, two foxes were found one day during Mr. William Kendall's mastership, in a drain in Seamer Wood. They fastened one in, and ran the other to Terrington. Returning to Seamer, the second fox was bolted, and hounds ran him to Hambleton, pulling him down near the hotel—a fine gallop. A fox found at Bishopp Hagg took them to Egton Bridge, and another found at Riseboro ran to Scalby, near Scarborough, where he was killed in the Staintondale country on the cliff. So dead beat were hounds and horses after this long gallop over some exceedingly rough country, that they laid down after killing their fox. They were housed for the night, and not brought home till the next day. These were the days, though, of long runs; days, too, when naught was allowed to stop a hunting fixture. In the words of the old song :—

The wife around her husband throws
Her arms, and begs him stay.
"My dear, it rains, it hails, it snows,
You will not hunt to-day?"
But a-hunting we will go, will go,
A-hunting we will go!

One day, when snow lay deep on the ground, a fox was found in Hovingham High Wood, and crossed the pond (which is in front of the hall). Mr. Kendall rode across the pond on the ice the quicker to get to his hounds, which took their fox to Coneysthorpe and back in a circle to Hovingham Park, where they killed.

These are but a brief few records of some of the most memorable runs which still live in memory. They are only typical of the sport enjoyed. At this time the hunt races

were held at Pickering, and on one occasion, Mr. William Kendall rode a horse named White Willy. In 1853, Mr. Kendall retired from the mastership, after having shown some wonderful sport and done yeoman service to the country. He lived to the patriarchal age of 89, dying in 1902, at East Ness.

CHAPTER XV.

JACK PARKER.

HAVING already introduced Jack Parker, whose name is, and ever will be, immortal amongst Yorkshire sportsmen, and particularly in the annals of the Sinnington Hunt, it will be appropriate to say something regarding that worthy. A writer in "Baily," in 1872, gave an excellent character sketch of him :—

The present huntsman, John, or, as he is more generally called, Old Jack Parker, came in 1850, and is a specimen of the old-fashioned rough-and-ready type of huntsman now but seldom seen. Standing 6 feet high or upwards, though an old man, he is as wiry and muscular as ever, and is a sportsman to the back-bone ; to use his own expression, he "comes of a fighting family, and was a bit wild when he was young," and polished off some rum customers, though the licking of a navvy, with whom he fell out at Thirsk Races, and knocked out of time when they subsequently met in a couple of rounds, he considered his greatest coup, and dwells on that mill with the fondest recollections. No quainter bit of a character can be dropped on than when Jack's favourite "Mountain Dew" has mellowed him a little, to hear him fight his battles o'er again. Mr. Digby Cayley has often taken him salmon fishing, as he is quite an expert in all piscatorial matters ; and on one occasion, when wandering by the river-side, at Kelso, he was collared by two keepers as a poacher. Jack submitted like a lamb to her shearers until, after a two miles' walk, his master was reached, when, exclaiming, "There's my master, and I gans neea further !" he hurled them off. He is a capital shot, and with an old flint gun holds his own at all local pigeon matches, and likes seeing a couple of game-cocks settle their differences as much as he enjoyed a mill himself years ago ; and I shall never forget the enthusiasm with which he expressed his wish to myself that his wife, "Nanny," was present with a couple of red hackles, when we talked the subject over, "just to show you how she can set them." Nanny is as game as her lord and master, and a few years ago would ride Jack's horse round *en cavalier*, when he was not inclined for the job, and gather the hounds from their different quarters. She always does up the nags after hunting—latterly, I believe, assisted by her daughter, who, at one time, delighted in nothing more than giving Tip, by Duncan Dhurras, a gallop, and warmly remonstrated with her

father on one occasion because he would not allow her to wear spurs. But, as Jack told us a couple of years ago, "She's gettin' ower awd fur those kahnd o' things, ya know, now, Sir." The said Tip would carry no one but Jack or "the lassie," and was a thundering big sixteen-two

JACK PARKER ON JUMBO, WITH HIS FAVOURITE HOUND, FAIRPLAY.

Irish horse, that could jump a tower. He once topped a wall of Lord Feversham's built to keep the deer back. And when Jack was on the road from Thirsk to Northallerton, settled a dispute with the pike woman by treating her gate in the same cavalier fashion; though, with tears in her eyes, the old lady begged Jack to desist, and she would let him through free rather than he should risk his neck at the attempt. While the foxes are at rest in the summer months, Parker keeps his hand in at the badgers, and, strange to say, his hounds will not speak to a fox when so engaged, and throw quite a different note when hunting "brock." Perhaps of the two he likes better to get away with Mr. Gallon's otter hounds, and swears "there nivver was sike music heeard ez that." At the hound show at York, Lord Poltimore very much wanted to see him, and was duly introduced by Mr. Parrington, when Jack held out his hand and said, "Ah'm varry pleased to see you." They got on very well, in spite of the desperately broad Yorkshire dialect in which Jack indulges, making an interpreter all but necessary when he fraternises with a South-countryman. His Lordship wanted to hear a real Yorkshire view-holloa—"Then by jove, you shall," shouted Jack, and gave one! No doubt Jack is the

character of the age amongst huntsmen, and when he's gone we shall ne'er look upon his like again.

Mr. John Wilson, a native of the Kirbymoorside district, but now of Blackpool, sends me some interesting reminiscences alike of Jack Parker and his methods :—

The hunt was naturally ever a great attraction to we Kirbymoorside lads, and how delighted we were when we caught Jack Parker in a good humour after a better day than usual with hounds. Then he would take us into the kennels and show us the young hounds that promised such great things. He pointed out what the good point was in that hound, and wherein lay the virtue in this, for he was nothing if not a hound man. The Kirby lads of that day always found the old tup—of the moor sort—which was turned into the little field hard by the kennels during the hunting season, most interesting. We often here saw Jack teaching a hound his first, and usually his last, lesson on the result of attacking sheep. It was not a long lesson, but it was a severe one, and withal an effective one, for it gave the hounds to understand that they must not participate in extraneous sport of this character. The last time I saw poor Jack he told me he ran in the races at my father's wedding, and won one of the ribbons.

The present writer never knew Jack Parker, but he has had sent him a mass of information all pointing to the enthusiasm and the humour of the man. Enthusiastic he pre-eminently was, for when he first commenced to carry the horn, I doubt whether he would be paid for his labour and expenses after he had found his horses, corn, etc. It is possible to over-estimate popular characters. The virtues, the lives, indeed, the personality of many men whom the world, or that little world with which they are or have been specially identified, creates its own heroes, and often exaggerates them. Hero-worship does not always follow upon heroism or merit, often the reverse. In whatever walk of life we journey we have our own heroes, and those who pose as such. A new boy at school holds the bigger fellows in the higher forms as heroes, accords them much respect and a greater fear than he often gives his form or house-master. Gradually they tumble from the pedestal, which it may be they never wished to occupy, or were never aware they did occupy. Leaving school, heroes are created afresh all along the line. The burglar has his heroes—no doubt Bill Sikes was such to the Artful Dodger—so the M.F.H. and his

huntsman willy-nilly have their pedestal. Now I come back to my point, that it is possible to over-estimate the hero in the world of venery just as in any other walk of life. There is no reason that because a man is paid to don a picturesque garb, has good cattle bought for him to ride, and possibly rides them well, that he should have allotted to him any higher pinnacle than the unassuming yeoman who rides just as well, and perhaps has a much more disinterested love for the sport. The huntsman is by popular consent a hero, however. Jack Parker was such in his day, but never so great as now his dust is mingled with that of many another good sportsman. That he earned his position and his reputation will be shown by the anecdotes and data to be given.

Jack Parker deserved his pinnacle because he was pre-eminently a sportsman, and a huntsman afterwards. The two terms may seem synonymous, but they are not essentially so. I do not say that most huntsmen are not fond of the chase apart from the fact that it is their livelihood, but I know that in time many of them sink their true sporting instincts and become merely professionals, who feel relieved when their day's duty is at an end and they are on their way back to the kennels, and who rarely follow hounds when they have laid aside the horn. Surely in such cases there is a lack of the enthusiasm born of sincerity! But Jack Parker was essentially an enthusiast just as he was a born huntsman—it is said the genus must be born like poets—and what is more he was equally a born character and wit. Jorrocks, it will be remembered, gave it as his opinion, "all huntsmen are 'eaven born or hidiots, there's no medium." There was an individuality about the man, a dry, natural, unforced humour which Bobbie Dawson and his coterie never had. The latter clique were oftener laughed at than laughed with—there is a marked difference. Parker knew his power of creating a laugh, and was fully cognisant of the fact that he was something of a hero, and the underlying current in many of the stories told regarding him would lead us to suppose that he aped a little the ignoramus who

lacked knowledge of the outside world, and, as he himself put it "t'gahin's on o' t'quality." Miss Katherine Duncombe says :—

> The reputation he enjoyed of being a character was never more well deserved. He could neither read nor write. Yet, in spite, or perhaps because of, the want of education, he possessed an excellent memory. He was besides, quick-witted and gifted with a keen sense of humour. Many of his quaint sayings are well remembered by those who knew him.

I have selected a few from the plethora of stories, some of which I have from time to time heard whilst in the Sinnington country, and have had sent to me, whilst from contemporary writers I have stolen one or two. All these have been chosen not so much with regard to the value of the anecdotes, as with a view to giving an insight into the character of the man. They tell not only of his enthusiasm, his keen sense of humour, but also of his absolute hatred of anything which was small and lacked the robustness which is signally a trait of the Tyke. It was his enthusiasm, mentioned at the outset more than his wit which earned for him the position he occupied in North Yorkshire during his life-time, and in which his memory is still held to-day.

Jack Parker was the son of a farmer at Welburn, where the name of his family is found in the parish register during decade after decade, telling of weddings, births and deaths in Kirkdale Church. Indeed, the Parkers tilled land there till the Shaws bought the Welburn estate. I have already told the story of how he filled the office of huntsman in a case of emergency when Jack Clark (of whom Mr. William Kendall, I am told, thought a great deal) broke his arm during the course of a run. Jack Clark finished his days as hound gatherer ; that is to say, collecting the hounds which were kept by individual farmers at a distance, and bringing them to the buildings which did duty as kennels at Kirbymoorside. Lockey Clark followed his father in this position. The huntsmanship of this little trencher-fed pack was at this time more or less an honorary one. Once the salary only totalled £15 for the season. The huntsman found his own horse or horses, had little or no assistance in kennel, rarely, if ever,

received a tip, whilst his salary would be almost swallowed up in horse corn and other fodder. This is eloquent proof that the man who carried the horn could have no ulterior motive beyond a love of sport. The finances of the hunt improved as years went on, and, eventually, the salary was more than doubled, though even then there were many expenses which no huntsman except one connected with the smallest dale pack is called upon to meet. In the days of the greatest affluence of the hunt club, to which reference has already been made, the following expenditure sheet tells of enhanced circumstances :—

Payments.	£	s.	d.
Jack Parker, one year's salary as huntsman	170	0	0
Tom Horsman, one year's salary as whip	40	0	0
Taxes on servants	1	10	0
Meal, etc., for hounds	8	10	0
Expenses at the kennels	4	1	10
Printing and advertising	0	16	6
Clothing for hunt servants	12	12	6
Gratuities for gamekeepers	7	0	0
Poultry damage	6	10	0
	251	0	10
Balance carried to next account	15	6	8
Total	266	7	6
Subscriptions	266	7	6

One procures some idea as to the *modus operandi* adopted at this epoch from the "Baily" article already quoted, which tells of the state of affairs in 1872. This is twenty years after Jack became huntsman, but during those twenty years there had been little change in the constitution of the country or the conditions of hunting it. The article runs :—

Another pack is the Sinnington, which claims to be, and I believe with reason, the oldest in England. Here we still have a good example of the way in which our forefathers conducted sport where there is no local magnate to bear the brunt of the expense in providing it for them, as the hounds are trencher-fed, or, in other words, instead of a subscription towards expenses each yeoman and farmer keeps a hound or two, as the case may be. The huntsman lives at Kirbymoorside,

which I suppose we must designate as the head-quarters of the Sinnington Hunt, where there is a small kennel, and the day before he goes round and collects his pack. Of course, no feeding is required that evening, and he only has to take them to the meet next day, find his fox, and kill him. The sport over, he troubles no further, but just rides home again; and one of the most amusing sights I have ever witnessed is to see the independent manner in which his pack take their different routes. They by no chance take the wrong turn in the road, but will stop in twos, threes, or singly, as the case may be, sit upon their haunches a few minutes, and watch him, as if to make sure that he does not intend to draw again, and when satisfied on this point, put their sterns over their backs and trot leisurely off. By the time he reaches Kirbymoorside, he is entirely deserted, save by a few whose quarters are in or about that place. Some of them have frequently to go as far as fifteen miles alone, but they are seldom or never lost, and no instance is known of their killing sheep or doing mischief on the road. . . . The country is composed of dingles, woods and steep hills, where parts of it lie on the moor, where at times they find wild foxes that run the horses clean out of sight, and the hounds are not heard of for a day of two.

Jack was a hard and somewhat jealous rider, especially when any strangers were out. Anxious he always was to show them sport, but he ever seemed to hold the assumption they intended to over-ride hounds, or, at any rate, to throw dirt in the eyes of the Sinnington brigade. Never did he ride "fiercer" (as we say in Yorkshire) than on these occasions, and a few days prior to writing this chapter, I came across a sporting farmer, Mr. Sturdy Watson, who, as a little lad, rode in races on the Hambleton Hills, Scarborough sands, and elsewhere. He commenced his hunting career under Jack Parker, and on setting off from home in the morning on some blood 'un or other he was urged by his father to keep in the first flight, and promised a thrashing and no more hunting as an alternative. But the Sinnington huntsman did not approve of this young lad passing him, and on one occasion (I do not know if he had been over-riding hounds) Sturdy only escaped a horse-whipping by the good offices of a friend, who acted as mediator between the lad and Jack. There were not many who succeeded in getting in front of him over a moorland country, and it was a wonder to many how he escaped with the few falls he had on the

hill tops. The author has had a fair share of experience in moorland countries, and knows full well that ere a man can hunt with hounds over them he must not only know their peculiarities, but have a horse used to them, and know how to ride him. Bogs, holes, concealed with heather, peat beds, blind runners, precipitous descents, and steep climbs all have to be met with. It is truly said, that the low country horse and Nimrod are out of their element on the hills, and that a man who can ride on them can ride anywhere. Perhaps more attention was paid to the moorlands in Jack's day than is the case with the Sinnington of to-day.* It was the fashion then to hunt knee deep in heather, just as it was in the early days of the Roxby and Cleveland, when those who followed hounds came out on foot with long staves, each urging on the hounds they "brought up." "Ah nivver gits bogged," said Jack to Mr. Dixon. "If ya giv hosses ther heeads an' ram t' spors in, they'll allus gan through bogs; its pullin' at 'em 'at maks 'em stick fast." There is no small amount of truth in this. Once properly bogged (like, by-the-way, Mr. Gervaise Scrope's hunter was in December, 1906, when it had to be dug out), and a horse will be careful how and where it gallops on a soft moor in the future. When on boggy ground it is always wise to keep on the ling (heather) as much as possible, for no matter how bad the ground is underneath, it will support horse and rider, and if a horse is likely to be bogged "keep him gannin." We are told, "Jack's preaching in this respect, at any rate, is followed by his practice; and it is a sight to see him splashing through treacherous boggy ground, which most men would either avoid or stick fast in. It is his delight to see a man bogged, especially, adds Mr. Parrington (who kindly read the proofs of this, and other chapters), "if he had been pressing on the hounds."

Shakespeare say, "Every man who wears spurs does not

*When Mr. Conyers Scrope was meditating forming the Wensleydale pack which became established in season 1906-7, but is now unfortunately abandoned, he wrote to me and said: "Like you, I am old-fashioned enough to think that the moorlands, and moorland foxes, provide the best sport."

ride a horse." To be still more paradoxical, every man who mounts a good horse does not ride him, and one not infrequently discovers that it is those who ride the crocks who are there at the end of a run. Jack Parker had not always the best of cattle, but he was possessed of what in Yorkshire sporting vernacular is perhaps somewhat vulgarly termed "a good heart in his belly." This is more valuable than the best hunter in the world. Parker used to admit himself impatient with those who did not "ride on" in the hunting field, no matter what they had underneath them. "If t' man's keen he can allus git his hoss ower, under, ur through," he used to say, and I believe from what I have seen this is the case.

A story is told of Jack going to buy a horse at Northallerton Fair. Eventually, after much deliberation, he settled upon a big upstanding Irish hunter, a chestnut, which he called Tip, and which carried him on many a hard and long day. On the day succeeding the purchase he meant to hunt his new horse after riding it through from Allerton to Kirbymoorside. But it is the custom in Yorkshire, after buying a new "quad," to "wet its head," and pledge success to it. The Sinnington huntsman was not averse to a "drop o' gin," and after doing honour at Northallerton to the old custom mentioned, he rode on to Thirsk, where he stayed to have supper with the stud groom at the hall. It was midnight when the cobblestones of Kirbymoorside announced his arrival. He tied up his mount, and entered the house, well satisfied with his bargain, of which he painted a glowing picture to his wife. She got him off to bed ere she went out to "fodder t' new hoss an' bed it up fer t'night." To her surprise, she discovered, not the 16 hands chestnut of which her spouse had spoken, but a grey pony. On going to join Jack in the upper regions of the house, she said, "Ah thowt thoo telled me it wur a chesnit hoss 'at thoo'd bowt." "Sartainly, Ah did," replied Jack sleepily. "Well, Ah deean't knaw what thoo's deean wi't then, for its a grey gallower thoo's fetched back yam." In an instant, John saw that either solicitous for his welfare

or by way of a joke the pony had been substituted at Thirsk, and hastily dressing himself for hunting, rode back thither, mounted his own horse, and returned to Kirbymoorside, where the fixture was. He had just time for a "bait" ere he started off to find a fox. This (says Mr. Parrington) is a true story. From Kirbymoorside to Thirsk is 20 miles. So after awaking and before hunting he rode his new purchase 20 miles, and Mr. Bell's pony another 20.

Jack was fond of his cups. His favourite hotel being the White Horse at Kirbymoorside, over which the Coverdale

JACK PARKER—FROM AN EARLY PHOTO.

family have long presided. In the corner by the fire of one of the rooms which looks out on to the road leading to the station, he sat almost every evening. There is a sort of fixed settle here, and Mr. Coverdale pointed out to me the spot where Jack leaned back with his head against the boarding. So regularly did he do this that he wore away each successive coat of paint, and the mark is still very patent. At the White Horse they have some rather good lithographs of the old man, the best of which is perhaps that where he is shown with his favourite hound Plunger, which was walked at the White Horse, and a terrier, of which he was very fond, named Topper. Parker had no sympathy

with those who never drank a glass of ale or grog, just as he had no affection for those who cared only for the pageant of the chase. "Gentlefooak," he once said, with a sigh for the disappearing "good old days," "gentlefooak, don't drink now-a-days. Ah think they mun 'a'e takken ta lappin' up tooth watter i' ther bedrooms instead." Mr. Duncombe, who tells this story, adds: "Jack himself could not be accused of excessive indulgence in beverages of this innocent description, but his potations seldom had any visible effect on him. He rode hard and drank hard for the greater part of his life, and lived beyond the Scripture limit, having hunted hounds to within a year of his death." He was never found wanting the next morning, however great his Bacchanalian worship the previous evening, like the sportsman in the old song (1752), who said :—

I cannot get up, ye overnight's cup
So terribly lies on my head,
Besides, my dear wife says, "My dear, do not rise,"
"But cuddle me longer abed, my dear boy,
"But cuddle me longer abed."

Parker must have had a wonderful constitution.

The late Sir Charles Slingsby used to tell a good story regarding Jack in his cups. In the Sixties, when Sir Charles was Master of the York and Ainsty, and Mr. T. M. Kendall at the head of the Sinnington, he often went to Helmsley to stay with a nephew then in rooms, and went on fishing expeditions with him. On one occasion, in the Sixties, he brought with him some terriers which he was very anxious to try at badgers. No one around Helmsley, or for many miles distant, knew so much about, or had had, so much sport with brock as Jack Parker, and he was nothing loth to have a moonlight hunt with Sir Charles. Arrangements were made, some earths which were known to be regularly used were prepared in the orthodox manner, a sack containing a running noose in the mouth being secured at the entrance to the hole. Jack turned up after a carouse at Kirbymoorside, and was what is known in the vernacular as "fresh." This did not in any way interfere with the sport. One or two old hounds

he brought with him, supplemented by his own, and Sir Charles' terriers, drew round the neighbourhood, and at last found a badger which ran at once towards the earth prepared for it. The music of hounds was fine, and the terriers also spoke to the line or from excitement. Brock was suspicious of the earth, however, and refused to enter. One of Sir Charles' terriers tackled it, and down the hill they both went rolling together. The badger was eventually killed, and the M.F.H. of the York pack was satisfied with his terriers and the sport. After some refreshments, which had been brought with them, they set off for home. On the following day there was a lawn meet at Duncombe Park, and quite a number turned up. When Jack arrived, however, it was soon evident he was in no condition to hunt. Indeed, he could hardly sit still on his horse, and after a consultation, Mr. Kendall decided to leave him behind and hunt the pack himself. Jack was removed from the saddle, laid in a loose box, and away went Mr. Kendall with hounds. But ere they had gone far they began to look about them for their huntsman, and finding he was wanting, tailed off in couples back to the home of the Feversham's, till there was none left. A return was made to Duncombe Park. It was thought if they could get Jack to the covert and find their fox, hounds would run and all would be well, and Jack could be taken back. Then commenced strapping Parker on to the saddle. Away they trotted, hounds now being quite satisfied. A fox was found at the Terrace, and a real good hunt enjoyed. The amusing part of the story is that when they killed their fox after a big circle in the precints of the Park, Jack beat the whole of the field. First up and quite sobered, he was removing the trophies when the anxious field appeared.

He was no respecter of persons, and no matter with whom he was conversing he always "Spak his mahnd." Illustrative of this a good story is told. He went into Scotland nearly every year with a patron, who, on one occasion, had a long bout with a fine fish, which he eventually brought to bank. When Jack was about to gaff him, the salmon gave

a "flop," and off went the top of the rod and the fish. Whether the huntsman-fisherman had approached the bank a little incautiously, it is impossible to say, but when the fish went away there was a fine flow of language from his patron. Jack did not tend to put an end to the volume of it by sitting down and laughing heartily. "What the deuce are you laughing at, you old fool?" asked the fisherman. "Whya," answered Jack, "Ah's laughin' ta think that if you hadn't been born a gentleman, what a fine natteral blackguard you'd 'a'e made."

On another occasion he was out with a party of local gentlemen shooting. He was quite as good as any professional entertainer, and was in great demand. At lunch he joined the party, and was handed some paté-de-fois gras, to which he helped himself somewhat liberally with a large clasp knife, which had severed many a fox's mask from the trunk. A South-country nobleman, much amused with Jack's methods, asked him what it was he was eating. The answer provoked a roar of laughter: "Whya, Ah seea Ah can't hardlins tell ya, but its maist of owt leyke pig's liver deean up iv a fresh way, an' spoiled wiv impruvment."

On one occasion (says a local sportsman) Jack was invited to stop to dinner at the Hall after a day's hunting, in which he had been joined by some young bloods from Duncombe Park. The servants were put up to play tricks on Jack. Soup came on, and Jack had got his second spoonful when away went his plate, which was replaced by a plate of fish by another footman. Before Jack could speak a word, and when he had only got one bite from off his plate, it disappeared, and was followed by a helping of game. At this juncture his lordship inquired how Jack was progressing, to which he made the following characteristic reply:—Whya, me lord, Ah thowt Ah'd stopped ti 'a'e me dinner, but these powder-headed deeavils here weean't let ma. Ah gat some soup—an' varry nice it war an' all—but t'lubber clicked it away ez seean ez Ah'd tasted it. Then Ah gat just yah tasty bit o' fish ti me mouth an' off went me plate ageean like lightning. Bud

t'next Ah gits Ah's gahin ti hod on ta wi ya hand (turning to the footman), an' thoo silver-heead stand back a bit an' gie me a chance or Ah sall hev summat ti say ti tha ootsahd." Great was the laughter this out-spoken criticism of Jack's occasioned.

Writing to me from Leeds, February, 1907, Mr. R. Barr said :—

"Amongst those going well in Parker's day were the following :— Dr. Wood was a patron of the Sinnington Hunt, and his brother, "Kitty" Wood, of Sparrow Hall, followed the hounds regularly. Mr. Edward Wormald, Normanby Hill, was a noted Sinnington Nimrod ; also his son George and Miss Wormald. 'Neddy,' the old gentleman, was accomplished in the use of expletives. He had an impediment in his speech which quite added to the effect, and Jack Parker, also a fair hand at strong language, was not in it with him. It was never a silent meet if 'Neddy' was present. The Wormalds bred and rode good cattle, and generally a quartette, including groom, rode out from Normanby to meet the Sinnington, unless the old General was laid up with gout. Young George and I were very friendly, and he found great delight in teaching me to smoke. He was a genial and popular young fellow, and was missed by the hunt when he died. I think he was only about 30 years old at his demise. Miss, or 'Missie,' Wormald was a pretty and charming girl—the pride of the district, and a plucky rider. Her mother was a sister to Squire Shepphard, of Douthwaite Dale, a well-known name in the hunting-field. Miss Wormald ultimately became heiress to the Squire, and married a Mr. Muzeen. Squire Sheppard, or rather his tenants for him, kept a pack of harriers. Mr. Bartram, who kept the White Horse Hotel, Kirbymoorside, was, I think, huntsman. A pal or two and myself have seen some pretty work between an old greyhound dog belonging to the late 'Kitty' Bower and a bitch harrier of the Squire's. At one time a coursing match was held at Boonhill.

Regarding the sporting characters in the Sinnington country half-a-century ago, the same authority says :—

Among the village oddities of my youthful days was Joany Huddleston, of Normanby. Joany was a retired blacksmith, a man of iron will, but with a wooden leg. He took great pride in his official position as overseer, and when he'd imbibed a few "two pennorths" of cold gin, he would hitch his trousers—he wore no braces—fix his back against a wall, stick straight out his wooden leg, and boast, "I'm the Baillie o' the parish of Normanby."

"Neddy" Wormald was another "old school" caution. He was a popular Nimrod, and possessed a rich vocabulary of profane English. He had an impediment in his speech, which seemed to hold

back his words, till at length they burst forth like lava from a volcano. Jack Parker, the veteran huntsman, used to say "it was wonderful what eddication did for eloquence," and lament that he himself never went to School, and yet he could express a classic English unknown either to Murray or Webster. "Neddy" would stir his hot grog with the newly-cut stump of a fox brush. He loved to hear a "Yoicks, boys! Tally-ho!" and the huntsman's horn.

John Kipling, of Edston Village, uncle to the more modern Rudyard Kipling, was one of the quaint, comical sort, possessing a fund of humour and good temper, which added much to his popularity, especially as a Wesleyan lay preacher. Kipling and my father were great pals. He was a regular visitor at my home. He used to tease me by taking his seat in a green arm-chair, a size too small for him, and before leaving would press down his coat pockets between the spindles, and as he walked away the chair stuck to his nether parts. He professed to have a right to take it with him. Of course, we lads objected to this, and we used to fight him for possession. On one occasion, I was up at his farm, along with my father, and as we sat round the table to dinner, he said ,' Now, David, you'll have to make t' best on't, we've got nowt but a bit o' dead mutton to dinner." David thought it was more in his line dead than wick. At that particular moment it was a lovely roast leg of mutton. Kipling lived two miles from Marton, and many a time my father and he tramped to and fro for half the distance till after midnight, settling the affairs of the nation. At last, my mother said, "Master, if you are going out with Kipling, take this." It was his nightcap.

Another popular sportsman in the Sinnington was Mr. Barker Coverdale, of Kirby Mills—locally famous because at the Kirby Steeplechases (in the Sixties), twice in succession, his old Irish horse, Paddy, swept the course. Once he fell at the last fence but one, and Barker broke his collar-bone; he was helped into the saddle again, and over the last fence they went, and round the flat, the stamina of the old horse wearing down all opposition, and enabling him to win bravely.

The gem of the younger members of the hunt in my days (continues Mr. Barr), was young Tom Kendall, son of T. M. Kendall, of Pickering. He hunted for years with his father and sister, and had all gone well would doubtless have succeeded as M.F.H. of the Sinnington.

Jack Parker was under the benediction of one or two members of the cloth. The Rev. James Hill and his son, of

Normanby, were two of his regular followers. The Rev. James Montagu (who died on August 10, 1905, aged 96) was another chaplain of the Sinnington, when curate at Lastingham having as his companions the vicar of Helmsley and Hawke, and the curate of Oswaldkirk. This was an epoch when every other country clergyman came out to hounds and was the better able to live the life he preached because of the good health and contentment these days with hound and horse gave him. As the lines have it :—

> Here's a health to the parson dispising control,
> Who to better his parish, his health or his soul,
> On my honour, I think, he does each,
> Five days in the week follows the fox and the hound,
> On the sixth duly goes his parochial round,
> And on Sunday devoutly can preach.

Jack Parker did not confine himself to the Church, continues Mr. Barr, for sometimes I saw him go to the Wesleyan Chapel at Kirbymoorside, which was near his home, and there to pay his devotions when most people would have expected him at a pub. Jack had a fine vocabulary of "cuss words" which meant nothing—I am sure it will not take an eternity of purgatory to clear off his debt of wrong doing.

To the same informant I am also indebted for the following story regarding Jack Ventriss, another well-known Sinnington sportsman :—

> He was an eccentric character, and though he resided at Marton, his family had sprung from the dales. Jack was clever with horses, and part of his business was keeping stallions, which travelled over a wide area. He usually "made a day" of it when he had been hunting, and thought a "sup o' gin very comforting"—at least his wife, Bessie, would say so, and she could talk. Jack was most amiable and humorous in his cups, but would employ vulgar expressions and comparisons which we will pass. To appease his wife when especially late home, he would commence as soon as ever he opened the door with—"I've bowt tha a coo, Bess. Does ta hear ? Ah say, Ah've bowt tha a coo—with sike a yower ez thoo nivver seed ! Gan an leeak at her" ; or, "Bess, Ah've fetched tha a new gown." Once when he had more gin than usual on board he commenced the following story, which no doubt had its origin over the warm fire at one or the other of the Kirby hostels, ere his wife could commence to let off steam—"Wait noo, Bess, wait

a minit, an' Ah'll tell tha all aboot it. Ho'd on noo ! Ah've been huntin' wi' Jack Parker ; thoo nivver heeard owt like what Ah's going to tell tha ; noa, niver i' thee life. Ah'd just got to t' top of 'Ozzy Kirk" (Oswaldkirk) bank when Jack Parker's hounds, i' full cry after a fox, were coming over. I turned frightened, and gat into an awd empty barrel that somebody had left. T'hounds came louping round, and cocked their legs again t' barrel. Twea on 'em gat their starns through t' bung hole. I collared hod, stuck my feet against yah side and my back agin t' other, and down t' bank we went. I shouted 'Tally-ho, and waived me hat ower yah side, and t' dogs gave out music like mad things. At last, t' awd barrel struck ageean a stone, an' flew ti bits, an' Ah were left on t' road laid on t' rig o' my back. Just at that minit Jack Parker gallops up, and when he saw me he laughed whal Ah thowt he'd 'a'e brussen hisself. All t' hossmen, said Jack, thowt the devil in a new shap had got wi' t' hounds when he saw t' black thing bouncing down t' bank. 'It's a wonder t' hounds didn't worry tha alang wi't fox,' said Jack. And, begow, t' dogs had killed t' fox, and Ah was t' fost up. Jack Parker blooded me, and gave me t' brush for thoo, Bess. So stick it i' thee bustle, and thou'll be a vixen."

The following Jack Parker story comes from the same source :—

"At one time Nanny Parker, Miss Jenny Parker, and Jack amongst 'em, had a monkey. As to how Jacco got to Kirby I know not. Centuries ago, the woods all around were infested with wild animals, some of whose bones have bleached for ages in the historical Kirkdale Cave, but one never heard of a live monkey there. Possibly Jack bought it from a travelling menagerie ; at any rate, it was prior to the period when railway engines belched forth smoke over the fruit-laden gardens of Kirby. In addition to the monkey, there was at the kennels a condemned fox, with whom Jacco became friendly, as he already was with hounds. Report said that both Nanny and her daughter were anxious to save that fox, whereby hangs a tale. This fox had been caught fowling, and it was arranged that he should pay the penalty, and be turned down on Appleton Common. All Kirbymoorside went hunting that day. The school was empty, the halt, the lame, and old as well as young found all roads led to Appleton Common. Jack Parker at last arrived, his red coat and ruddy cheeks, together with a merry twinkle in his eye, standing out conspicuously in the animated scene. Just over Catter Bridge to the right, and divided from the Common by a stone wall, which runs from the Manor House gate to the beck, is a paddock, and here the bagman was to be set free to make a bid for liberty. Look ! there's a man climbing the wall with a bag. Intense silence and expectation reigns supreme. Jack Parker falls to the rear of the paddock with his pack, so that the fox shall get clear away ere he cheers on the hounds to the holloas which always attended such an

event, although the crowd of footmen were ever so ready to promise 'they wadn't shoot.' On this occasion a derisive burst of laughter took the place of excited holloaing, for Nanny Parker's monkey, and not the fox, was shaken from the bag. He scampered off to a clump of Spanish chestnut trees by the brig, scratching his rump the while. In the meantime, Parker is trotting his hounds down the sloping paddock to the beck, where a mighty 'Tally-ho' is presently heard, followed an instant later by a burst of music from hounds. There is a fox seen taking a lap of water from the beck. He did not stop long, but making direct for Edstone, turned for Marton, and after giving an excellent run containing a nine mile point, eventually crossed the Kirkdale ford where hounds ran out of scent. Some say there was no bagged fox, and that only the monkey was set free, the fox which gave the excellent gallop being viewed sunning himself by the bank; others had it that both fox and monkey were set free, whilst it was whispered that Jack was seen that same evening with a fox by the scruff of the neck, which, at dead of night, he took to Mary Render Hill, near the Church, and in the moat around that landmark set free. The truth will never now be told, nor does it signify."

I never knew a man give such care to his horses as Jack Parker (says Mr. Barr). He would have them cool and comfortable about the feet and legs. He used to say, "Keep his hoof cool, the frog dressed, and keep him square on his feet—no patterns—and you'll have clear hocks." Carrots and boiled linseed were much used by him, and cow's dung as a cooling salve for the feet. His oldest son, a smart young man in his twenties, went to take care of the Pease's stables, Darlington, but died of small-pox within a month. This would be near 1860.

Once, if not more than once, Jack was in London, and, indeed, was quite travelled. He was a patriotic Tyke, however, and used to say on returning to Yorkshire, "Ah's glad ta be back i' Ingerland." Asked by a local sportsman what he thought of London, he replied, "Ah've been, an' Ah've cumm'd back. Ah'm glad Ah've been, an' Ah'm gladder ti be back. Ah nivver were i' sike a row, and nivver saw so monny folks all at yance i' me life, bud then yan knew neea boddy ti hev a bit o' crack wi'—an' t' hosses! Ah nivver seed sa monny brokken doon awd prods i' me life. Naay, Ah caan't say Ah see owt at Lunnon ti mak all t' quality gan sa offens."

Like his old Bilsdale contemporary, Dawson, Jack was fond of cricket, and played for Kirbymoorside. They sometimes met the Bilsdale team, and great was the competition

between the two huntsmen. In the August of the year in which he died, Jack Parker played a single wicket match which was described in the local press. Jack being designated "Huntsman," his partner "Salts and Senna" (L. Olden), and their opponents "Soda Water" (J. Harrison), and "Toll Booth Keeper" (James Clark). The match took place on the hills at Kirbymoorside, a large gathering being present. Jack and his partner won by an innings and 10 runs, to his great delight.

He was an all-round sportsman, as "The Falcon," a journal published some years ago at Thirsk, pointed out :—

"He enjoyed watching a cock fight, a badger hunt, or a pigeon shoot, at many of which he took part with his old flint gun. In summer, too, he was fond of otter hunting, the music during the course of which, he said, was the finest he ever heard. His wife was quite as enthusiastic as he in matters sporting. Nanny, too, was quite a character, and truly a helpmate to her husband. Many a time, after a hearty meal, he would fall asleep, tired out with his day's hunting, and his wife would light the candle in the horn lantern and strap down his horse quite as well as he could have done it himself. She helped him, too, to gather up the hounds when that duty devolved upon him. Once a lady living in the neighbourhood met her followed by one or two couple of hounds, and leading a young one. Expressing surprise at seeing her thus engaged, Nanny replied, "Di ya think Ah's yan o' them wimin 'at sits at yam an' leeaks pretty all daay lang, an' diz nowt ?"

Nanny was by no means beautiful, but she had a very kindly face, I am told. She pre-deceased her husband by some years.

Jack Parker had a good voice, and it became almost a simile in the Sinnington country, "Thoos shootin' ez though thoo was Jack Parker viewin' a fox away." He was a close observer, harsh was he occasionally, but he acted on the principle of "makking yance deea," and when he got a hound by the stern it was in for a drubbing—there were no half measures. But he was fond of his hounds, and though he did not perhaps judge from the standard which is in vogue to-day, still he had a pack which could find, run, and kill a stout moorland fox in good style, and one which had a great cry. Music was, in his eyes, a pre-eminent virtue. It is unfortunate that few of the

runs he had are preserved to us. As I have mixed amongst Sinnington sportsmen I have heard of great gallops of two or three hours from such and such a covert or moor, but where they finished, or just when they took place it seems to be impossible to learn, so I have thought it advisable only to give the few authenticated runs which I have been able to gather, and these will come in their proper

ANOTHER SKETCH OF JACK PARKER.

order in this history, the sequence of which I am for the nonce disregarding to deal with the life of this famous sportsman, whose connection with the hunt forms so important and interesting a chapter.

At the age of 68, in the year 1890, he resigned the huntsmanship of the pack, and with the Earl of Feversham at the head, a committee set to work to collect a sum of money which would keep the old man to the end of his days. Between £600 and £700 was subscribed, with which an annuity was about to be purchased, but before the deed was signed, poor Jack died, so the money was divided among his family. He never really seemed to settle down after his occupation was gone, and his whole talk was of hunting and the Sinnington hounds. He only lived a year after he had laid aside his horn, dying on November 13th, 1891, just when another

season had commenced. It was congestion of the lungs which carried him off to his fathers, and so ended a hard life in many respects. He carried the horn over the Sinnington country for thirty-seven years, during which time he rarely spent a day in bed with illness. It is not surprising that his name and fame should be handed down in poetry. J.D. wrote some verses, which ran :—

No more the clarion voice of Jack
The hills and vales will wake ;
No more upon his steed will he
The streams and hedges take.

Mute in his grave the veteran lies,
As though with sleep o'ercome ;
His spirit having winged its flight
To its eternal home.

To fear a stranger from his youth
Born for the chase was he ;
And here, amongst the heroes, he
Will ere remembered be.

To succour and to save the chief,
His friends did all they could ;
Amongst whom the Earl of Feversham
Conspicuously stood.

But skill and kindness could not stay
The messenger of death,
And now Jack's state, which will be ours,
Is but six feet of earth.

A Tyke residing in the United States of America sent the following lines to a contemporary, to which I was at the time contributing sporting matter, and in which I had made some reference to Jack :—

Good-bye, old friend, be mine the duty here
To touch thy memory always with a tear,
For time was once, when heedless of all care,
With Jack and hounds t'was glorious to be there.
Ah ! fleeting visions, dreams of other days,
Ere worldly struggles warped youth's simple ways,
Would that some brightness from the ever past
On darkening shadows might again be cast,
Would that again, to make the soul rejoice,

Sweet on the ear would sing Jack's cheery voice.
But no, it may not be, the act is done,
The curtain falls, the dire applause is won.
Yes, for 'mid all who, be they high or low,
Battle their lives out in the world of woe ;
None in his place more honest, true, and kind,
Has left a record of his life behind,
None to our hearts who knew him and held dear,
In sympathy of sport has come more dear,
Tried well and trusted, so he played his part,
Nor needed prompting from his genial heart.
Good-bye, old friend, I cannot call thee back,
Nor in the whole world find thy fellow, Jack.

Jack was followed by Tom Horsman as huntsman.

TOM HORSMAN, WHO WHIPPED TO JACK PARKER AND FOLLOWED HIM AS HUNTSMAN.

Tom had been whip to Jack Parker for many years, a very good one too. He is still in the flesh and keeps an inn at Oswaldkirk, where many a tough fox is re-killed over the fire, and many a day re-lived.

I left the history of the hunt to deal with Jack Parker's connection with it at the time when Mr. William Kendall was at the head of the Sinnington. He was followed by his nephew, Mr. Tom Kendall, who found that the subscriptions

were too meagre to carry on the hunt in a satisfactory manner, whilst its financial position was far from good. A meeting was called to discuss matters, which culminated in Mr. Coverdale, a warm supporter of the hunt, being appointed Secretary. A good Secretary is essential to the well-being of every pack, and it may be remembered that almost as soon as John Jorrocks had arrived at Handley Cross to take the mastership of his new pack he demanded that his "Sec." should be brought to him, and, on seeing him, gave some homely advice as to the duties of one in his high calling. His lecture ran :—

I doesn't want one of your fine auditin' sort of "sec.," what will merely run his eyes over the bills, and write his initials over the back, right or wrong, but I wants a regular out-and-out working chap, that will go into them hitem by hitem, and look sharp arter the pence without leaving the pounds to take care of themselves. A good sec. is a werry useful sort of haniinal, but a bad un's only worth hanging. In the first place, you must be werry particklar about gettin' in the subscriptions. That is always uppermost in a good sec's mind, and he should never stir out of doors without a list in his pocket, and should appear at the cover side with a handful of receipts, by way of a hint to what haven't paid.

What *modus operandi* Mr. Coverdale adopted I know not, but at any rate from his inception things began to look up. He found the hunt owed the bank £50, whilst there was an outstanding account of £48 for oats. This was cleared off, and at the end of Mr. T. Kendall's first season as master, and Mr. Coverdale's initiatory season as Secretary, there was a balance in hand of 9s.—not much, certainly, but it was a balance on the right side. It was entirely owing to Mr. Coverdale, who is still in the flesh, that the hunt was kept going, writes Mr. Parrington.

In his first season, Mr. Kendall had a good run, which he recorded on the fly leaf of a novel thus :—

We met at Pickering, and as the hills were covered with snow and the ground in some places was hard, not much sport was expected. We trotted away to the far-famed Haugh Wood, where we soon unkennelled one of the right sort on the east side of the covert. We ran up the covert across Middle Ridge and over the west side, and across the top of Grayson's farm for Nova, and on to East Moor Plantation (where he was headed), across to Cawthorn Down and on to Aislaby

straights, and away for Scarborough Moor Plantation, across the lane for Wrelton to Cawthorn, and away to Cass Hagg; across Cropton Lane and down to the foot of Wrelton Cliff, over the hill into Stable's farm, down to Stable's stackyard, then turned to the right to Stable's Wood, through Bentley's Wood and Bishop Hagg Scarr. Here he passed the main earths, which were open, and away for Skiplam, over Appleton Common, aiming for the far-famed cover of Ling Moor, but was headed and turned down the banks for Ling Moor, out of that covert by Hutton Bank Top, Hutton-le-Hole, and across the valley by Yoad-wath to Runsdale, across the lane by Hugill's of the Park, and down the hill through Jack Parker's garth and up the town street of Kirbymoorside.

The fox was lost in Kirbymoorside town in a somewhat remarkable manner. He sought refuge on the roof of a low thatched house, in Dale End, which is now raised and with a tiled roof, where he crouched close to the chimney. The snow had melted here, but he left his padmarks in the morning when he descended. He earned his liberty if hounds deserved their fox.

A somewhat analogous case took place in the Bedale country when I was hunting there in March, 1902. In the second week of that month, and on a Friday, a fox was found at Solberge, and run to ground after a fifteen minutes' spin. A second was found at Warlaby, and at a good pace passed Ainderby village and went by the Swale to Thrintoft, through the whin and back to Warlaby. At Low Sober, hounds came up with their fox, which was seen climbing about on the roof of a farmhouse. He jumped down into the midst of the pack and eluded the whole of them, giving another run of forty minutes after the gallop of an hour previously. He was killed near the new bridge at Langton village.

During the mastership of T. M. Kendall, another great run took place in 1867. Jack Parker used to say this was the best he ever had during the many years he carried the horn. Meeting at Skiplam, a deeply-wooded portion of the country, a fox, after ringing in the wood for some time, crossed over to Rudston Ridge, and went on over hill and dale to Ingleby Moor, and through the Park Wood (Ingleby Manor) past Battersby to Easby, where

hounds turned right-handed, and passing Cook's monument, went on to Roseberry, where the pack were heard running at dark. Jack, who had for long been the survivor of the run, found he could proceed no further, and on arriving at Ingleby Greenhow had to give up. After baiting here, he set off homewards for Kirbymoorside—18 miles distant—with one hound. His pack had run out of the Sinnington, through

MR. T. M. KENDALL, MASTER OF THE SINNINGTON 1860-1875.

part of the Farndale and Bilsdale countries, and into the heart of the Cleveland territory, sticking to the hills almost every bit of the way—forty miles as hounds ran. This really was a wonderful run, over some of the roughest country in Yorkshire. "Hounds," said a writer in "Baily's Magazine," "slept out all night," and found their way back to their homes in twos and threes during the week.

Next in succession as Master came Mr. T. Isherwood, who I fancy was joint-master with Mr. John Kendall.

It seems impossible to form any accurate decision as to the exact date he became Master,or how long he had hounds. Mrs. Isherwood tells me her late husband and she were married in 1862, and it was prior to this he was at the head of the Sinnington. She kindly wrote to an old groom who was with Mr. Isherwood at the period of his mastership. On behalf of this old servant, his son, Arthur Dobson, writes :

" Mr. Isherwood took hounds soon after he went to Fryton to live in 1856 or 1857. He thinks he would have them about three years." Mrs. Isherwood, in another communication says : " I believe my husband succeeded Mr. William Kendall as Master, and acted as joint-M.F.H. with Mr. John

MR. T. ISHERWOOD.

Kendall." Miss Kendall says :—" We always thought Mr. Isherwood had hounds after my father, who retired in 1853. From then to 1860 there is a space in the history of the hunt which cannot be traced." Mrs. Isherwood is of the opinion that her husband and Mr. John Kendall filled that gap. Mr. Nimrod Pearson, writing to me regarding Mr. Isherwood, says :—" I can't, I am sorry to say, give you the dates when Tom Isherwood and Sir William Worsley were Masters of the Sinnington. I have no record whatever. From what I have been told, Mr. Isherwood was a wonder-

fully keen man, and one of the best masters the trencher-fed pack ever had. Sir William Worsley would only be master a short time. I wish I could help you, but my experience only goes back about 35 years."

In 1875, Mr. Robert Ellerby, of Salton, a straight rider and good sportsman, became Master.

He was one of the old-school, and possessed all those hard living traits which only the constitutions and open-air lives of the squirearchy of that period could stand. He was a very methodical man, and never missed Malton Market for many years. If he had no business, he had his position as head of the table and carver at the Black Bull market ordinary. He was fond of youngsters, and there are those to-day following the Sinnington Hounds who were encouraged by him as they galloped up on their ponies at a check or somewhat late at the obsequies of the fox. He had a cheery disposition and a sporting face, but I can find little or nothing regarding his term of mastership from 1875 to 1879. He was followed by that famous sportsman, Mr. Thomas Parrington.

Mr. A. Pearson has sent me an old balance sheet of the Sinnington Hunt for 1875, the first year of Mr. Ellerby's mastership, which I here give :—

BALANCE SHEET—THE SINNINGTON HUNT.

Receipts.	£	s.	d.	Payments.	£	s.	d.
Balance in hand ..	47	4	1	Paid Thomas ..	12	0	0
Earl Feversham ..	100	0	0	John Reed ..	0	10	0
Wm. Worsley, Esq.	10	0	0	Messrs. Frank..	2	6	10
Hon. C. Duncombe	10	0	0	Lumley & Sons	0	14	3
Robert Ellerby ..	5	0	0	Postages and Stationery ..	0	12	6
J. Richardson ..	5	0	0	John Parker's Salary	160	0	0
Thos. Parrington ..	5	0	0	Balance in hand ..	43	14	9
William Muzeen ..	3	3	0				
Ralph Dixon ..	2	2	0				
Wm. Coverdale ..	2	2	0				
J. Smith	2	2	0				
H. Dowker	2	0	0				
R. Russell	2	0	0				
Thomas P. Frank ..	2	0	0				
Jno. Reid	2	0	0				
Jno. Cowen ..	2	0	0				

The following subscribed a Guinea :—Thomas Watt, Surgeon ; William Frank, Kirby ; Barker Coverdale ; George Scoby ; Richard Foxton ; T. Cattley ; T. Wright ; William Stead ; B. Muzeen ; J. Foxton ; A. Pearson ; Francis Stephenson ; J. Brown ; W. Frank, Helmsley ; Charles Harrison ; William Chapman, Park. The 10s. subscribers were :—Thomas Aydon, William Turner, George Frank, George Hall and George Conning.

Thomas Coverdale, Treasurer.

October 30th, 1875.

CHAPTER XVI.

MR. THOMAS PARRINGTON.

With the change of mastership came a new Secretary in the person of Mr. Alfred Pearson, familiarly and appropriately enough known as "Nimrod." These two ardent sportsmen at once put their shoulders to the collar and pulled uphill with an enthusiasm born not only of a love of hunting, but a peculiar local patriotism for the Sinnington Hunt, which one finds so strong in Yorkshiremen for their local pack. Mr. Parrington was a stranger to the Sinnington country, but for nearly twenty years prior to wielding the secretarial pen, Mr. Pearson had followed the pack. Mr. Parrington was no mere nominal master, and at once set to work to bring the pack to a higher state of perfection. Says Mr. Dixon, he "soon put fresh life into the hunt, and began to import fresh blood, especially from the Bramham Moor, and the Quorn." Quorn Alfred was a hound of which Mr. Parrington thought highly, and he continued to get some of his blood into the Sinnington kennels. He was no novice either across a country or in kennel, for he had hunted with most of the Northern packs, and in his day was one of the leading lights of the Cleveland Hunt. As Sir A. E. Pease tells us in his book on "The Cleveland Hounds," in the compilation of which Mr. Parrington was of considerable assistance :—

For the account of the doings of the pack (the Cleveland) during the next decade (1835-45) I am indebted to Mr. Thomas Parrington, of Ravenswyke, Kirbymoorside, who kindly placed his journals at my disposal. This sportsman, whose name is now known throughout the kingdom as one of the first authorities on horses and hounds, who has hunted hounds, and for several years was master of the Sinnington, began his hunting career in Cleveland, and, although, now residing outside the district, is often seen in the Cleveland field, judging at horse and fox-hound puppy shows, and re-visiting the haunts of his youth. From October, 1835, to April 2, 1854, he was Secretary to

MR. THOMAS PARRINGTON

(Ex-Master of the Hurworth and Sinnington Hunts),

the Hunt, and sometimes contributed to the local press under the nom-de-plume of "Harkaway."

When Mr. Parrington commenced his novitiate in the beautiful Cleveland vale he formed one of a coterie of sportsmen who recognised what I am afraid is greatly lost sight of now-a-days—the facts presented in the comprehensive couplet :—

> Though keenly excited I bid you remember
> That hunting's a science and riding's an art.

So from the very outset he was more than a mere follower of hounds. He became an intelligent and thoughtful observer, and these observations of various men, and their manners of different packs, and their idiosyncracies, stood him in good stead when he at last came to hunt and control a pack himself. The grandson of a former Vicar of Skelton, Mr. Parrington was born at Middlesbrough on June 20, 1818, at a time when his birth-place was one of the few houses to represent what is now one of the most important commercial centres in the North. The Parringtons, indeed, tilled the soil upon which a portion of Middlesbrough now stands—in 1829 this farm was practically the only house on the site where now over 100,000 souls are to be found. Unique is the history of the evolution of Middlesbrough, which Mr. Gladstone once referred to as "an infant, but an infant Hercules." Strange, indeed, then, is it to read that in Mr. Parrington's youth—in the memory of living man—foxes were found here, and we find that on Friday, March 24, 1820, hounds "tried all round Middlesbrough blank." Again, in "Baily's Magazine" (1872), a correspondent referred to this evolution and to the Parrington's farm thus :

> Middlesbrough, counting its forty thousand inhabitants, was a solitary farm in 1828, where the foxes had a favourite breeding earth, and were well taken care of. It was the practice of the Cleveland Hunt to begin the season at Middlesbrough, where they always found one litter of cubs at least in Mr. Parrington's turnips.

Writing in June, 1906, Mr. Parrington says :—

> "Hence Middlesbrough was chosen year after year as the meet for the opening day. Mr. John Andrew was then Master of the Cleveland Hounds, assisted by his sons, John and James, and Jack Harrison

as whips, who brought up hounds the night before hunting. They numbered then about 18 couples, perhaps a little uneven in size and condition, yet a sporting lot, many of them well-bred drafts from Mr. Lambton and Squire Hill. In order to ensure the foxes being above ground, the earths were stopped at midnight, and a fire kept blazing in the sand pit till daylight, when the hunt commenced. My mount on my first opening day, October, 1825, was on the shoulders of one of my father's men-servants. I saw three foxes killed, and clearly remember how one of them was held up by one of the whips in a tree, all the hounds baying around, accompanied by the sounding of several horns and the who-whoops of the assembled field."

Such then was Mr. Parrington's birthplace—within the very sound of the yap of the fox. He himself tells us his father went there in 1808, and that Middlesbrough then consisted of a large farmhouse and premises, hinds' houses, etc.

"The house in which I was born (in 1818) stood on an elevated ground, surrounded by most excellent grass land, close to the River Tees. About 500 yards from the house, and adjoining the road, was a sandpit, with fox and rabbit earths, and a brood or two of foxes occupied the main earths almost every year. The Cleveland Hounds often opened the season by their first meet at Middlesbrough, and I remember in the autumn of 1825 they killed three foxes out of our turnips. My father was the only responsible person in the parish, and was constable, overseer, churchwarden, and surveyor of the highways. The front of our house, which stood a little to the North of St. Hilda's Church, was the burial ground, and occasionally a corpse was buried there. At such times a room in our house was used as a temporary chapel. Ignorant people have described Middlesbrough, before falling into the hands of the Quakers, as a wretched single dwelling on a dismal swamp—a sad libel on the dear old place. It was certainly lonely, but a lovely place, to which all our family were devotedly attached. When our house was pulled down a quantity of very old oak, curiously carved, was found, taken no doubt from the old monastery."

One may gather much regarding Mr. Parrington as a sportsman if we but read between the lines of his own journal For instance, he concludes his remarks in it for the season 1835-6 with the following :—

"The sport of the Cleveland this season has been considered good, considering how unlucky they have been in having bad scents. They have done their work in good style, and have had several rattlers without a kill. I only wish that the next season may be equal to the past. Please God we may all live and enjoy it."

Mr. Thomas Parrington was one of six sporting brothers,

all born Nimrods, and as one reads the accounts of sport a few decades ago with the Cleveland, the Hurworth, and other Northern packs, their names frequently occur amongst those who took part in the great runs of that epoch, especially the great run with the Lambton Hounds from Foxhill to Wynyard Park, and recorded in song by the late Mr. George Sutton. Mr. Thomas Parrington, whose connection with the world of venery mainly concerns us in the present history, was the life and soul of sporting gatherings half-a-century ago. He wrote a few hunting songs, and sang them at the hunt dinners, and always had a stock of stories and experiences which few could tell better than he. On leaving his farm at Marton-in-Cleveland, in 1852, he moved to Lazenby, near Redcar, and so on from place to place to Kirbymoorside in 1897, where in his charming home at St. Hilda's, he hopes to live out the remainder of his days. In 1875, he became agent to Lord Feversham, and soon began to distinguish himself across country. He was, and is, a popular man too, straightforward, always "speaking his mind," but possessed of a wonderful tact born of an innate knowledge of the Yorkshire farmer. It was at the unanimous request of the country that in 1879 he followed Mr. Robert Ellerby as Master of the Sinnington.

Gradually the Sinnington was procuring for itself a name and fame, not only as an exceedingly sporting little hunt, but also something more than was perhaps expected from a trencher-fed pack—for the Sinnington were still trencher-fed. There were at this time three of the best sportsmen in Yorkshire at the heads of the various departments of the hunt management. The Master was conversant with every phase of his work and every corner of his country. Mr. "Nimrod" Pearson carried, and still carries, with him all that tact and sympathy essential to the Secretary of hounds, together with an enthusiasm which has never grown less; whilst Jack Parker seemed to become keener and harder as years rolled on.

Mr. Parrington's era in more ways than one marked a new chapter in the history of the hunt. It seemed to gain

a higher status, and with his epoch commenced the evolution which resulted in the Sinnington becoming one of the crack hunts in Yorkshire. Ere very long, the hounds were so suited to the country that the Master was not afraid of the first and most critical houndsmen in the world seeing them. Indeed, with commendable pride in them, and a desire, too, to show them sport, he welcomed strangers, and few Masters were more anxious that they should have a good time. No day was too long for him, and wonderful was the sport they had in these "the good old days" of fox-hunting. It is a matter for regret that through want of opportunity (his time was so fully occupied), he only wrote down the accounts of red-letter days, one or two of which he has been kind enough to let me copy. Mr. Parrington did not keep a journal of the doings in the Sinnington country as he had done in the Cleveland. As Jack Parker could neither read or write, he did not. Hence, it is impossible to recount some of even the most famous gallops. They were many, and some of them still live in the memory of those who still hunt by the fire when the wind blows keen, and the trees are shorn of their leaves as winter approaches. I have found it an unsatisfactory business, however, procuring runs from those who have no data beyond their own memories. Unintentionally, a story told many times gradually deviates in substance and in fact. The obstacles grow bigger, the pace becomes faster, and the distance and time longer. That the sport in Mr. Parrington's mastership was of first-rate order there is no doubt. He sends me an interesting account of his first and one or two subsequent days with the Sinnington as Master.

The season was opened on October 14, 1879, with a fixture at Bonfield Gill, a narrow ravine between Bilsdale and Bransdale, so isolated, by-the-way, that they have a local couplet, "Gan to Bonfield Gill—where the Lord nivver was na nivver will." A cub was found here, and quickly pulled down, after which an old fox was found, which went over the "rig" into Bransdale as far as Stork House, when he turned right-handed over Rinlgate Moor to Piethorn, then right across the moor to Bilsdale, and to ground in a free stone quarry, near Spout House. We tried two local terriers to bolt our fox, but neither would

go in, so I said to Jack Parker, "You stay here with the hounds, I'll go for Crab." "What! Thoo'll nivver gan all t' way ti Helmsler," said Jack, "whya its eight mahl frev here." I replied, "I don't care if its eighteen, I will have that fox out." I then rode home, changed horses, and rode back with Crab. I took him up to the quarry, and he went bang into the rock, bolting a fox in a moment, but, unfortunately, it was not my hunted fox which had given us such a grand moorland run. We went away with the new one, however, and as it was getting

CRAB. A FAMOUS TERRIER IN MR. PARRINGTON'S TIME.

late I took my whip with me to get on ahead of hounds and stop them, which we did on Roppa Moor, just as they were entering Riccall Dale, running with scent breast-high, and Crab in the midst of them. I never saw a better moorland run—from the find to the quarry one hour, from the quarry to Riccall Dale 35 minutes. Crab was far the best terrier I ever knew.

October 18, 1879.—Met at Sparrow Hall; found in Normanby Belt, ran first cub to ground. Found again in Habton Whin, and went right away to Ryton earths, but though open our fox went on across the Rye, leaving Amotherby on the right to Broughton forward, leaving Malton on the left to Welham, then on to Whitewal, turned to Norton, then turned again, ran back to Welham breed earths, and just beat us to ground, 2 hours and 45 minutes. Messrs. J. Richardson, J. Foxton, A. Pearson and Tom Ellerby went well.

November 4, 1879.—Met at South Holme; found in small plantation just over Howl Beck, ran to Stonegrave, then up through Caukless

nearly to Nunnington, turned to the right again through Caukless, past the cover where we found across the railway, leaving Fryton on the left, right on to Hovingham Woods to ground; a clipping run of one hour. Found again in Caukless, a ring on the top, then on to South Holme, forward to Ness, then pointing for Salton, but did not cross the Rye, but running to the right and leaving South Holme on the right, straight on to Slingsby Station, and was pulled down near Butterwick after a splendid run of fifty-five minutes. Messrs. J. and W. Brown, J. Richardson, J. Foxton, and Tom Ellerby all going well, especially John Richardson, to whom I gave the brush.

January 10, 1880.—Met at Normanby; found in Skelton's Whin, away to the East, then to the left to Riseborough, over the hill and away to Dawson Wood to Hell Bank, crossed the Severn to Cropton, then to the left, re-crossed the Severn, and on to Lastingham; forward over the top to Lingmoor, turned short for Hutton Banks, and on to the Moor to Spaunton Lodge up the hollow for a mile, then on the moor, leaving Rosedale on the left to the main earth at Conn Roof, where our good fox got to ground; a splendid run of nearly two hours. From Skelton Whin to Dawson Wood hounds ran extremely fast, Mr. John Richardson again leading the van.

March 9, 1880.—Met at Helmsley; found in the Terrace at Duncombe Park, broke to the South, crossed the Rye to the right, through Beach Wood to the far moor, leaving Antofts to the left, away across Briary Hill, Scawton Howl, Flassedale to Old Byland, then over to Caledale, past Murton to Silver Hill, where hounds raced into their fox after a most brilliant run, after a chase of two hours at best pace all the way, without the semblance of a check. This was a most handsome dog fox, one of the noblest I ever saw; he weighed 16-lbs., far above the average weight of foxes.

Apropos of the weight of foxes, Mr. Parrington wrote to the "Sporting Times" in December, 1906, and gave as his opinion that the average weight of a full-grown fox is only 9-lb., to which a correspondent, signing himself "Chasseur," replied in the following issue:—

I must disagree with Mr. Parrington's letter as to the average weight of a full-grown fox being only 9-lbs. I have handled a good many, and would put a dog fox at about 13-lbs., and a vixen at 2-lbs. less, and I think the majority of huntsmen will bear this out. Apropos, I was walking round some kennels with an American gentleman, and this very subject arose, and his remark was, "Wall, if it takes a ton of hounds to catch a stone of fox, he don't go far in chewing gum."

On the other hand, "The British Yeoman" wrote:—

Mr. Parrington's letter about foxes in last week's issue reminds me of the biggest fox I ever saw. He was killed by two couple of hounds,

but I forget where. Grant* said he was the biggest fox he had ever seen, and had him weighed. His weight was 18-lbs. just a pound less than the Sinnington fox. As he was not at all torn, Grant had him stuffed. I may add that most practical men with whom I have talked over the weight of foxes agree with Mr. Parrington's estimate of it. A fox is a very little animal when he is skinned, or when he is so wet that the fur clings flatly to his sides.

Mr. Dixon tells us of an excellent gallop in February, 1877.

"The late Lord Helmsley," says our author, "had been anxious that some of his friends should see the Sinnington in a good country, and, accordingly, Mr. Parrington arranged to meet at Harome. Lord Helmsley, Lord Castlereagh (now the Marquess of Londonderry), the late Hon. James Duncombe, Captain Byng, and others of the party were given the opportunity of a day. Muscoates was the first draw, and as Mr. Parrington got to the end of the whin at which he generally stood, he viewed the fox away with Joyful close at her brush. Luckily he was able to stop her, and Parker got his hounds away well together. They changed at Normanby, and ran by Wrelton and Kirbymisperton; went straight to Yeddingham Lane, where they killed him. Alas! for the dinner at Helmsley. The Hon. James Duncombe was the only one of the guests who turned up, and his host and he were late, and owed their presence to not getting to the far end."

The others had trained home with their horses from Malton. A correspondent sent me a list of those who saw the end of this run. They were Lord Helmsley, Lord Castlereagh, Captain Byng, Mr. Robert Lesley, Dr. Watt, Miss Rose Kendall (who rode one horse throughout the day and secured the brush), Messrs. R. Hicks, T. Cattle, T. Colley, J. Wilson, Jack Parker, and the late R. Dixon. Some time ago, I wrote an account of this run to a sporting paper, and the following letter was sent in reply to my article:—

"One or two mistakes occur in the accounts of this famous run. 'Jack' was not in at the death, but turned up later, as did Tom Horsman. In fact, we had with us neither master, huntsman, nor whip. Poor Mr. Parrington (long may he live!) was most unfortunate, his horse falling into a deep drain, and needing several men to get him out. Our unlucky master was in great trouble as I passed the spot, declaring that he would rather lose a hundred pounds than miss the finish of that run. The Soan was jumped by about a dozen of us, of whom, being the last to take it, I can remember only Ralph Dixon and Bob Hicks, both long gone to the happy hunting-ground. Had the fox not turned off then to meet 't' Marton chaps' (including 'Jack,' whom I can see

*Ex-Huntsman of Lord Middleton's Hounds.

now as he wheels away from 'the brimming river'), they might as well have trotted home, for they would have 'seen nowt o' them' any more that day. Lord Helmsley broke up the fox, and never was brush more justly awarded than to Miss Rose Kendall—now Mrs. Ralph Dixon. Being myself a benedict, I resigned her at the inn to a young buck, who proffered to see after her and her horse; but, alas! he had a weakness—the fascinating attractions of two live lords proved too many for him, and to my horror I learned, after we had put Yeddingham behind us, that the unfortunate girl, midway in her 'teens, stranded in a strange inn full of noisy men claiming all the services of the establishment had had neither bite nor sup. Tim Cattle, who knew those parts, called on our way home at various friends, to try for some refreshment for her, but all were at Malton market. He saw her to her own door, where she ended the day's sport about 9 at night by falling from her saddle, dead beat and fainting—as well she might after such a ride and a twelve hours' fast. One name I miss in the list of the fox's chief mourners—that of T. P. Frank, another happy hunter. All of us, so far as I know, except Lord Castlereagh, saw the run to its finish on one horse, Tom Colley's poor brute saw another finish. He died in his stable the same night, ridden to death. Those were the times! The pack was ours, and we were a pack as noted as our hounds. I have seen the whole Middleton Hunt left clean out of sight, as we looked from a hillside over the Plain of York, after a burst of some twenty minutes, and the only men with the hounds besides Burton (huntsman), and Holland (whip), were Marcus Kendall, Tom Ellerby, and

'In or Over.'"

Here is another account of the run as sent by Mr. Parrington to the "Yorkshire Herald," signing the name Jack Parker

T'varry best run at ivver wer knawn in t' Sinnington country.

Mr. Edditor.—It isn't varry offens Ah trouble you newspaper fowk wiv a letter, bud ez fer a sartenty we hed sike a run wiv oor hoonds last Setterda (February 24, 1877) ez neeaboddy ivver heeard tell on afore. Ah wad leyke t' sporting gentlemen ta knaw what a grand run it was if you'll only prent mah letter. Whya, then, ta begin, wa met at Helmsley, an' went tiv t' new covert at Muscoates, ez grand a whin ez ivver you seed, Ah'll awand ya, an' nivver widoot a fox in't. Seea ez usuel on Setterda, t' hoonds wern't put in tweea minits afore awd Passion fand him. An' efter they'd chucked him roond t' cover tweea er three tahms, away he went pointin' fer North Holme, then tiv t' river Dove, which sum o' t' keen young uns wad fain 'a'e lowped, bud Ah sed, "Wheea, i' ther senses wad lowp 't when Sparrow Hall Brig is close by?" Seea away we went ower t' brig an' across a rare stiff country, ta Edstone, where he turned tiv t' reet an' away for Barugh Hill, past Marton, to Norramby, then across t' river Seven, where

neea horse c'u'd cross, seea some galloped ta Norramby Brig, an' sum fur Marton, an' t' hoonds tonnin' tiv t' left, t' Marton chaps hed a lang way t' best on't, an' lang before we gat ta Risebro' Hagg there was "belleses ta mend," an' neea mistak.

Oor fox noo teeak us ower Wrelton Cliff an' on ta Wrelton village, where he seemed gannin' straight fer t' hills, but he whipped roond at t' seet o' t' hosses, an' crossin' t' raalwaay ageean, teeak us right across t' deepest, t' strangest, an' t' muckiest country you ivver seed, to Kirby Misperton. Bah gum! what a seet wa all wer! an' didn't t' hosses taals wag when wa pulled up for a minit ur seea at Kerby?

"Jack, they mun kill him," says yan. "Jack, Ah's aboot at t' far end," says anuther. "They heven't killed him ez yit, onny hoo," says Ah, ez Ah saw 'em race awaay ageean, pointing for t' Black Bull, an' awaay ageean, faster ner ivver, tiv t' Whitby Railway, near Marishes Station. Seean efter we crossed t' raalway Ah spied Mr. Reynard sittin' on t' middle of t' road listening fer t' hoonds, an' there he wad 'a'e sitten till t' hoonds hed gitten up tiv him, neea doot, if a fond feller, wheea ya wad 'a'e thowt hed nivver seen a fox afoor, hadn't shooted "Tally-ho!" An' away he went, seea fresh, that, thinks Ah, thoos nut catched yit! An' Ah was reet, fer fower mahl fother he took us ower a terrible heavy an' stiff country, past Allerston, on to Ebberston then to Yeddingham, where he was seea tired, he c'u'dn't lowp a stile, an' Rantipole gettin' a seet of him, it was varry seean whoo-whoop!

Noo what di ya think o' that, Mr. Edditor? Just three hours an' twenty minutes frev t' finnd tiv t' kill, twenty mahles as t' craw flees, an' nut a yed less nor thoty mahles, ez t' hoonds ran. If ya wad like ta knaw wheea was t' best man at t' finish, why, Ah can tell ya. It was Lord Helmsley, yan o' t' canniest young gentlemen ez ivver lived, an' ez good a rider across country ez ivver sat astrahd of a hoss. Lord Castleray didn't gan badly, nowther did Mr. James Duncombe, but, then, they had tweea hosses apiece, an' Lord Helmsley nobbut yan, but he was a clinker, an' Ah durst bet a wager, if his Lordship lives for 50 years ta cum, an' Ah seear Ah wish he may, he'll nivver rahd a better. Bud wa all di t' best wa c'u'd ta see t' kill, an' that's t' lang an' t' shot on 't. Ah nivver saw sike a run, an' sal nivver see sike anuther ez lang ez mah neeam's

JACK PARKER.

Whilst not in any way altering the sense of the above, I have corrected the dialect. Many of those who can speak the vernacular well cannot write it, and as the above contains many idioms and expressions frequently employed by old Jack, as well as being an example of the mother tongue he spoke so broadly, it is well it should be handed down as accurately as possible.

Mr. Parrington owed a good deal of his success as Master as well as huntsman to his alertness. He was, I am told, remarkably quick at viewing a fox away. He was, of course, no stranger to the science of hunting hounds, for he carried the horn over the Hurworth country for four seasons—from 1860-61 to 1863-4—following the famous Will Danby, of whom "Silk and Scarlet" says :—

"... Will is just entering upon the fiftieth season of his life in scarlet; and, although the grey hairs may be seen straggling under his cap, he is a wonderful instance of what a hardy Yorkshire constitution, good temper, and rigid temperance can effect for a man in these degenerate days." Will is quite a key to Yorkshire hunting history, but tiles have of late years become his thorn in the flesh. "This draining," as he emphatically observed to us when we took counsel with him near the Hurworth kennels, "is just the ruin of scent; I wish they'd be done with it; when I was a boy we could hunt from morning to night." He was born near Hornby Castle, and the ruling passion with him was strongly fostered at fourteen, when one of the farm-houses, included in his father's lease, was converted by the Duke of Leeds into kennel for his hounds. This was the crisis of his fate, and henceforward he devoted his attention much more to helping the feeder to walk hounds about, than to grounding himself in the elements of agriculture. His expressed views on the drainage would, in fact, have militated so strongly against his advancement, that it was well that he established himself in the good graces of Kit Scaife, the huntsman, and found a more genial outlet for his energies. When his seven years' probation was over, some difficulty occurred with the Duke of Cleveland about foxes, and the hounds were given up. The rare lot of Pandolpho hunters were sent to the hammer at Tattersall's, and Kit Scaife, who was always a great man for kennel condition, took the head of his Grace's racing stud. It was a sad pity, as this country was a singularly wild and beautiful one, all dells and ling.

Mr. Parrington remained at the head of the Sinnington for five years, and left the pack in excellent condition to reside at Whitby, where he did much to assist Mr. David Smallwood with the now extinct Eskdale pack. Both were pre-eminently houndmen, and the consultations of the twain resulted in an excellent pack being formed, and some wonderful runs enjoyed. I have before me as I write Mr. Smallwood's journal, and a letter written by him to me some years ago, in which he says :—

"If I could but describe some of the runs, you would admit they

were clinkers. I had good sport, and when we finished up we had some of the best hounds to drive a fox that ever ran. I used to breed them for nose and tongue, not for show purposes. I liked light-coloured hounds for our country, those that could hunt two days a week and be always fit for our hilly country, where, if you could not burst a fox in the first ten minutes, you stood a poor chance of catching him. I had a couple and a half of hounds which took after their sire, old Dashwood. When they got anywhere near their fox their hackles went up, and I could always then feel confident we were running close at him; then was the time to ride if you wanted to be in at the kill. Those hounds were always at work, and the question was, not 'which way has the fox gone?' but 'which way have hounds gone?' They could hunt a fox and kill him with any pack, and never be sick or sorry. Mr. Parrington could tell you of a light-coloured hound or two that I had, Countess and Careless, for instance, from the Bilsdale. I had some good litters from Careless, which went to Captain Johnstone's when I gave up."

It was a matter of deep regret to Mr. Parrington and to Mr. Smallwood when, owing to a combination of adverse circumstances, which have no place here, the Eskdale became extinct, and the hounds went to all parts of the world.

So one finds Mr. Parrington wherever he went taking a deep and active interest in the sport around him, nor is that interest diminished one whit to-day, though he has passed his eighty-eighth year. A wonderful life has it been, almost unique in its connection with sport and agriculture. Would he but write an autobiography it would be one of the most interesting and educative sporting volumes ever published, though I doubt not neither one or two, nor three, volumes would be spacious enough. What an evolution would we be able to trace since first Mr. Parrington commenced to enjoy sport with the dear old Cleveland Hounds, in what he not unnaturally designates the "good old days." As he took us from season to season, from country to country, and we marked that gradual change in almost everything connected with fox-hunting, I imagine we, too, should long for a return of those old times for many reasons, and I fancy that we should discover the evolution in many respects a retrogression. I cannot do better than conclude my notes on the life of this veteran than by quoting the following

paragraph which appeared in the press in the summer of 1906, under the heading of "An Old Yorkshire Worthy":

This is indeed a fitting description of Mr. Thomas Parrington, who resides at St. Hilda's, Kirbymoorside, and who celebrated his 88th birthday on the 20th of last month. On that day the Earl of Feversham, for whom Mr. Parrington was for many years agent, personally tendered his congratulations, to the delight of the old gentleman. The history of Mr. Parrington is a most interesting one. The grandson of a former Vicar of Skelton, he commenced farming at Marton, in 1847, and after occupying farms at one or two places he moved to Croft in 1870, where he remained five years, leaving there to take up the position of agent to Lord Feversham. Mr. Parrington's association with agriculture has been a very prominent one. In November, 1864, he was elected Secretary of the Yorkshire Show, which was a very different institution then to now, but Mr. Parrington proved to be the right man to place the show on a thoroughly sound footing, and on his retirement he was made an honorary member of the Society. He was also for a number of years Secretary of the Cleveland Hunt. He hunted the Hurworth Hounds for four seasons as an amateur huntsman, and was for five years Master of the Sinnington. His connection with Middlesbrough is unique, for he was born in the farmhouse which was once all that there was of the now thriving town, and he is said to be the only man living who saw the first brick of the first house of the new town laid. Mr. Parrington at present enjoys excellent health, he smokes but little, and his favourite beverage is a glass of port, though he takes a little whisky with his meals.

In August, 1907, I accidently fell in with Mr. Parrington at Helmsley, and found this hearty testimonial to the chase, the saddle, and an open-air life, a living lie to his age, and as interested as ever in the reports Mr. "Nimrod" Pearson had to give of litters of puppies of a bitch which had strayed away from the kennel to whelp, and in matters appertaining to the chase generally. He talked of the Peterborough Show—the feast of houndmen—which was to be held on the following day. Indeed, his whole conversation, appropriately enough, was on those two subjects which have interested him most in his long life—sport and agriculture. I remember some years ago when Mr. (now Sir) Alfred Pease introduced me to Mr. Parrington at Stokesley Show he described him as "the father of agricultural shows"; he might have gone even further, and added one of the fathers of an improved agriculture in the North. In conclusion, let it be said, that

though time must roll on, though changes must come, and though the evolution in sport, and particularly fox-hunting, "the sport of all sport," is by no means at end, the name of Parrington will ever be writ large upon the pages of Northern hunting history in letters of gold. With but little alteration,

is not the description of one of Washington Irving's sporting Yorkshire characters remarkably applicable to our veteran ? : "He has lived amongst horses and dogs the greater part of a century . . . he knows the pedigree of every famous hunter, and has bestrid the great grandsires of some of them. He can give a circumstantial detail of every fox-hunt for the last sixty or seventy years. All the present race have grown up under his eye." He is one of the last of a disappearing genus to which we owe more than some of us are willing to admit.

Mr. Parrington still frequently turns up at fixtures of the Sinnington. He is yet wonderfully active, and often drives down to Helmsley, and has a conference on hunting matters with Mr. "Nimrod" Pearson, Mr. Bowman and other leading lights of the Sinnington. On the occasion I saw him at Mr. Pearson's last summer he was discussing the question of bitches laying up their litters of puppies away from the kennel, and expressed the opinion that such litters always did well, and rarely ailed anything, quoting instances he remembered. A short time ago, I saw him at Kirbymoorside at the White Horse, where many meetings in connection with the Sinnington have been held. Then his conversation was on hunting, and it would seem that Mr. Parrington goes further than friend Jorrocks, who believed that "all time's wasted that's not spent on hunting," and thinks most talk but sporting talk, idle. This season (1907-8) he has often been in attendance at Sinnington fixtures, and has seen Lord Helmsley carrying the horn himself, for he has joined the growing list of amateur huntsmen in Yorkshire. He can still say, therefore :—

I hear the echoing sound,
That stirred my blood in by-gone years,
When the ringing music filled my ears,
And made my pulses bound.
In a grey November's morn,
When the mists rolled up the hills,
One cheery note my memory fills—
The note of my own old horn.

CHAPTER XVII.

MR. ROBERT LESLEY.

FOLLOWING Mr. Parrington at the head of the Sinnington in 1884, came Mr. Robert Lesley, of Sinnington Lodge. "He was," writes a correspondent, "a thorough sportsman, and hunted to within a year of his death. A grave man always, he was almost taciturn at times. He loved the very smell of the soil and the open air, was a good farmer, and farmed his own estate, Sinnington Lodge. A Justice of the Peace for the North Riding, he also held a Major's commission in the Yorkshire Artillery Militia, and anent this a story is told. One Court day, at Kirbymoorside, a local man was charged with poaching. Mr. Lesley was on the bench, and on the defendant being fined, his mother, who had a marked hatred to the Militia, paid it, and addressed the Bench, and Mr. Lesley in particular, thus: "Well, thenk goodness, whativver oor Jack may be, pooercher er nut, he nivver hed owt ta deea wi' t' milishy."

A friend of Mr. Lesley's wrote the following short biographical sketch on the M.F.H.'s death, July 1, 1905:—

The knowledge of the fact that "Robin Lesley," after a long illness, has passed away to the "happy hunting ground," will awaken many a slumbering remembrance of all that was bright and admirable in the life of the deceased gentleman. Having the instincts in his character of all that was manly, straight, and courageous, "Bob" Lesley well might be admired by a large circle of friends. In his domestic life he passed much of his time in his beautiful home at Sinnington Grange surrounded by his hunters, his splendid cattle, his sporting dogs, and servants as faithful and proud of their master as he was true to them. At times, however, he would be other things to other men, but still the vein of "the true blue blood" would be ever demonstrating itself, and the kindly heart and good understanding predominated over all things. As to the latter, his faithful house-keeper, with tears in her eyes, could not help remarking at the graveside, "We shall never see his like again"; and who does not remember his hunting groom, Jack Clark, who used to manage the deceased's stables, and sent his

beloved master out into the hunting field the pink of perfection? Poor Robin, there never was a more notable or taking figure when the horn was blown and the pack were passing over "the low country" than the gallant M.F.H. on his favourite grey. Jack Parker—dear old Jack he was to all of us, spite of his faults—loved him, and there was a bond of the warmest friendship existing between them in their long associations with the Sinnington foxhounds. Others loved him as well, and none more so than the respected noble owner of Duncombe

ROBERT LESLEY.

Park, and the many friends who were honoured with invitations to the "shootings" over the estates. These are but only the awakening of a few recollections of the deceased; but they will touch many a sympathetic heart who were unable to be present at the funeral; and even this sympathy will be still more extended when it is known that the beneficent old lady who has the proud satisfaction of calling the deceased "her dear Robert," still survives him at the green old age of 93, and can write to a faithful domestic thanking her for the true service she had rendered her late master. Mr. Lesley always rode excellent cattle.

Writing to me from Aldeburgh, Suffolk, Mr. H. W. Lesley says:—

"My brother took a considerable part in the management of the

Sinnington Hunt prior to becoming Master, though he did not follow much, as his time was occupied in the Oxford University Eight, and later in coaching the crews. He retired with the rank of Lt.-Col. from the Militia."

In 1891, Mr. R. Clayton Swan, later master of the Morpeth, took the mastership of the Sinnington, and with his advent came a new and most important chapter in the evolution of the history of the Hunt. The Sinnington up to this period, like their neighbours the Bilsdale and Farndale, were one of the few packs still trencher-fed. Mr. Swan altered this when he came into the country. Kenneling hounds at once gave the hunt a status, which, despite its age, its history, and the patronage and connection it boasted with dukes, earls, peers, and withal some of the best sporting commoners in England, it had never before possessed. To Mr. Swan then is due the credit of introducing the new, and, I am bound to say, improved order of things. I have had some little experience with trencher-fed packs, and am bound to admit, what no doubt is a platitude, that they are not under the same discipline, nor in the same condition as kennel-fed hounds. It is not to be expected, and the wonder is they are controllable at all, and that there is not a vast more riot. It stands to reason that a pack, kept by individuals, however anxious they may be for the welfare of their charges and the pack generally, cannot be level in speed or condition. For instance, one hound has a good "walk" and gets fat, another is not sufficiently fed or improperly fed; a third is kept fastened up continuously except on hunting days, whilst his contemporary on the adjoining farm has permanent liberty. Now how can it be expected that these hounds will be equal in speed, in energy, in knowledge, or endurance? The thing is impossible, and again I say the wonder is that trencher-fed packs show the sport they do. It was Mr. Eames, of the Cotley Harriers, who said he could "never understand how they kept the condition right in the old trencher-fed packs," and he was not alone in his wonderment, yet to a degree they did, and the remarkable thing is that in hounds trencher-fed, one rarely finds an epidemic, and few

puppies are lost from jaundice or distemper. The system of thus keeping hounds has its advantages as well as its disadvantages. In the first place, hounds so maintained cost naught except their licences, and in a farmer's hunt, as the Sinnington had essentially been up to now, and in an especial manner still is, this was an important matter. Another recommendation was, and is yet, that farmers and others who kept hounds in this way had a living interest in the hunt, which had an influence for good.

A fairly analogous picture to the Sinnington ere Mr. Swan took them was that painted by a writer in the "Sporting Magazine" for July, 1827, who spoke of an old Essex Squire who flourished about 1800 :—

> He kept a pack of hounds, was a Nimrod by nature, and had a jovial soul, indulging in the spontaneous influences of each without niggardly restraint. It was not the fashion in those days to organise your establishment in much refinement. . . My friend's harriers, as they were called, because they used to hunt the hares, were of a grotesque character, not definable as a whole by any rules of Beckford or Somervile. The deep tongued, blue-mottled, the dwarf foxhound, the true bred harrior, the diminutive beagle, all joined in the cry, and helped to supply the pot. Being somewhat strangers to one another, discord prevailed—having a butcher for one master, a baker for another, a farmer for a third. Spreading pretty well through the village, and with such heterogeneous qualities, and not in social intercourse, with an impenetrable country to hunt over, whippers-in were indispensable, of which there was a plentiful supply, personated, I may say, by all the attendants, with immense long whips, and deep sounding lungs not sparingly used.

As I stated in an earlier chapter, dealing with the Bilsdale Hunt, those who kept hounds years ago—nor is the custom and privilege quite extinct to-day in moorland countries—held it as a matter of course that they helped in the hunting of the pack, or at any rate the cheering-on of their own charge. One cannot imagine how hounds would ever get settled down on a line with the picture the late Captain Turton gives of the manner in which the Roxby (late the Cleveland) were hunted years ago. No doubt it was a very sporting and enthusiastic attendant upon hunting Reynard on the Cleveland moors to hear all this shouting, but it certainly

would not be very dignified, nor in accordance with the later day science of venery in which quietude plays so prominent a part. Said the late Squire of Upsall :—

> Having established the Roxby pack, every pursuer went on foot, with a stake in his hand resembling the modern alpenstock, except huntsmen and whippers-in, who were mounted on the shaggy galloways of the district. These ponies were as sure-footed as goats, and jumped with the same elasticity. In the old leases or agreements of the Turton family (the owners of Roxby) the following clause was inserted :— "Each tenant was to keep one dog, or puppy foxhound, free of cost." The favourite name amongst the Roxby Hounds was Climbank, and bearing in mind that each hound was trencher-fed and each farmer reared and nurtured and named their own hounds, it arose that there were half-a-dozen "Climbanks" among the pack, and as each owner had the power to hound on his own hound, "the hark to Climbank!" became confusing. The difficulty was, however, overcome by distinguishing each hound by his own colour, so they had "Blue Climbank," "Pied Climbank."

This, together with the article quoted from "Baily," of 1872, regarding the Sinnington as a trencher pack, gives a fairly accurate picture of the *modus operandi* during its primitive stages. Mr. Swan's advent put an end to the last of these stages. Up till then the Sinnington had shown first-class sport, were known as a "killing pack," had plenty of hard and straight men behind them, too, but they were spoken of as "an old-fashioned sporting little pack." To many, it must be admitted, the old-worldism heretofore surrounding the hunt lent a fascination. Yet no one will deny that from the day the Sinnington went into kennel, there commenced not only an evolution, but an improvement, the credit for the initiation of which must be given to Mr. Clayton Swan, in connection with whom, by-the-way, a good story is told. The ex-M.F.H. of the Sinnington is a rich man, and on hearing a story as to Mr. Swan's income, Bob Dawson said, "Ah lay he'll be hard matched to knaw what ta deea wi't." Some one suggested that the upkeep of hounds, stables, and the household would be no insignificant item. Now with the Bilsdale Hounds at no time has the expense been great, whilst in Robert's period every one practically gave his services, and many considered it a duty,

if not a privilege, to assist in the maintenance of the hunt, so that the expenditure was practically nil. Hence the old man could not conceive any one spending three or four thousand a year on keeping hounds (it has been estimated that with swell packs the expenditure is about £1,000 for one day's hunting in the week, so that a pack hunting three days a week would, roughly cost £3,000 per annum). The Bilsdale were costing sovereigns where the Sinnington were costing hundreds. However, Dawson decided the matter. "Ya may say what ya like, bud you'll nivver get me to believe 'at t' man's livin' what can spend £—,000 a year if he try ivver so, even wi' hounds ta help him."

Mr. R. Clayton Swan spent a lot of money in improving the kennels and building new boxes for his hunters. He had a large stud of horses, and always bought everything in the district—an example which might well be followed by every master of hounds in England. Unfortunately foxes were very scarce during his mastership, and this was the real reason why he resigned the position, for he loved the country, and considered the Vale as good as any in England. He made many improvements in the country, and his name will be handed down in the annals of the hunt, not merely as the first to kennel the pack, but also as having planted the well-known Rookbarugh covert. He also added other coverts. As will be shown, Mr. Sherbrooke, who followed Mr. Swan, also found foxes very scarce during at least half of his mastership.

MR. PENN C. SHERBROOKE

(Master of the Sinnington Hounds, 1894–1904).

CHAPTER XVIII.

MR. PENN C. SHERBROOKE.

Mr. Penn C. Sherbrooke became Master of the Sinnington in 1894, and from the very outset proved himself a sportsman. The son of the Rev. Nevile and Lady Alice Sherbrooke, (a daughter of the second Earl Howe), he was born in 1871, at Penn House, Buckinghamshire, and in due course went to Eton, and from there to Christ Church, Oxford. In 1889-90, he rowed in the Eton eight, and in 1892 in the Christ Church boat, in which year he went down. After a couple of seasons' hunting with the Earl of Harrington's Hounds in Nottinghamshire and the Belvoir, he came North to Yorkshire as the M.F.H. of the Sinnington, and commenced to form a pack of hounds, which, after some seasons, was a credit to any kennels. Mr. Sherbrooke does not claim all the honour for this. He had the able assistance of his wife, who is quite as competent a judge of hounds as most men, and this is hardly to be wondered at when it is remembered that she is a daughter of the immortal Mr. John Chatworth Musters, of venatic and hound fame. Mr. Musters hunted the South Nottingham country from 1860 to 1868, and again from 1871 to 1876, whilst he had the Quorn Hounds from 1868 to 1870. Mrs. Sherbrooke's girlhood, therefore, was essentially spent in the atmosphere of horse and hound and the chase. Her actual hunting career commenced under Mr. Rolleston in South Notts, he having succeeded her father in 1876. It was continued there under Lord Harrington after 1882. Mrs. Sherbrooke was one of the few who saw the finish of Mr. Rolleston's great run of February, 1881, when hounds ran for nearly three hours, making an eleven mile point, and covering 30 miles of country. On Mr. Muster's death, in 1887, the present Mrs. Sherbrooke accompanied her mother (daughter of the late Henry Sherbrooke, of Oxton, Notts) to Wiverton Hall, another family place on

the borders of the Belvoir and Quorn countries, and here Mrs. Sherbrooke saw a lot of sport when the immortal Gillard and Tom Firr were still hunting the respective packs. In 1893, the year prior to his taking the Sinnington Hounds, Mr. Sherbrooke married his cousin, who is a first-rate horse-woman, and with a knowledge of hounds and hunting such as is rare enough in man. Perhaps this is not to be wondered at when one remembers the environments of her youth, encouraged by so great a star in the hunting world as her father, and her own experience later.

The result of all this is what I stated at the outset, that Mrs. Sherbrooke has been of the greatest assistance to her husband in kennel and in the field. No one is more ready to admit this than the ex-Master of the Sinnington, who once said to the writer, "Any success I may have attained in hound breeding is greatly due to my wife, whilst her assistance in the field has been most helpful." Like her husband, Mrs. Sherbrooke is fond of most sport, and a few years ago she took a great interest in steeple-chasing. Her horse, "Mr. Wilson," won the South Notts Hunt Point-to-Point Steeple-chase in 1885, ridden by Mr. George Brewster, and again in 1887, the well-known Grand National horse, Black Prince, which had become her property, and which she rode to hounds for years, won for her the Rufford Hunt Cup at Heath Races, ridden by Mr. Rippon Brockton. So with such a record and such sporting characteristics, there is little wonder the twain were able to settle down at once in our essentially sporting Yorkshire, and demand the support of those residing in the Sinnington territory. Speaking on December 18, 1905, Mr. Sherbrooke declared that: "We came to Yorkshire eleven years ago to take the hounds as entire strangers, yet now we are surrounded by a host of much valued friends in the home which we have chosen in your delightful County." From the first season, Mr. Sherbrooke showed good sport, despite his strangeness to the idiosyncrasies of the locality, which is a drawback in such a country as the Sinnington, perhaps more than anywhere else, for as those who live in it know full well on the hills

MRS. PENN SHERBROOKE.

hounds may find a fox, and be out of sight down some ravine or ghyll in a very short period, and unless one is conversant with the district and the run of foxes in that particular part of it, it is possible one may see naught of the run or of hounds for some time. However, the moorland and bog did not daunt Mr. Sherbrooke, nor indeed should it, for "Brooksby" says that the greater part of it is smoother

MR. PENN C. SHERBROOKE.

riding than the hills of High Leicestershire, and Mr. Parrington, in addition to saying he considers the Sinnington "the best two days a week country in England," adds that a finer line of country than that from Tylar's Bridge and Malton could hardly be found.

Mr. Swan left Mr. Sherbrooke 17 couples of old and young hounds, quite naturally taking the pick of the pack with him to the Morpeth country. To the hounds he found on his arrival, the new Master added some Burton and Blankney blood, and then steadily bred from Belvoir sires throughout the ten years of his era. He was fortunate enough to get a premium at Peterborough with Rambler, by Belvoir Rusticus (94) and Sinnington Rosalind (88) in 1890—one of three offered for single unentered dog hounds from packs which had never won a first prize before at the show. Also

he carried off first prize for brood bitches in 1903 at Peterborough with Pastime, by Holderness Steadfast (96)—Sinnington Peaceful (96). This speaks volumes for the work in kennel, for it must be remembered the Sinnington had only a year or two previously been little more than a trencher-fed pack, and were now so raised in status as to have hounds not merely fit to send to Peterborough—the great hound show of the world—but to come back again wreathed with honours, after having met the best hounds from the most famous kennels, where for years all the knowledge and science of the greatest of houndsmen had been employed in producing blood alike for the field and flags. Mr. Sherbrooke hunted hounds himself during the whole of the ten years of his mastership, with the exception of one season, 1902-3, when Mr. Robin Hill carried the horn. In 1903-4, Mr. Sherbrooke again hunted them, giving up at the end of that season, feeling that it was time both he and pocket had a rest. From the first season to 1898, Alfred Thatcher acted as kennel huntsman and whip, and then came William Henley, now kennel huntsman of the Sinnington. Mr. Robin Hill whipped in to the Master till 1902, when Charles Haines acted in that capacity, first to Mr. Hill and then to the master-huntsman. He went to the York and Ainsty in 1894, and is now with Lord Willoughby de Broke. During the first six years of his mastership, Mr. Sherbrooke found the supply of foxes very short, though during the last four there was a better stock, and now that Lord Helmsley is at the head of affairs he can practically command as many as he desires. During the first years of his era, as will be shown later, Mr. Sherbrooke had the unpleasant office of recording four or five blank days in his diary, but latterly there were only one or two, and during the last half of his period of office the Vale contained a capital lot of foxes.

During these first difficult, and withal expensive, six years, the master hunted the country at his own expense, having a poultry and covert fund which swallowed up the subscriptions. After this time, however, the low country coverts had got up, and did not require so much outlay,

MR. ALFRED ("NIMROD") PEARSON
(Secretary of the Sinnington Hunt).

which left Mr. Sherbrooke £150 a year to help him in the maintenance of the kennel. During these early years, despite the fact that foxes were scarce, and new methods, indeed entirely altered conditions, had to be got into working order, some excellent sport was enjoyed. In a country of this character, if in any country, the number of foxes killed is no criterion of the sport enjoyed. The greatest number accounted for during Mr. Sherbrooke's mastership was 15 brace, and the average ten brace, with innumerable runs which ended in "marked to ground"—so frequently the case in countries where there is much hill and moorland, for here any system of stopping is almost impossible. I have already mentioned the assistance Mr. Alfred Pearson gave to the Master as he had done to his predecessors for a quarter of a century, and is still giving. The untiring zeal of "Nimrod," as he is affectionately known all over the sporting North, has already been referred to in this history, and Mr. Sherbrooke paid a glowing, though not extravagant, acknowledgment to his late lieutenant, when he said to the author: "As you are well aware, the Sinnington country would be almost unhuntable without the assistance in every shape and form which Mr. Alfred Pearson, the best Secretary, and one of the truest sportsmen in England, gives and has given to the country and its masters for twenty-five years." *En passant*, I may mention it is difficult to give accurate figures and data in connection with the hunt, for when Mr. Nimrod Pearson took the Secretaryship in 1879 there was not a single book handed over to him, and the actual records of the pack commence from his induction—a most happy one for the hunt.

In September, 1907, a movement was set on foot to mark Mr. Pearson's services to the hunt by a presentation, but "Nimrod" stated he had sufficient reward in seeing the flourishing condition of sport in the county, so the present Master and Mr. Parrington were compelled to publish the following letter in the press:—

With reference to the advertisement in your issue of the 21st inst., in connection with the proposed testimonial to Mr. Pearson, the Hon.

Secretary of the Sinnington Hunt, which is cancelled in to-day's issue, will you accord us the hospitality of your columns to inform the numerous persons to whom the proposal commended itself that, to our great regret, Mr. Pearson has so strongly begged us not to proceed further with the matter that we feel that we have no other course than to accede to his express desire. We are, therefore, reluctantly compelled to let the proposal drop, at any rate for the present.—We are, Sir, on behalf of the subscribers, yours faithfully,

HELMSLEY.

September 26/07. THOS. PARRINGTON.

It has been my lot, as a writer on hunting matters and a compiler of hunting history, to have through my hands not a few diaries of men prominently connected with the chase, either by official position or their deeds and prowess in the field. Perhaps, naturally, these records of days and deeds are more or less of a private, and, consequently, egotistical character, records more of personal experiences than impressions ; of "what I did," rather than what was done. When the diary is that of a master of hounds, and withal a huntsman, such entries are bound to be interesting, if not instructive. Moreover, too, one essentially gets an insight into the sporting and personal character of the diarist, which it would perhaps be impossible to obtain in any other way. Consciously, or unconsciously, the writer of a diary, however prosaic it may be, gives us glimpses of his individuality, which he may never openly display. Again, a consecutive record of runs and incidents provides us with a history of at least the epoch of the diarist. I am indebted then to Mr. Penn Sherbrooke for placing at my disposal his journals for the ten years of his mastership of the Sinnington Hounds. They deal with one of the most interesting periods of the hunt's history—that when it was passing and had passed from a comparatively primitive state to one of status, and, as already mentioned, Peterborough fame. Mr. Sherbrooke did during his mastership what every man who presides over a pack of hounds should do, i.e. systematically kept a daily record of the doings of his pack. We gather from it not only his methods, but also the success or failure of them, and be it said that the diaries before me

as I write are not sparing of the writer. One occasionally comes across entries to the effect, "my action lost hounds their fox," rather than "hounds lost their fox." The best huntsman in the world is liable to make mistakes occasionally, but all men who carry the horn are not willing to admit this. The ex-Master of the Sinnington provided excuses for his hounds rather than himself, and when he becomes most exultant it is rather over hound-work than his own success. So one begins to see what I urged at the outset, that, reading between the lines, the diarist unconsciously gives us glimpses into his own inner character. I have read through the two big volumes, pregnant with erudition to those who know the country, with not a little interest, and have made from them more copious extracts than was my intention, inasmuch as there are contained therein incidents of general as well as local interest which I have been unwilling to pass. It is pleasing to note that as the seasons rolled on, Mr. Sherbrooke encountered the birth of a new and more encouraging state of affairs. Foxes became more plentiful by degrees, and this speaks volumes for the popularity of the Master and his pack. Each season seems to have been better than its predecessor; "blank" days became fewer, and the number of foxes killed greater. We find Mr. Sherbrooke setting off with his pack in all kinds of weather, so bad on at least one occasion that he and his officials were alone at the fixture. Many were the occasions they hunted on till dark, for Mr. Sherbrooke spared no energy to show sport. Occasionally he gives us a glimpse at another pack of hounds and his opinions thereon. Except when illness prevented them, he and Mrs. Sherbrooke seem to have been unfailing in their attendance at every fixture, counting no tryst too far, no day too long.

SEASON 1894-5.

Mr. Sherbrooke had his first day in the Sinnington country as Master on Saturday, September 1, 1894, when he took twenty-five couples of hounds to Dawson Wood at 4-30 a.m. He thus records his debut in his diary :—

Put hounds into Dawson Wood, at 4-30 a.m. Found at once in top corner nearest Appleton Common. No scent at all. Very few

hounds did any work, and those that did could hardly own a line at all. The cover was fearfully thick and strong, and only one or two hounds would face it. Several cubs were viewed in all directions, and all quite healthy and well-grown. After about an hour scent became so bad that I brought hounds away and tried to find a cub among the gorse on the common, but it was to no use. I then tried the drain by Mr. Strickland's house, but our terriers would not go in, so we returned to Dawson Wood, and, getting on a line, ran a few yards, when Thatcher hallooed a cub away towards Bishop's Hagg Wood. Hounds went to his halloo, and he got them away, and I brought on as many puppies and stragglers as I could. They ran quite nicely considering the scent, and in the Sinnington end of Bishop's Hagg, the cub being viewed two or three times in front of them. At last he came out, and being headed back, through the wood, through the young covert into the Appleton village end, where there is a larch wood. Here "Fair-play" was the only one that spoke to it. Long grass and briars being so thick, and as dry as touchwood. Then the cub evidently lay down, and about three couples of hounds got on to an old fox's line and ran across to the Sinnington Woods. I followed them, but the hounds that were with me not appearing to be able to get on at all, I brought them back, and they got on the line of the hunted fox, and spoke to him in the larch wood at Bishop's Hagg. I got off my horse and walked with them through the larch wood, but they could not speak to any line. After casting slowly round the wood, I brought them out and began to draw the young cover. I had hardly begun when Thatcher hallooed at the Common side of the large wood in Bishop's Hagg, and on getting hounds there they ran close at him, through Skipster Hagg young cover in Dawson Wood, through the wood, and to ground in a drain by Mr. Strickland's house, from which we bolted and killed him. Home about ten o'clock. Hounds very slack.

On September 18 couples of hounds were at Wrelton Wood, and several cubs were found, one of which was eventually marked to ground in the wood. The entry continues :—

Thatcher and I were not sure whether he could be got out, and so left him and went on into Cass Hagg, with no result. We were going home, and had just left the wood with about 12 couples (out of 15½) when a man told us that some of our hounds had killed a fox by a farm close by. On getting there we found this to be the case, and broke the fox up. We were again going home when we heard halloos, and on returning to Wrelton Wood, found that Mr. Atkinson had got our first fox out, upon which we broke him up too, and came home. Hopeful killed the first fox by herself. Honesty and Tempest distinguished themselves.

September 20.—Capital scent. Hounds met at Stabler's Wood, from whence they ran a fox to Cropton Banks, then crossed the beck

and through the wood on the opposite side, and out on the top side for about two fields, then back across the beck, and to ground in the same bank of earths as the first fox. I set the men on to dig, but they could not get him out, but in digging got a badger out. Hounds later ran a fox very hard up and down the wood close to Sinnington, and just as they were racing for him—Myrtle, fifty yards behind him—he went to ground in the rock earth at the top of Sinnington Village, which Cooper had stopped, but someone, or something, had removed one of the stopping stones. Very satisfactory day as far as hounds' hunting went, but a great pity they did not get blood.

September 29.—Mason Gill, Grange Whin, Salmon's Wood, and the rest of Sproxton coverts, and Ampleforth Whin—blank! Very disappointing day.

The end of the first season's cubbing, during which hounds were out 21 days, was the killing of 4½ brace. The season proper was opened according to custom at Sinnington this year on October 30. A fox was killed.

November 20.—Wrelton; drew Wrelton Wood and gorse blank; drew Cass Hagg and Aislaby Whin blank. Skelton Banks, Cropton Banks, Sinnington Woods (Wrelton side) blank; Bishop's Hagg, Dawson Wood and Skipster Hagg all blank. Blank day!

December 14.—Met Riccal Bridge; drew Helmsley side Riccaldale. Found almost at once, and ran up the dale. Poor scent in cover, and after several checks, Columbine, Resolute, Sontag, Myrtle and Waverley gave us the slip, going out in White Park's direction, leaving the body running another fox back in the dale. . . . On Saturday, 15th, the Farndale postman brought me word that a couple of my hounds had killed a fox in Farndale, close to a Mr. Wass's house. Sontag and Myrtle came home late, so it was probably they. The rest of the missing hounds came up on the way home.

December 26.—Normanby; two good runs, the first of 1 hour and 35 minutes, and the second about an hour. Very satisfactory day and hounds worked excellently, especially Fairplay and Damper and Acrobat.

1895.—After being stopped for nearly ten weeks, from December 29th, 1894, till March 9th, 1895 (with the exception of one day in the snow in Skiplam, when we found a fox but could not run a yard), Sinnington Hounds met at Keldholme Priory, the residence of the Master.

March 12.—On this day hounds met at Normanby village, and found in the drain here. The river troubled the followers as it has done every generation of the Sinnington followers. Hounds ran to Salton stickheap. Here the fox, instead of going to ground, went on and crossed the river. As hounds appeared to be going right away, Thatcher and I crossed the river at Salton Bridge, and when we got across with a

great many of the field, we found hounds had gone back, and were running in the direction of Habton Whin. When we had re-crossed the river and got to Salton Hill, hounds were out-of-sight, and we rode through Butterwick and by Whinfield on Barton Moor to Newsham Bridge; but not hearing anything of hounds in that direction, came back, and Thatcher went back the way we had come, and hit off hounds in the Whin-field, while Miss Musters and I went on to Amotherby where M. went home and I went on through Slingsby, and hit off hounds at Barton-le-Street just in time to kill the fox, who had been run by a sheep dog Hounds had checked, but the fox was viewed dead beat, and I took hounds to him, and they killed him. . . . Mrs. Sherbrooke was out driving, as she had had influenza, but saw a good deal of the run, which was about two hours.

March 23.—Riccal Bridge; found in Riccaldale; fox went straight away for Skiplam, where we lost him. Found again in Skiplam; ran hard with one or two checks for two hours in the wood. Fox then went away to Pinder Hill. Tom Horsman and Mr. A. Pearson only with them; all the rest of us left in Skiplam. The fox came back towards Skiplam, but hounds lost him about half-way between Pinder Hill and Skiplam, Capital scent.

Saturday, March 30th.—Hunted with Lord Middleton's Hounds at Malton. Found at once in small cover near Espersykes, and hounds began to run hard in the direction of the River Rye. I got a fall at the fourth fence away from the covert, and took no further part, as I broke my collar-bone. Went into Malton, got it set, and drove home. Hounds ran on by Amotherby, Slingsby and Barton-le-Street, and after one hour and 25 minutes, with only one slight check, killed their fox at Hovingham, two fields from Hovingham Lodge (Mr. Horton's house). The run of the season!

Of a necessity, Thatcher now hunted hounds for some days. At Cropton Bridge on April 19 a mangy three-legged fox was killed, and no other was found all day. On April 27, Mr. Sherbrooke again appeared in the field for the last day of the first season.

Hunting began on October 30, and the season end April 27. Five brace of foxes were killed, and 5½ run to ground. This does not include the 4½ brace killed during cubbing.

SEASON 1895-6.

Entries at the commencement of the cubbing season of 1895 show that there "were not so many foxes as there ought to have been, in spite of the reported mange in Riccaldale," but "a capital lot" at Lastingham Banks and Dawson Wood.

The result of the cubbing season was the same as that preceding it, 4½ brace being killed, 1½ brace run to ground. There was a fair scent on the whole, and a great many young hounds were well entered. Thatcher during a part of the season was ill, and away for a week.

Wednesday, October 30th.—Mr. Sherbrooke had a day in Captain the Hon. F. Johnstone's country, over which he later presided as M.F.H., following Sir Everard Cayley, and continuing as Master till the end of the season 1906-7. He thus records his impressions :—" Mixed pack ; very good looking ; lots of bone and power, with quality. They ran a fox from Cawthorne to Keldie Castle and killed him. Then another with a bad start and scent nearly to Spires Bank, where they took the hounds back to Cawthorne. Found in Pickering Haugh ; ran very nicely for an hour up and down the wood, then away. The fox ran a ring, and back into Haugh and to ground ; very nice day."

On January 8th, 1896, we found Mr. Sherbrooke admiring the Belvoir bitches at Waltham, and recording their "beautiful tongue." Exactly a week later, after having had a good day with the South Notts., he is with Lord Middleton's, at Howsham Hall, from whence two of " the worst foxes I ever saw in my life were killed." He adds, " I admired hounds' looks and hunting very much."

On November 9th, 1895, the Sinnington were at Helmsley, and found at the top end of Riccaldale. They hunted him till, " dead beat, he ran in small circles, and eventually, just as we thought they would kill him, went into an old elm tree, where hounds marked him, being only a few yards behind him. Got him out and killed him."

November 16.—Kilburn ; 16½ couples drew Hood Hill, Snape Wood, and Sutton Bank blank ; came home. Blank day ! Drew from 10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

November 26.—On this day the Sinnington and Farndale clashed. The former were advertised for Sinnington, and found in Lastingham Banks, but the fox was chased by a cur in the wood and scent failed, and the pack never owned the line again. Another fox was found in Lingmoor, and ran hard across to Appleton Village (Common end), and into Howlgate Head, through it and away across the beck to Stablers Wood. Here there was a halloo back to Sinnington Village, and as hounds were getting on very slowly, I took them to it, and they ran across to Bishop's Hagg and Howlgate Head, where we lost him. Farndale Hounds joined us at Appleton. Our hunted fox went on over Wrelton Cliff from Stabler's Wood, and my mistake got us on to a fresh fox.

In December some good sport was enjoyed from Normanby, Skiplam, Sproxton, Riccal Bridge, and Tylass Bridge. The latter fixture, on December 31, 1895, is thus recorded :—Fifteen half couples ; 10-30 a.m. ; very foggy day. Drew Muscoates Whin, Harome Whin, Sugar Hill and Welburn Plantations blank. Northolme Spinnies also blank. Found in Skiplam Plain, and ran as hard as they could race over the moor, past School-house Hill, and clean away from us in the fog in the direction of Hawnby and Bilsdale. We never saw hounds again, but they came back one by one the next day. We heard afterwards that they turned to the right in Bilsdale and ran through Birch Wood, and had their fox beaten and crawling about in stackyard at Brecken Hill (where, by-the-way, Bobbie Dawson resided), but, unfortunately, there were people about, who shouted and hallooed, and made hounds lose him. Anyhow, they could not do any more after they got into the stackyard. Distance as crow flies, Weathercote to Birch Wood 5 miles, Birch Wood to Brecken Hill 3 miles.

Dec. 4th, 1896.—A third blank day at Kilburn.

Jan. 18.—Met at Oswaldkirk Hall, drew the Hagg blank, and also a spinney near Ampleforth College. Just as I was going on to another spinney, a fox was put up in the rough grass field adjoining the first spinney, ran him through the Hagg, he was run by a shepherd's dog, but I got hounds on the line in Grange Whin, and they ran through Grange Wood and by the bottom of Mason Gill into Duncombe Park, they ran him into the Terrace Wood, and pushing him out into the grass field below, killed him by the river ; 48 minutes. We were refreshed at Duncombe Park. . . . I gave Lord Helmsley, who was out, the head. Very satisfactory day.

February 1st.—Meeting at Cold Cam ; a fox was found in Duncombe Park, after Wass Woods and Scawton Woods were drawn blank. They ran with a great cry, and were lost for some time—a very easy matter in this country. When they were found they were running in all directions, though "not the deer, which was very satisfactory," adds the M.F.H.

February 27.—Point-to-Point Steeple-chases ; Normanby Lane End to Great Barugh Hill and back to Grayson's Field, under Riseborough Hill, about 3½ miles.

Alfred Pearson.....1
R. Bulmer.....2
M. Kendall.....3

There were 18 starters out of 24 entries.

Saturday, March 14.—"Had out 3½ couples of dog hounds from Blankney ; very pleased with them."

April 2.—Mrs. S. rode Blackberry and I Friendly to Fryup Plain to meet the Cleveland Hounds. Saw them find a fox and run well for about an hour, when we came away, as they were running away

from us. Admired hounds and their hunting very much indeed. W. H. A. Wharton, Esq., Master and Huntsman.

During the season 1895-6 hounds were out 74 days and killed during cubbing 4½ brace, and during the regular season 5½ brace, ran to ground in all 7½ brace. Hounds were never stopped by frost.

Season 1896-7.

On Oct. 17, 1896, a run worth recording took place. Hounds met at Helmsley, and 19½ couples were thrown into Ashdale, which was blank. Collier Hagg, however, held a fox, and hounds ran very hard with a rare scent to ground in Riccaldale, where they found again, and "ran as hard as they could go through Skiplam, Robin Hood Howl, and Ravenswyke, where he tried the earth by Duna Lodge, and over Appleton Common, through Skipster Hagg and Bishop's Hagg to Dawson Wood, where they changed on to a fresh fox, and after we had got them stopped, we never could recover the beaten one. Best scent we have ever had in the high country. Seven mile point. Rea Garth, in Riccaldale, to Dawson Wood."

Nov. 16.—Riccall Bridge; killed one fox, found at once on Pockley side. "Found a second in a tree bottom, and a man got him out and chucked him to hounds, much to my disgust, as I wished him to have a go." Other two foxes were found later. There were 25 couples of hounds out on this day, as on November 23, when a fox found in Pryor Rigg ran round the covert, with hounds close at him, and away to Ampleforth Whin, where the fox got into a snare, and hounds killed him.

Nov. 26.—Thatcher got a fall and broke three ribs at a drain near Ness, below Nunnington Mill.

Friday, Feb. 19, 1897.—Wrelton, 11 a.m.; found in Dawson Wood (a brace of foxes). Ran through Skipster Hagg and down double dyke side between them, and across Appleton Common to Lingmoor. The fox then turned to the left and across the Katter Beck, and went along the hill-side between the Common and the Kirby Road, and across the Common. Tried the drain by Mr. Strickland's house in the railway bank (time 30 mins.); the drain was stopped, and fox coursed by a dog, so a longish check was occasioned, and, eventually, hounds hit off a sort of line in Dawson Wood, and holding them on into Bishop's Hagg, they got up to the fox again, and ran hard away across the valley up by the side of Howlgate Head, Hell Bank, Hamley Banks, and down the hill by the end of Crow Wood, and away on to the moor to Middle Aiskew, where he was headed, and hounds checked; but I got a halloo, and clapped them across the beck to the Rosedale Road, and they ran on across the moor past Spire's Bank, leaving it to the left, and on up the right hand side of the Hartoft Beck, which he crossed and went through Russell plantation and over the hill, going across the Rosedale Road and down to the Seven River Bank. He turned back here, and came up to the road nearly on his own line. Here

there was a check (as a dog had run him), but he was seen by some men, who hallooed about 50 yards down the road, and hounds got on his line again, and ran up over the hill again, and then down a line, and across the Hartoft Road and down into Spire's Bank Gill. They hunted on, and as they came up to the Cropton and Rosedale Road by Hartoft Bridge, we saw him going up the road only 100 yards in front of hounds, then he turned down into Black Parks, and then ran into him at the end of the covert below Middle Aiskew. Time two hours from Mr. Strickland's house. Point about seven miles. Hounds kept running on all the time. Up to see him killed: Mrs. Sherbrooke, Miss Musters, Mr. George Musters, Mr. Lesley, Mr. Cooper, Mr. Williams, (staying with the Rev. H. Ketchley, at Barton-le-Street), Mr. Marton (Kirby Misperton), Mr. Little, self, Thatcher, and Harry, 16½ out of 18½ out, only one hound short when we got home.

The season ended on April 8th. Hounds were out on 56 days, had five blank days, were stopped one month by frost, killed altogether nine brace of foxes, and marked 7½ brace to ground.

SEASON 1897-8.

During the first portion of this season there were some excellent gallops, and one in particular occurred from Wrelton on February 24, 1898, and is thus recorded:—"Went down straight to Normanby Whin; found, and went away by the right of Little Barugh Village to within a couple of fields of Habton Whin; then bore to the left and over Kirby Misperton Road; up the hill and down to the Costa; crossed it about half-way between Kirby Misperton Wath and Scott's Whin Wath. Some went to one and some to the other to get out. When I caught up, the hounds they had crossed the railway near Marishes Road Station, and were crossing the road to Thornton Dale from that station. They ran on slowly over the Thornton Beck, and over the Scarborough Railway and Road, and up the hill between Thornton and Allerston. At the top of the hill scent failed, and we had two long checks, but, eventually, went on, and down over the Thornton Beck, again to Ellerburn Mill, up the opposite hill on to Kingthorpe Low Farm, where we had another long check, and this did us, although we got on the line again. They only ran for two fields up to the Pickering Road, and lost him there. One hour and twenty minutes to the last check. An eight mile point." During the season hounds were out 58 days, were only stopped one time by frost and snow, killed five-and-a-half brace, and marked six-and-a-half to ground.

SEASON 1898-99.

Owing to the great heat in September, cubbing was not commenced till the 24th of that month. On October 4th, Mr. Sherbrooke records in glowing terms a cub-hunt they had from Helmsley with twenty couples of hounds. Meeting at 6-30 a.m., they waited till 9 o'clock for the fog to clear.

"Drew Seamer Wood, Lobsay Hill, and a few drains blank. Found a cub in Ness Wood, and ran with clinking scent and best cry we have had cub-hunting for years round and round the wood, then away through Greensykes to Golden Square and on to Grange Whin, where there were two or three more foxes on foot. Scent still excellent. Hunted about Grange Whin for some time, and one party of hounds ran a fox back to Greensykes and Ness Wood. They were brought back, however, and I got the whole lot, fortunately, on to a mangy cub (the only one); ran him like distraction round and round Grange Whin. Almost in view, and when they were just going to 'nobble' him, he popped to ground in a rabbit hole. Dug him out and worried. The best cub-hunt we ever had! A capital scent, and a decent lot of foxes."

Henley was now with the Sinnington, and after two fixtures had been postponed, on October 10 and 13, owing to Mr. Sherbrooke being ill, Henley hunted hounds from Helmsley on October 16 on a very stormy day, when foxes were underground. They found some cubs, and ran hard from Tom Smith's Cross to the Rye, where the hunted cub went to ground. Hounds then went home owing to the weather. On November 7, Henley was still hunting the pack. The fixture was at Cropton Bridge, and Mr. Sherbrooke met his hounds at Hamley Banks, "A fox was found in Dawson Wood and ran with much improved scent to Stabler's Wood, and then cut as if for Cass Hagg. Fox was headed, and turned back, and ran up Sinnnigton Woods to Cropton then across the beck and down Hamley Banks and to ground on Hell Bank. It was getting dark, and as Henley was coming up hounds got on the line of a fresh fox, and went off with screaming scent. They ran all over the Sinnington Woods, up and down, and, eventually, ran their fox to ground, close in front of them, in Lastingham Banks. They did not get home till 8 p.m. A clinking evening's work for the hounds, 'Ringwood' doing very well. Henley still hunting hounds." Not till November 17 did Mr. Sherbrooke again carry the horn. On December 1, Lord Ribblesdale was out and hounds were called off at dark, after a fair day. Some good runs followed this, of one and two hours' duration. In the following month (January, 1899), Henley was ill, and Mr. Robin Hill whipped in. On January 23, hounds met at Riccall Bridge, but Mr. Sherbrooke "came home at 2-30, as I was wet through, having gone into one of the becks to fish out 'Fencer,' who was caught in some wire, and nearly drowning."

February 25.—Met Hutton-le-Hole; found in Dawson Wood, after drawing Bishop's Hagg blank, and then ran backwards and forwards for three-quarter of the day; foot people all round, heading foxes back, and they never had a chance to go at all. At last, one got away over the Common and through Lingmoor and back into Bishop's Hagg, through it, and into Howlgate Head, where our hounds joined Lord

Middleton's, who had just come across from the other side of the Sinnington Woods. They had had an extraordinary fine run from Fitzwilliam Whin, near Old Malton, past Habton Whin, Skelton Whin, and Riseboro' Hagg; had changed foxes near Sinnington Grange, and the fresh fox brought by Stabler's Wood into the Sinnington Woods, where they joined us. Both packs lost their foxes close to Appleton village. Separated our hounds, and Grant and Tatton Willoughby set off for home. I then went to Marton Heads, and bolted a fox from the stick heap, and ran up the beck side to Sinnington as hard as they could go, then over the railway, and over Mr. Harding's Farm, through Stabler's Wood and into Sinnington Woods, up Cropton Banks over into Hell Bank, with failing scent, and away as if for Lingmoor, North of Appleton village, and lost him in the Appleton and Cropton Road at dusk. A capital scent in the low country, very poor in the high, unless they were very close to the fox. Heard afterwards that our hounds cry, as they ran up the Seven beck side from Marton Heads, put up Grant's beaten fox in Lesley's Plantation, close to the Sinnington and Marton Road, just after Grant had passed along, going home with hounds. Very bad luck for him.

SEASON 1899-1900.

Jan. 9, 1900.—Duncombe Park; stayed at Duncombe Park; Lord Helmsley and Sir George Wombwell came out from there too. Drew the Terrace blank: found in Muscoates Whin and ran a nice sharp 15 minutes to Salton Sticks, and to ground there. Bolted him, and ran very nicely over Normanby Hill, across the Seven River, and up parallel with the beck to the railway; crossed it near Riseborough Bridge, and ran on by Doubledyke near Stabler's Wood; through Cass Hagg and Scarborough Plantation to Cawthorne, through it, and the whin to the east of it, and on to Ramdale Scar, where we lost him. Much worse scent in the high country than in the low. I think we changed foxes at Sinnington Doubledyke for certain. There is no reasonable proof that we changed oftener. Point 10 miles. After Salton sticks we went at only a fair pace. On Jan. 12 (the following day's hunting) hounds ran a Wrelton fox for an hour and fifty minutes, ending somewhat slow, but quite a sporting run throughout, and the first part, fast.

Jan. 15.—Sparrow Hill Bridge; found at once in Salton sticks and ran over Salton Hill, same way as usual up to Strickland's farm, where fox tried to cross the river, but he was headed all the way down to "Flint Hall, and eventually went back towards Salton Hill. We had some confusion all down the river side on account of halloos, etc., but I at last got 15½ couples on to the line, and away they went running well across over the Salton and Normanby road, alongside the Normanby doubledyke, over the Malton and Kirbymoorside road, over Marton Heads, where they checked. Hit it off and ran over Catter Beck, and

MR. PENN SHERBROOKE AT THE SINNINGTON KENNELS.

up E. Strickland's farm to within a field of the railway, where they checked for a long time; cast about and did not hit it off until over the railway near the Sinnington road; they ran on through Dawson Wood and on to Appleton Common, where there was a lot of snow, and scent was much worse. Hunted on very slowly for some time, and was eventually run out of scent. Forty-one minutes up to check on Marton Heads Hill. Went on and drew Riseborough Hagg blank; got on line of a fox two fields away from the covert, and ran slowly to Normanby Lane into bridle road from Riseborough to Great Barugh; lost him. Found in Normanby Whin, and ran out to Sleightholme's farm, where fox was headed, and turned almost straight back, and ran a straight line to Riseborough Hagg very fast. Here he was headed from going over the hill. He turned down again, and went over the railway and over Wrelton Cliff, to the doubledyke into Sinnington Woods, and then on to Quarry Bank, where he ran the length of them, and tried an earth near Sinnington village. It was stopped, and he went into Stabler's Wood; after hounds had been checked some time at the earth, they ran him on into Stabler's, and brought a line out of Stabler's Wood (a fresh fox, I fear, as own our was beat), and ran on over the Pickering road and railway to the Costa, where I stopped them at dark. 40 minutes to Quarry Banks, fast; 50 minutes to the Costa, very slow. A real good day. Some more good days followed this, a point of six miles and a two hours run falling to those at Catter Bridge on January 27th, and Newsham Bridge on February 1st. On the latter day, hounds ran really hard with capital scent for 1½ hours.

On March 5th, from Nunnington, a rattling run was enjoyed from Muscoates, the fox running hard with a very good scent, to Riccal Moor Farm, where fox was headed sharp back, and we had a check, and hounds only hunted slowly on through Harmone Whin corner, up to Wombleton and Harome road, where he was headed again; then on to the right by Sonley Hill and over the Carrs to Salton Sticks; bolted him and got away right on his back, and ran very hard to Normanby Bridge, over the river, on by Hob Ground and Barugh osier beds, and killed him in a big grass field by Brawby Grange. Two hours and five minutes. Last 35 minutes a clinker.

Saturday, April 7th.—The late Col. Anstruther Thompson was out with the Sinnington at Byland Abbey, and, unfortunately, the day was a poor one. The late Colonel and Mrs. Thompson stayed with the Master.

In his "Eighty Years' Reminiscences," Col. Anstruther Thompson thus refers to his visit to the Sinnington country:

2nd April, 1899.—Went to Station Hotel, York. Francis was taken ill, and had to be sent home next morning. Wired to Jim Hewett to come to Kirbymoorside. Rachel and Cooper joined us from London. Went to Kirbymoorside. The hotel very good, dined with Tom.

Parrington. Penn and Kitty were away hunting a stag at Windermere. We went to stay with them on their return at Keldholme Priory.

7th.—Byland Abbey. Penn has a nice pack of hounds and a nice way with them. Robin Hill whips in to him, and next season is to hunt the pack of hounds that were Francis Johnstone's. A very wild country, and did not find for a long time. Very dry and did no good. Met Houston, Sir George's brother.

9th.—Helmsley. Drew moors and bogs in vain. At last got a good scent and ran about two fields and cast hopelessly about. On getting on my horse the button of my coat got under the flap of my saddle, and I could not get further up. Someone shoved me up; my horse gave two jumps and I tumbled off, and was so giddy I sat under a tree, while Cobbler, Penn's second horseman, went to Helmsley and got a carriage, and I was sent ignominiously home on wheels. Houston and Kitty were very good and kind to me. Hounds found again, but did no good. Keldholme Priory is very nice and pretty. and Penn and Kitty, the kindest of hosts. Robin Hill was staying there and I gave him my hunting whip. Went to York next day and slept there, and home on Wednesday, the 11th.

Mr. Sherbrooke's journal continues :—

April 9th.—Hounds met at Helmsley and had a moorland hunt, ending on the cultivated land at Carlton, where there was no scent, though in the woods and on the moors it was good. Col. and Mrs. Thompson rode their own horses. He got a fall on the moor and was rather shaken. Left "Winsome" and a couple or so of other hounds out. They killed a fox late in the evening by themselves and got home at nine p.m.

During this season ten and a half brace of foxes were killed altogether, and 6½ run to ground; had two blank days, and started but did not get to the meet one day, snowstorms being so bad.

SEASON 1900-1.

The entries at the outset of this season point to an excellent show of foxes in most parts of the country. Hunting commenced as usual at Sinnington on Nov. 1st, and a slow run of an hour and a half from Stabler's Wood was followed by another from Cooper's Covert. The fox was killed in the barn at North Holme, and the brush presented to Sir Everard Cayley.

Jan. 10th, East Newton Gate; found in young trees by Nunnington Station; ran with excellent scent and fast through Low Wood and up on to Cauklass Bank, along the top of it, past Highfield House, and on to Ness village; over the Rye and Riccal to Salton sticks, where he couldn't get in, so went over Salton Hill and Normanby road, and ran as if for Rookbarugh, but turned left-handed over the Dove, and ran by

Sonley Hill, Low Pasture House, Muzeen's Covert, Riccal Moor, and over the Riccal and Rye again, and to ground in a drain at East Newton Covert. Got him out and killed him. A very big, fine dog fox; 1 hour and 28 minutes, at a good pace most of the way. Found again in Muscoates Whin, and ran nicely by Low Pasture House, Sugar Hill, and Shaw Heads, and lost by Riccal Bridge. Not so good a scent as in the morning, and fox was headed and hounds checked many times; ran about an hour, only slowly throughout. A good day!

Hunting stopped all over England out of respect to the memory of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, who died January 22nd, 1901. The Sinnington missed January 24th, 28th, 31st.

February 9th.—Bye-day in the snow. Found a brace of foxes in Lingmoor, ran one by Rumsgill and Ravenswyke, cross Appleton Common through Dawson Wood and Bishop's Hagg into Howlgate Head and lost him. Found in Dawson Wood and ran to ground in Sinnington main earths. Found in Cropton Banks but could do no good; scent bad. Drew Lastingham Banks apparently blank, but when hounds came out, 5½ couples were missing. They had found, and gone, and ran about all over Spires country, and eventually killed their fox in Rosedale in the dark.

February 28th.—Marton; A seven-mile point, 1 hour 20 minutes, at a fast pace at times and good pace throughout. By invitation of Sir E. Cayley, drew Westgate Carr brickyard and found, running fast for 35 minutes; a capital good day, excellent scent. Several York and Ainsty people out.

On the following hunting days runs of 1½ hours and 1 hour and 50 minutes with six and eight-mile points respectively were run; whilst on March 31st—the third of a series of good days, the record of which ends with the killing of a mangy fox at 5 p.m. "A great triumph, and hounds hunted with the awfully bad scent to perfection. One hour and 40 minutes. It was 5 miles from where we killed to Muscoates Whin."

The total killed for the season was 13 brace of foxes during the 61 days. There were two blank days, and 11 brace of foxes were run to ground.

Season 1901-2.

On the first day of this season 23½ couples of hounds were taken to Rumsgill, and ran a badger for five minutes and killed him. Mr. Robin Hill had put his shoulder out, so could not whip. Lord Helmsley and Mr. Hubert Duncombe were out.

Feb. 10.—Hounds did not hunt owing to death of Mr. M. Kendall, ex-M.F.H., Sinnington.

Scent during this season was bad, and it came to an end on March

31st. Eight-and-a-half brace were killed in all, and nine-and-a-half were run to ground. Hounds were out on 54 days, one of which was blank.

SEASON 1902-3.

Mr. Robin Hill instead of whipping acted as huntsman, and C. Haines came as whip from Lord Middleton's.

Jan. 17.—Bye-day. Hunted in snow at Lingmoor; capital going. Found at once in Lingmoor, and ran hard all over that country round Lingmoor, Rumsgill, Ravenswyke, Squires Wood, and Hutton Bank for 1 hour and 35 minutes, and to ground in a rabbit-hole on Lingmoor, close to main earths. Dug him out and killed him. There was another fox in the earth; killed him also. Rare good scent in the snow.

Feb. 12.—Met at Southolme; found a vixen in a young covert by the Rye near Nunnington Station, ran her to ground at once into a drain in East Newton Covert. Finding in Harome Whin ran by Riccall Moor and House, over the Riccall and Rye to Cauklass Moor, along the top of it, into Scarlet Wood, and lost him on the railway there. Sheepfolds and plough all round. Fairish scent on the grass, and quite decent on dry plough with dust blowing. Time 1 hour. Found in Muscoates Whin drain—a brace. Ran one over Marton's farm and the Carrs, across Warmath Beck, by Northolme, at a real good pace, but checked in Salton and Ness Lane. Hit it off and ran past Ness along the Rye bank, and on nearly to Nunnington Mill, hounds running fast on the grass; then right-handed, and over the Middling Dyke and away over Marton's farm again, and the Carrs, and over the rivers past Ness Hall to Marcus Kendall's drain in the rough field; on over Howe Beck, and away as if for Slingsby. Scent now failing. Robin stopped them below Slingsby, after they had been running 1½ hours, at times very fast. A good low country hunting day, though very dry and windy.

May, 1902.—A morning or two ago whilst George Halliday, woodman to Mr. H. Darley, lord of the manor of Spaunton, was going through Springwood, near Lingmoor, he discovered four grand cubs that had been poisoned, and there was every indication the older foxes had also shared the same fate. From reliable information this case is not by far a solitary instance of unsportsmanlike conduct. From "Yorkshire Herald."

The season ended with a total of 8½ brace of foxes killed and 7 brace run to ground. Hounds were out on 55 days, including three blanks.

SEASON 1903-4.

And now we come to Mr. Sherbrooke's last season, which he prefaces by the remark, "Very wet summer; harvest very late. Hunted hounds again myself."

Nov. 30th.—Riccal Bridge ; 21 couples ; found at once at bottom end of Riccaldale, and ran a circle out eastwards, and then back into Riccaldale and away to Scadale, and then on into Carlton Parks ; away again over Ashdale into Collier Hagg, on, and after a turn or two up and down, away on over Roppa Moor, and on down the hill away for Bilsdale, through Birch Wood into Bilsdale, on over the high-road and the Seph river into the woods on the other side of the dale, and up the hill on the far side. Hounds ran their fox almost in view up to a farm and then back again into the valley, where they got off the line somehow, and we found them so when we got up, and although I cast all round, and waited about a good bit, could get never on the line again, and had to go home. A lot of snow had fallen, and it was freezing hard all day ; a rare scent ! Most unlucky not to catch him ! Two hours 15 minutes. A Seven mile point.

This must have been a splendid moorland run, over, perhaps, some of the roughest country in Yorkshire. On the very next day, Dec. 4th, another noteworthy run took place. The fixture was at Spaunton village, and after a somewhat long draw :

A fox was found in Cooper's covert, and ran nicely over to Riseborough Hagg, through it and over the railway ; over Wrelton Cliff, and on nearly to Stabler's Wood ; he turned sharp to the right, however, and crossed the double-dyke and went over the hill to Cass Hagg ; through it and Wrelton Wood Scent was much worse in the high country than in the low, and we could only walk on after him to Pickering Haugh. Here he had waited for us, and hounds got away on better terms with him and ran over the ridge into Pickering Parks ; over the Whitby and Pickering railway, and Pickering Beck, and up the opposite line, and away over the open to Kingthorpe. He turned sharp right-handed at Scalla Moor House, and went into Howldale ; through the covert and away for Thornton Dale. Just short of the woods he turned south, and went into the low country, and over the Scarborough and Pickering railway, along the line side for some way, and then south again to California Farm. Turning right handed, he crossed the Malton and Pickering Railway at the Bull crossing. Scent was very much better in the low country, and hounds ran up to their fox and were close at him ; he turned short back, and re-crossed the Malton and Pickering railway and road, where the 4-17 train to Malton ran into them, and separated fox and hounds, killing " Pastime (a hound which, according to the diaries, had done much good work and could carry on a cold line when almost every other had failed), " Donovan " and " Racer." They ran on in the dark over Scarborough and Pickering railway, and over the road from Pickering to Thornton, where the fox got away in the dark. The

Master adds, "If we hadn't had extraordinary bad luck to hit off the train and have the hounds run over they must have killed him. Hounds were running 3 hours 15 minutes altogether The fox had a curious patch on his back, which was noticed when he was seen several times during the run. I think there is no doubt it was the same fox all the way, and that we didn't change.

Dec. 17th.—After drawing Marton Heads and Riseborough Hagg blank, found in Mr. Cooper's covert and ran hard to Normanby Whin; through it, and away to Habton Whin without a check; to ground in the drain; 20 minutes. Bolted fox out of drain; got a good start with him, and ran him hard by Great Barugh, Hobground, and Low Riseborough to Riseborough Hill; on over the railway, Wrelton Cliff, alongside the Stabler's double-dyke, and pulled him down, after hunting him out of a cart shed at the north end of it, after 47 minutes of the best!! Excellent scent, hounds tied to their fox all day! Drew Normanby Whin and drain blank; found in Mr. Wildsmith's drain at Marton, and ran hard by Marton Heads, Dawson Wood, Bishop's Hagg, Quarry Banks, Stabler's Wood, Sinnington Station, Sinnington Lodge, back to Marton Heads, where we stopped them in the dark, after they had been running 40 minutes, with same excellent scent as before.

It is quite a relief at last to come to an entry telling of some sport resulting from a fixture at Kilburn. On Dec. 29th, fifteen couple of hounds were taken on a sharp frosty morning. Mr. Sherbrooke was in London, and Henley hunted hounds. He first drew Hood Hill, and was just about to blow hounds out when a fox was holloaed under Roulston Scar (probably the vixen), and another going over the South end of Hood Hill due West. Henley chose the latter, and got away only two minutes behind him. He ran straight down west into the vale with hounds running fast over the grass, as far as Balk. Then he turned N.W., and leaving Sutton-under-Whitestonecliffe on the right, took them at a good pace to Bellmoor plantation. Here they got on to plough, and scent being very much worse, they could only hunt on slowly between Kilvington Hall and Upsall nearly to Knayton. Here they had a long check, and, as Henley was casting them right-handed towards the hills, two couple of hounds hit off the line to the left on some grass, and getting together again they ran the fox into North Kilvington Whin, and to ground in the artificial earth there. Time, 1 hour 40 minutes; point 6½ miles.

On Dec. 31st another fine run of 1½ hours containing a six-mile point took place from Pockley new covert, hounds catching their fox before he got to King Spring House. Feb. 11th, 1904.—Gillamoor; drew Rumsgill Grave, Brownhill Whin, Squires Wood, Lingmoor, and Bishop's Hagg, all blank. Found in Dawson's Wood and ran across to Quarry Banks, at the top of which the fox was headed, and we had a longish check. Rector hit it off, however, into Stabler's Wood, and they ran nicely through the wood, and away over the Pickering road and railway to Riseborough Hagg; the fox had waited here, and hounds got a good start away and ran fast to Mr. Cooper's covert and the Orchard field to Low Riseborough and Bridge House, Normanby, Here he was headed short back by some people draining, and we had a long check; got information and put hounds on to his line at Low Riseborough farm, and hunted nicely by Marton and Sinnington Grange Mills to Dawson Wood; through it and away as if for Quarry Banks again, but the fox was headed and turned South; and crossed the Kirbymoorside road and railway, and ran on to Marton Heads, where he was headed; after a long check, hounds hit him off and ran over the Seven, to Sinnington Grange Mills, and slowly on nearly to Riseborough Hagg; I cast them on towards the Hagg, and hit off a line and ran into covert; here a fox got up in front of hounds and they ran him hard by Riseborough Hill into the Marton and Riseborough Lane, where we stopped them at dark, as it was supposed to be a fresh fox, after running 2½ hours. Very deep and wet; water standing all over the low country.

Feb. 18; Marton; found in Mr. Cooper's covert, and ran fast past Normanby Whin and over Barugh Hill to Habton Whin; one check; 28 minutes. Hunted slowly through the Whin, and ran on fast to Newsham Bridge; had a long check; hit it off and hunted back to the river from the South side, across it, and on to Newsham Bridge again on the North. I think it was heel-way, and that the fox had gone on to Coneysthorpe Banks or somewhere! Bad luck! Drew Habton Whin, a brace of foxes in the drain there, bolted one and ran nicely past Shorrtten Hall, and over Lund Forest to Boyes Wath, over the Costa Beck, on to Lendales, and to ground in small covert by the Costa, opposite Shaw's Plantation. Went away with a fresh fox there and ran slowly to the Bean Sheaf Inn, and rather below it on the way to Railway Whin and lost; 1½ hours. Found in Normanby Whin, and ran a sharp 25 minutes by Hob Ground and Marton's Farm, the Orchard Field, and Mr. Cooper's covert to Riseborough Hagg, and killed him there.

This must indeed have been a sporting day.

Feb. 22.—Nelson Gate; found a brace and a half of foxes in Pryor Rigg Plantation; ran one hard, with capital good scent, across Mason Gill, then westward alongside it, and on past Tom Smith's Cross Planta-

tion, over the moor to Ravengill, through Ravengill, where he tried the earths, and away over Byland Moor and to ground in Wass Bank in some rocks ; 42 minutes, almost without a check, as hard as hounds could go ! Drew Oswaldkirk Hagg blank ; bolted a fox from the drain below the Hermitage, and ran hard by Lodge Field House and the Oswaldkirk low coverts, and hounds ran him into an old oak in a big grass field below Oswaldkirk Hall, pushed him out and killed him ; 25 minutes as hard as hounds could go all the time. A capital scenting day. Wind N.E. On the very next day's hunting (Feb. 25th) a fox was run from near Nunnington Station to Ness Village, where he was lost, after running him very slowly, with appallingly bad scent, through multitudes of hares. Very poor day ! A heavy fall of snow came that night, which accounts for the badness of the scent—the worst we have had this season almost.

Truly did Jorrocks say naught is so difficult to understand as scent, except women, yet as a rule it lays well and hounds can run best before a storm. Evidently it was not so in this case.

From Habton Whin a sharp run of 30 minutes was enjoyed with a mangy brushed dog fox, which took hounds four miles as straight as possible. Hounds killed him. A Pryor Rigg fox, on March 14th, gave a forty minutes gallop, whilst on the 17th of that month Dawson Wood provided a brace and a half of foxes, one of which was taken by 15 couples (out of 17) of hounds through Bishop's Hagg, Howlgate Head, Hell Bank, Cropton Banks, Fuelscote Wood, Skelton Banks, Keldy Castle Woods, Cawthorne Camps, Rawcliffe Howe, and down over Stony Moor and to ground in a big rock earth in Raindale Scarr ; a six-mile point with only one check ; a capital scent ; time 55 minutes. Two couple of hounds had unfortunately run another fox over to Riseborough, so we drew the Hagg, Cooper's Covert, Normanby Whin, and Marton Heads blank. Found a vixen in Lingmoor, and ran to ground at once.

April 7th.—Scawton Village ; found in plantation near the Hambleton Hotel, and ran into Flashendale. It was blowing a gale of wind, and we lost touch of hounds there, and never saw them again all day. It appears they ran hard down Flashendale, then over into the Park by Ashberry, Rievaulx, and on past Antofts and Plockwoods to Sproxton and Ness Wood and on to ground in the drain in East Newton Covert. We picked up most of them on the way home about five o'clock, and the rest came in next day. "Warlock was killed on the railway near Helmsley Station ; an eight-mile point.

One is reminded by the above entry of the dictum which Jorrocks quoted : "take not out your 'ounds on a werry windy day." Only those who know the country about

Scawton and Hambleton, or a moorland country generally, can have any conception of the added possibilities there are of losing hounds, and especially when they cannot be heard. In the twinkling of an eye they may have a fox on foot, slip down some small ravine, up the side of it and away with no one the wiser. I could quote a score of such instances from my own diaries in the Bilsdale, the Cleveland, and Sinnington countries, each of which is pretty similar in topograhpical idiosyncrasies.

And now I have come to the end of Mr. Sherbrooke's last season. He was out on 52 days, had two blank, killed a total of 15 brace (the largest number during his mastership), and ran to ground 7½ brace. Hounds were only stopped one day by frost and snow and one by fog.

During the course of these journals one frequently discovers the name of Mr. Robin Hill cropping up. He acted as "gentleman" huntsman to Mr. Sherbrooke during his last season but one and as whipper-in from 1899 to 1902. Mr. Hill was at the same time hunting Sir Everard Cayley's hounds, and so held a somewhat unique position. Only a man of the strongest constitution and with the greatest attachment for the chase could have stood the strain entailing upon this dual office. Residing at Low Hall, Brompton, Mr. Hill had many very long rides to and from the hounds in his own country—that is Sir Everard Cayley's (now Sir Hugo Meynell Fitzherbert's). He was hunting almost all the week, and part of it over some of the roughest country there is in Yorkshire. Mondays and Thursdays found him with Sir Everard's, and Tuesdays and Saturdays with the Sinnington, whilst not unfrequently he had a day with Lord Middleton's and the Staintondale. In any of these countries they will tell you countless stories of "Robin," as he is known throughout the hunting North, how he gave the field a lead over such a rough moor, how he struggled on through such a bog, or left his horse up to the saddle flaps whilst he ran on with hounds. The very name, Hill, smacks of hounds and hunting

in the Northern corner of the broad-acred Shire. It has ever been the case.

After giving a list of those who hunted with the Sinnington between 1860 and 1872, and especially mentioning "Little Tom Ellerby, the best rider in the hunt, who rode a small pony without stirrups," said a writer in "Baily's Magazine" some years ago :—

"In 1870 we find Mr. Wm. Willis, Mr. W. Fenwick, of Ravensworth Park; and Captain Duncombe, of Newton Hall, going well. The principal supporter is Lord Feversham, who owns nearly all the land they hunt over, and Mr. Darley also helps them." The interviewer said, "Is Sir Harcourt Johnstone's an old country?" "Mr. Richard Hill, of Thornton Hall, near Pickering," replied the informant, "began to keep hounds there in 1810, and up to his death in 1858, hunted the district from Howe Bridge, near Malton, to Filey, in the East Riding, and for a considerable number of years, by permission of Sir Tatton Sykes, hunted a portion of the Wold country from Sherburn to Hunmanby, which was given up when Mr. Willoughby, now Lord Middleton, took the country. Mr. Hill was a sort of Sir Tatton Sykes, a regular old English gentleman, and noted for driving a piebald tandem. His first huntsman was John Booth, who was also his keeper, and his whip was Bob Hecklefield, who afterwards went to the Hurworth. On the death of Mr. Hill, the hounds were hunted by Mr. John Hill, his son, with a subscription for three or four years, when he sold them to Lord Euston, now Duke of Grafton. They were bred from Mr. Osbaldeston's blood, who was a great friend of Mr. Hill, and called The Thornton. Going at that time were Sir John Vanden Johnstone, father of the present master, Rev. J. R. Hill, of Thornton Hall, one of the best sportsmen that ever crossed a horse, though now seldom seen in the saddle; Sir Digby Cayley, of Brompton, Mr. John Baker, of Ebberston, and Mr. Thomas Candler, of West Ayton, two very old subscribers to the hunt; while from Scarborough were Messrs. Fife, Chaplin, Jessop, Cadman, and many men who hunt with Lord Middleton. Although no hunting men reside on the estates of Lord Londesborough and Lord Downe, there is no lack of foxes, although game is abundant.

In 1862, Mr. Harcourt Johnstone took the country, started a new pack, and built kennels at Snainton, which is a more central position than Thornton. At first he hunted them himself, then Dick Christian, a nephew of old Dick, hunted them for three seasons, Stephen Shepherd, from Bedale, being whip. Afterwards, Mr. John Hill hunted the hounds The country goes up on the north-west as far as Cropton Bank, on the south to Howe Bridge, near Malton, and in the East Riding as far as Filey."

Mr. John Hill died on January 30th, 1906, at the age

of 85, and almost to the end maintained a lively interest in Mr. Sherbrooke's hounds with which his family have been so intimately associated. These hounds have always born the name of the reigning master, and for about half-a-century were known as "Squire Hill's hounds," being, as already shown, formed by Richard Hill in 1808, and hunted by him till his death in 1855, and next under the mastership of his son (the late John Hill) for another seven seasons. Then in 1862, Mr. Hill sold his hounds to the Duke of Grafton, but he then helped Lord Derwent (at that time Mr. Harcourt Johnstone) to form another pack, and carried the horn for him for many more years. In 1881, Captain Johnstone (said the biographer in the "Malton Messenger") took over the command, and further improved the pack his father and the late Mr. Hill had bred. Many of those who hunt with the Grafton to-day may not be aware that much of the excellence of the pack is traceable to the hounds bred by Squire Hill in Yorkshire 50 years ago. Frank Beers, the famous huntsman, who made a very close and successful study of hound-breeding, once expressed the opinion that Mr. Hill's pack proved the making of the Grafton. When the late Lord Southampton (the father of the present Master) gave up the Grafton mastership in 1862, and sold the pack in its entirety to Mr. Selby Lowndes, the country was without hounds until the first Lord Penrhyn came to the rescue, and telegraphed to his friend, Sir John Johnstone, "Buy Hill's Hounds." Sir John acted accordingly, and Lord Penrhyn wrote to the Duke begging his Grace's acceptance of the pack. The Duke readily accepted this handsome offer on behalf of the country, and one of Frank Beers' first duties as huntsman of the Grafton was to fetch Mr. Hill's hounds from their kennels at Thornton. The experiment was not popular with those who knew nothing of the sterling hunting qualities possessed by a pack regarded as obscure by the Midlanders. Sir John Johnstone said to a friend, the late Mr. J. M. K. Elliott, "I'm afraid I shall do no good in buying Hill's hounds, but could not help it. Lord Penrhyn having wired to me to buy them. You have no idea how I am

chaffed about it in the clubs." Mr. Elliott spoke re-assuringly in the reply, "Put a bold front on, Sir John," he remarked, "and tell them that you can draw 16 couple of as good hounds out of Hill's as can be drawn from any pack, and that they don't know what they are talking about." This proved to be correct, and Sir John was able to smile happily. When Beers began to catch his foxes well with the new hounds, and from time to time success attended him to a marked extent. That success has clung to the Grafton to the present day.

The remains of the deceased gentleman were lain to rest in Brompton Churchyard, and the esteem that was felt was shown by the large attendance. Naturally, at the funeral of one who had been for so long connected with hunting, there was a large number of gentlemen connected with that sport present.

I give this data as telling something not only of one of the finest sporting families in Yorkshire, but at the same time, the forbears of Mr. Robin Hill, whose name plays a prominent part in the epoch of the Sinnington Hounds at present under review.

When "Baily's Magazine" had a ballot amongst their readers as to the "Twelve Best Amateur Huntsmen of to-day," Robin Hill was included at the head of one section which contained the names of Mr. Fullerton, Earl of Lonsdale, Messrs. H. Selby Lowndes, F. Lort Phillips, Fred Swindell, and W. H. A. Wharton. In a review of the voting, the editor said :—

"It goes without saying that a huntsman may be able to show excellent sport in country of one character, but may fail to satisfy his field amid different surroundings. Some of those who have sent us lists thus discriminate between the merits of their nominees. Mr. W. E. Rigden, Master of the Tickham, is considered by those who know him a particularly able huntsman in woodland country, in which, it is hardly necessary to observe, the best huntsman is likely to be very highly tried. Mr. Robin Hill, who enjoys the unique distinction of being huntsman to two packs (Sir Everard Cayley's and the Sinnington) is accredited with exceptional knowledge of moorland hunting. Now if these two gentlemen were asked to change places for a time, Mr. Rigden to hunt the moorland foxes in Yorkshire, and Mr. Hill to hunt

the wood-haunting foxes in Kent, they would be the first to disparage their own capabilities under conditions so widely different from those in which they have learned and practised the craft of hunting the fox; but at the same time, we are very sure that each would rapidly learn to adapt his knowledge to the new circumstances and would show good sport."

THE SINNINGTON KENNELS.

CHAPTER XIX.

VISCOUNT HELMSLEY'S MASTERSHIP.

On July 29th, 1903, the annual puppy walk took place at Sinnington, followed by a luncheon, over which Mr. Sherbrooke presided, accompanied by Mrs. Sherbrooke, Miss Sherbrooke, and supported by the Earl of Feversham, Lord Helmsley, the Hon. H. W. Fitzwilliam, Hon. Capt. Johnstone, Mr. Geo. Lane Fox, Mr. Alfred Pearson, Mr. Robin Hill and others. The Earl of Feversham proposed the health of "their very excellent and valued friend, the Master of the Sinnington," He continued :—

"I feel the greatest difficulty in finding words to express our gratitude to Mr. Sherbrooke for the very handsome manner in which he has carried on the hounds for the last nine years. Mr. Sherbrooke has proved himself a thoroughly good sportsmen and one of the right sort. He is a wonderful judge of hounds—as has been proved by what we have seen on the flags to-day. In addition to this he is a kind man and courteous to all. I only wish I could say I had reason to hope he will long continue as Master—(loud cheers)—but intimations have been made and rumours have got about that Mr. Sherbrooke does not intend to carry on the hounds after next season—(oh ! oh !)—if that is so I for one—and I am sure you will agree with me—am very sorry, and I only hope the rumours are not true. We cannot but feel indebted to a gentleman who has come into the country like ours and hunted it as he has done, and I do not know that I can exaggerate the benefit it does to the country. There are many who derive the greatest pleasure and benefit from going out with hounds, and I have heard that horses which hunt with the Sinnington Hounds make considerable prices. In conclusion, I can only add that whether Mr. Sherbrooke's period of mastership be long or short, I must say that he has proved one of the best sportsmen who ever crossed Ryedale or the Vale of Pickering." (Loud applause).

Mr. Penn C. Sherbrooke said :—

"I thank Lord Feversham, I thank you all, but the time comes when everything and every person wants a rest. The horse needs a rest, the fox, too, occasionally needs a rest, and the hounds also. The master and master's pocket are no exception to the rule. However,

VISCOUNT HELMSLEY
(Master of the Sinnington).

as long as I hold the mastership of the Sinnington Hounds I am prepared to do my utmost as in the past in the breeding of good hounds suitable to the district and hunting it properly. When the time comes for me to give up the mastership I hope you will not have to look for a master. I have no doubt one can be found close by."

Lord Helmsley, in proposing the toast of the judges employed that day, expressed the hope that the rumours regarding Mr. Sherbrooke's impending resignation were not true, as he felt "they would never get a successor to equal him." Mr. Shaw (Welburn Hall), in proposing "The ladies and Mrs. Sherbrooke," said whatever Mr. Sherbrooke had done for them, Mrs. Sherbrooke had exceeded it. On replying, the Master said that if he did give up the hounds, and they considered that by so doing they were losing a good master, he could assure them they were losing a far better mistress.

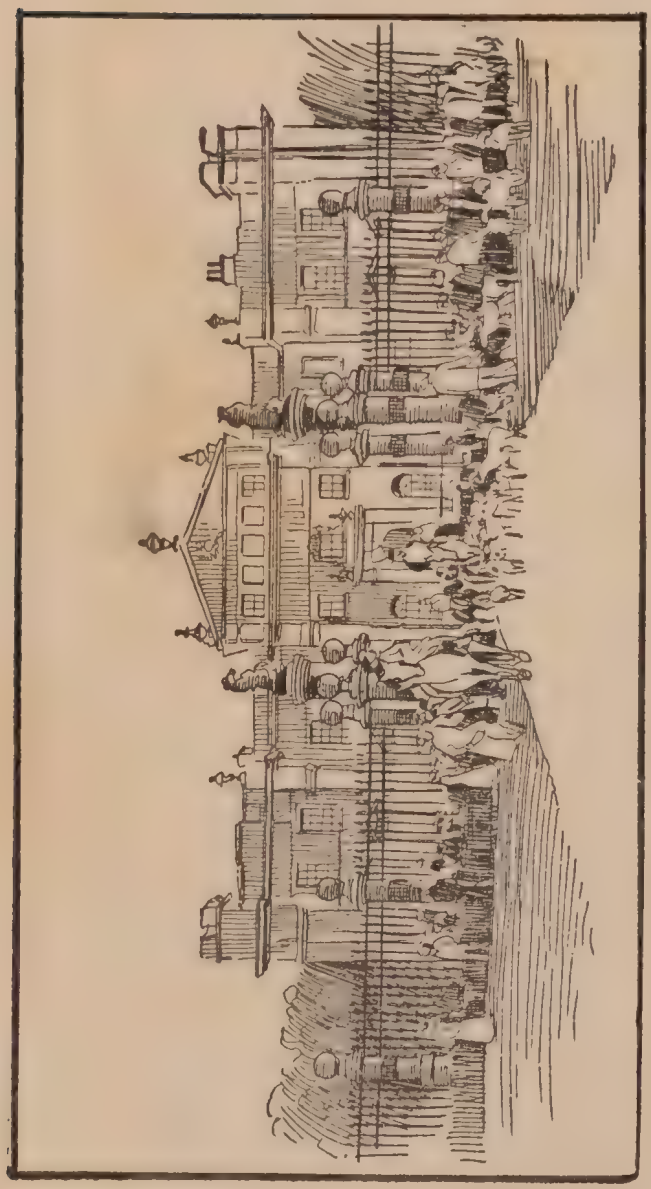
Mr. Sherbrooke resigned at the end of the season 1903-4, and as was expected Viscount Helmsley succeeded him. On March 13, 1904, a meeting of the Hunt Committee was held at Kirbymoorside, when Lord Helmsley presided, and it was then decided that Mr. Sherbrooke should not be allowed to retire without some token of high appreciation of the manner in which he had hunted the country, and of the sincere esteem and regard in which he and Mrs. Sherbrooke are held throughout the district. A substantial sum was promised at the meeting. Ten days later a meeting was held to formally receive the resignation and make arrangements for the future hunting of the country. Amongst those present were Lord Feversham, Lord Helmsley, Mr. P. C. Sherbrooke, Lord Garnock, Capt. N. Shaw, Mr. Tom Parrington, Col. Scoby, Mr. Robin Hill, Mr. John Brown and Mr. Alfred Pearson. The Earl of Feversham took the chair, and expressed regret that Mr. Sherbrooke could not be induced to continue as master. Although his lordship's hunting days were over he had always heard with the greatest pleasure of the fine sport which Mr. Sherbrooke had shown, and whoever succeeded him would find it difficult to achieve the success of the late Master. Lord Feversham then moved :—

"That the Members of the Sinnington Hunt receive with great

regret the resignation of Mr. Sherbrooke as Master, and beg to record their high appreciation of the sportsman-like manner in which he has hunted the Sinnington for the last ten years."

Col. Scoby seconded the resolution, which was carried unanimously. Mr. Alfred Pearson, after adding his regrets, and paying some happy compliments to Mrs. Sherbrooke, read a letter from Mr. Sherbrooke, the effect of which was that he would take none of the hounds away, and that he would leave all the puppies and two hunting horses for the Master. Mr. Sherbrooke said that when he came into the country he was welcomed in the most hearty manner, and from that time to the present he had been assisted in his duties as Master from all classes, from peer to peasant. This had rendered his task a most pleasant one. If he had afforded fox-hunters pleasant days and promoted good fellowship among them, any trouble and expense he had been put to had been amply repaid. Mr. Tom Parrington then proposed Lord Helmsley to succeed the retiring Master. The proposition was received with great cheering. Mr. Hopkins seconded the resolution, which was carried with loud acclamations of pleasure. Lord Helmsley recognised the honour, which he confessed it had been one of the ambitions of his life to reach. He had reaped much benefit in watching and riding with Mr. Sherbrooke, and thanked him for his gift to the hunt. The Chairman then moved a resolution recognising the services of the Secretary (Mr. "Nimrod" Pearson), whom he said carried out his duties with great zeal and ability, and in addition could hold his own across the country. He was a thorough sportsman with his heart in the right place, and he thought it was the duty of the hunt to recognise such devoted services. Mr. Sherbrooke seconded the motion, to which Mr. Pearson replied in a sporting manner.

On the 15th March following, a meeting was held at the Court-house, Helmsley, Lord Feversham presiding, when it was agreed to present Mr. and Mrs. Sherbrooke with a portrait of themselves on horseback, with Riseboro' covert as a back ground. To each subscriber a photogravure was



THE SINNINGTON AT DUNCOMBE PARK.

given, the picture being painted by Miss Collier. In the meantime, complications arose in Sir Everard Cayley's country, which resulted in the hunt establishment coming under the hammer. The Hunt Committee cast around for another master, and eventually induced Mr. Sherbrooke, who had purchased the Douthwaite Dale estate a short time previously, to come forward and take the reins of office once more. He was lent hounds and horses by Lord Downe, Capt. Hon. F. Johnstone, and Mr. Brown, of Scalby (who had purchased them from Sir Everard Cayley's creditors) for the season 1905-6. All this was four weeks prior to the commencement of the regular season. The new master was strange to the hounds and they to him, so he asked Mr. Robin Hill, who had carried the horn for Sir Everard, to hunt them for one season. In the spring of 1906, he was asked to continue his mastership, so bought hounds and horses. With Mr. Robin Hill as whip to him (as before in the Sinnington country) and Richard Sherwood as kennel huntsman. he commenced the cubbing season hunting hounds himself, though residing seventeen miles from the kennels.

On December 18th, 1905, the Sinnington Hounds met at Douthwaite Hall to present the picture by Miss Collier to their late master, and another tribute to Mrs. Sherbrooke. The artist, who is an old friend of the Sherbrookes, most happily portrayed Mr. and Mrs. Sherbrooke and Mr. Robin Hill mounted near Riseborough Hagg. The picture is pregnant with life. Mrs. Sherbrooke has viewed a fox away, and is pointing to where she saw him, the Master is going full gallop to the spot blowing his hounds out of the covert at the corner of which stands Mr. Robin Hill, cracking his whip and no doubt shouting, "Ger away, hark! hark! holloa!" to hounds in covert.

A large company were present, amongst them being Viscount and Lady Helmsley, Viscount and Lady Garnock, Colonel Scoby, Colonel Page-Henderson, Major Baker, Captain Clive Behrens, Mr. T. Parrington, Mr. J. Petch, Mr. and Miss Kendall, Mr. R. and Miss Hill, Mr. F. and Mr. T.

Strickland, Mr. and Mrs. J. Brown, Miss Musters, Mr. R. and Mr. Alf Pearson (Helmsley), Mr. J. Foxton (Helmsley), Mr. F. Wrightson, Mr. J. Richardson Salter, Mr. Lockwood (Keldholme Priory), Mr. R. Rivis, Mr. R. Dixon, Mrs. H. E. Wilson, Misses Frank, Miss Dixon, Mr. R. Frank, Mr. A. Waind, Mr. T. Carter, and Mr. C. and Mr. R. Brown, and others. The pack was drawn up in front of the hall, and the company assembled in front of the picture, which Viscount Helmsley unveiled. In making the presentation, Viscount Helmsley said he thought he would be expressing the feelings of the whole countryside and of the Sinnington Hunt when he said they gave that testimonial as a token of the very sincere affection and esteem with which they held Mr. and Mrs. Sherbrooke. They would remember that Mr. and Mrs. Sherbrooke came into that country eleven years ago, and Mr. Sherbrooke took over the hounds at a critical period in their history, when they were no longer trencher-fed. If it had not been for Mr. Sherbrooke no one could tell what would have become of the Sinnington Hounds ; whether there would have been any at all. Therefore, there was a great debt of gratitude owing to Mr. Sherbrooke. They could only say how glad they were that Mr. and Mrs. Sherbrooke had bought that place, and had come to settle down permanently in the country.

Mr. Penn C. Sherbrooke, in replying, said :—

"I cannot express the great gratitude Mrs. Sherbrooke and I feel for the charming present given us to-day. Being no orator, I must content myself with simply thanking you on behalf of Mrs. Sherbrooke, as well as myself, for your respective gifts to us, assuring you at the same time how much we appreciate them, and that your kindness on this occasion will never be forgotten. Not only will the possession of them be a continual reminder to us of happy hunting days in the low country, such as Miss Collier has so successfully depicted here, but it will be a constant witness to us of the fact that whilst we came to Yorkshire eleven years ago to take up the hounds as entire strangers, yet now we are surrounded by a host of much-valued friends in the home which we have chosen in your delightful country. When the time came last year for me to give up the hounds you can imagine what a gratification it was to me to hand them over to so eminently the right man in the right place as Lord Helmsley, and I confidently

look forward to the time, under his auspices, when the Sinnington Hounds, which have once again become the Duncombe family pack, and the suitable appanage of a large property, shall rival Belvoir, Brocklesby and Badminton, as one of the pillars of fox-hunting in England.

Cheers were then given for Mr. and Mrs. Sherbrooke and Lord and Lady Helmsley, and the pack moved off in the direction of the low country, and a fair day's sport resulted, foxes being plentiful, though scent lay badly. They found a fox near the rendezvous, and this gave a slow hunting run of an hour.

CHAPTER XX.

VISCOUNT HELMSLEY.

And now we come to the last chapter of Sinnington Hunt history—that which sees a Duncombe at the head of the pack with which the family has ever identified itself. Viscount Helmsley inherits all the love of sport peculiar to the Yorkshireman and almost characteristic of his own forbears. The noble Earl, his grandfather, was, of course, an M.F.H., and the late Lord Helmsley's name is connected with some of the best runs in the country which gave him birth. So the present Master of the Sinnington was reared in a atmosphere of sport, and the remarkable thing would have been had he not found himself a Nimrod. He admits that it was ever one of his ambitions to preside over the pack, and it may also be said that there was not a little reciprocal desire on the part of those sportsmen who have watched him since boyhood's days. He was born on May 8, 1879, in London, but in due course came down to Yorkshire, and in a letter to the author he said :—

" I am afraid there is not much I can tell you about my early connection with the pack, but, of course, I used to go out with them as a boy. I well remember being 'blooded' by Jack Parker when Mr. Lesley was Master, which was, I suppose, when I was about five or six years old.

So it will be seen that Lord Helmsley commenced his education for the position he now occupies very early in life, and under one of the quaintest and most enthusiastic huntsmen who ever carried a horn over any part of the broad-acred Shire. At this period, his parents were residing at Nawton Towers, whither, by-the-way, the present Sinnington M.F.H. has now removed from Nawton Grange. In due course, he went to Eton, and from a sketch which appeared in " Baily," for June, 1906, we learn that here " he found his most congenial occupation on the river ; he was one of

the crew of the Dreadnought, a 'lower' boat, and would probably have made his mark as an oarsman had health permitted; but, under medical advice, he was obliged to give up rowing. From Eton he went to Christ Church, Oxford, where he found time to officiate as whipper-in to the draghounds one season, and where he played a good deal of polo, being a member of the University team for two seasons, 1900 and 1901. Indulgence in sport did not prevent him distinguishing himself in the schools, as witness his honours degree in history before leaving. After leaving Oxford, he made a tour round the world, visiting India, Burmah, Ceylon, China, and Japan, and returning home through Canada. While in India, he was fortunate to enjoy some tiger shooting as the guest of the Maharajah of Kuch Behar, the keenest amongst native princes where big game is concerned."

On his return home, Lord Helmsley made his entry into public life as assistant private Secretary to Lord Selborne, acting in that capacity from 1902 to 1904. He found time to hunt a good deal during this period, running down for week-ends from London to Melton, whence he hunted about two days a week. He had been entered to hounds when only six years old, and remembers being blooded by old Jack Parker, who for many years carried the horn, and was a famous character in Yorkshire. He was always devoted to hunting, and had his full share of "spills," when, as a boy, he went out with hounds in the holidays; but tosses, notwithstanding, he saw some good sport with the South Durham from Wynyard and the Sinnington. On Mr. Penn Sherbrooke's resignation from the mastership of the Sinnington in 1904, Lord Helmsley was asked to succeed that gentleman. There were obvious and excellent reasons for his appointment, not only was the Viscount known as a keen sportsman, with a sound knowledge of fox-hunting, but the Sinnington country includes part of the large estates of the Earl of Feversham, whose grandson and heir Lord Helmsley is. Practically all the family property is hunted by the Sinnington, with the exception of part of the woodland districts,

which are within the borders of the two neighbouring hunts—the Bilsdale and Farndale. His family connections with the country, therefore, with his sporting qualifications, clearly indicated Lord Helmsley as the right man for the office; and the two seasons of his mastership have been conspicuously successful.

The farmers in the Sinnington country are very keen about hunting, and they, the majority of them tenants of the Earl of Feversham, compose the field to a great extent. A good

RIEVAULX—SITUATED IN DUNCOMBE PARK AMID THE HOME OF FOXES.

many of the Sinnington farmers are horse breeders, and still more of them make a business of buying young ones and making them for sale. Thus possessing a practical interest in sport to add to their natural appreciation of it, they are to a man good fox preservers, and warm supporters of the Hunt. The Sinnington consists of hill and vale country, and the former, locally called the "high" country, has been the scene of some very good runs during the past season (1905-6). During the last fortnight they had an excellent day; two runs each of an hour, finishing with a kill in the open. Another run from Muscoates up to Rievaulx earlier

in the season is also to be remembered. The Master was not out on the former day, being, unfortunately detained by his recently adopted Parliamentary duties. Lord Helmsley is very fond of shooting. He prefers grouse driving to any other form of sport with the gun, and, after that, walking up partridges. He is also a stalker. He is no great fisherman, but sometimes throws a fly on the Rye, which trout stream runs through Duncombe Park. He has not played much polo since he left Oxford, having had many demands upon his time, and an occasional game has been all he has been able to play during the last three seasons. Lord Helmsley takes a great interest in every department of horse breeding, more especially in the breeding of hunters and polo ponies ; he is greatly interested in the work of the Polo and Riding Pony Society. He represents the Thirsk and Malton Division in the Conservative interest, having been elected at the general election in 1906.

Viscount Helmsley showed some excellent sport during the season 1906-7, and during the present season, 1907-8, foxes have been found plentiful and sport first-rate. Plenty of foxes and plenty of fun have been the order of events in the Sinnington country, together with a number of exciting incidents. The noble master had one unpleasant experience on January 10th, 1907, when the fixture was at Harome. A Muscoates fox crossed the Normanby Beck during the course of a fast journey, and Lord Helmsley, essaying to follow his hounds became entangled in some barbed wire in the swollen stream. Eventually, after endeavouring for some time to free his horse, he swam or scrambled to the bank, and ropes had to be procured to release the horse, which was nastily cut. After procuring a change of clothing at Col. Scoby's at Hob Ground, Viscount Helmsley continued to see the day through, and a few days later, in the course of a speech, said that hunting without danger would not have half the fascination for the hundreds who now ride to hounds. Thus he agreed with Lindsay Gordon :

No game was ever worth a rap
For a rational man to play,

THE SINNINGTON HOUNDS, 1907.

F. Thompson (Whip). Viscount Helmsley, M.F.H. W. Henley, K.H.

Into which no danger or mishap
Can possibly find its way.

The Sinnington is fortunate in its mistress, for Viscountess Helmsley came to Yorkshire with a reputation as a keen sportswoman, and has done much to verify it. Writing to the author some time ago, she said :—

"I have hunted in many countries, but nowhere have I enjoyed better sport or more fun than in Yorkshire, where the farmers go straight and are excellent fellows in everyway.

Lord Helmsley has blossomed forth as an amateur huntsman, and intends to hunt the pack as much as his Parliamentary duties will allow next season.

At a dinner given by the Earl of Feversham on November 20th, 1907, to those connected with the local governing bodies, some speeches were given which appropriately close this history, and at the same time bring it up-to-date. The noble host, in proposing the health of Mr. T. Parrington, said he remembered the time when he was Master of the Bedale Hounds, at a period when Mr. Parrington was Master of the Hurworth, and he went out and did his best. He (the Earl of Feversham) was not sure whether he did not run them down. Mr. Parrington was a true sportsman and a Yorkshireman—(applause)—and he had great pleasure in asking them to drink to his health.

Mr. Parrington, after thanking the Earl of Feversham for his kind remarks, proposed the health of Lord Helmsley with the greatest possible pleasure. The present Master of the Sinnington, he said, was a gentleman of whom they all ought to be proud, and possessed wonderful tact. He was a capital master of hounds, and had the knack of keeping the field in proper order, hunting his fox from beginning to end. Mr. Alfred Pearson (Secretary of the Hunt) did everything he could for sport, and he thought it appropriate that his name should be coupled with that of Lord Helmsley.

Lord Helmsley, M.P., who had a cordial reception, said that as Master of the Sinnington Hounds, he was thankful that he was able to take part in the sport which he thought was far above all others. He was thankful they lived in a

country where everyone was a sportsman, and ready to do everything in the interests of that sport. He hoped and thought that the sport of fox-hunting would long continue to flourish. It was of value, because by the advent of motor cars horse-breeding was likely to be largely done away with, with the exception of hunters. He thought it was the sporting instinct which made the British nation what it was.

Mr. Alfred (Nimrod) Pearson in responding, remarked that Lord Helmsley set an example which many young men might follow. They would live to see him the crack amateur huntsman of England, which was a far greater honour than being Prime Minister. He hoped his lordship would be at the head of the Sinnington pack until he attained a ripe old age, and that when he laid down the horn, his son would be ready to take it up.

And now I have come to the end of my task. It has been an interesting one, and if I have failed to substantiate my title, I must plead in the words of the "Field" Newspaper (Nov. 9th, 1907) :—"The earliest accounts of actual sport are not complete enough for a reader of the present day to form an exact opinion as to individuals and their doings. For example, there are half-a-dozen claimants to the honour of being the oldest pack of foxhounds. Then, again, no one is able to state with certainty which pack was the first to make the fox their regular quarry in place of hare or stag."

Through all its long history never were the conditions obtaining with the Sinnington brighter than at the present time. In the words of the old song :—

A pack of such hounds and a set of such men,
'Tis a shrewd chance if ever you meet with again.

INDEX.

A

ANDREW, Cleveland Huntsman, 49, 107, 222
Ainsley, 69, 75, 97, 108
Ayton, Great, 97
Apparitions, 98
Alexander, J. W. and J. R., 146, 149-153, 168, 170
Angling, 160-2, 192, 203, 280

B

Buckingham, Duke of, 8-38, 104
Bransdale, 19, 24, 224
Bell, George, 26, 47, 52, 59-69, 132
Bilsdale, 39, 44-140
Barr Family, 47, 110
Bentley Family, 47, 137, 151
Badgers, 53, 132, 172, 193, 203, 210
Bedale Hunt, 75, 108, 109, 172, 189, 215, 281
Bell, Squire, and his hounds, 75, 107
Boyes, John, 94, 169
Brunton, Bob, 103
Bagged Foxes, 129, 130-2, 168, 208
Bogs, 146-148, 199
Blencathra Hounds, 171
Balls, Hunt, 172
Bramham Moor, 220

C

Coursing Foxes, 4
Chop Gate, 26, 60, 64, 67, 82
Cleveland Hounds, 41, 49, 50, 92, 104, 107, 131, 144, 168, 179, 189, 199, 220-2, 252
Charlton Hunt, 45
Cranbourne Chase Hunt, 46
Customs, Quaint, 51, 53, 152-6
Carlton-in-Cleveland, 51, 61, 91, 96
Cub-hunting, 79
Clark, T., 80, 111
Carr, Jack, 148, 155-6
Castleton, 145, 169, 176
Clark, Jack, 186-7, 196
Cayley, Digby, 192
Coverdale, 201, 206, 214, 219
Cock-fighting, 192, 210
Cayley, Sir Everard, 259, 265, 268, 274

D

Duncombe Family, 32, 39, 40, 176, 196
Dawson, Bobbie, 43, 47, 49, 68, 81-106, 134
Dorsetshire, Antiquity of Hunting in, 43, 46
De L'Isle, Lord, 44, 91
Duncombe Park, 53, 56, 59, 96, 203, 204, 252
Duncombe, Dean, 56
Drag, Joy of hunting a, 66
Duck, Joe, 148-164
Darley, 159, 260, 266
Dove, River, 160-1
Dorman Family, 160
Darkness, Hounds running till, 171
Dialect, 176
Danby-on-Yore, 189
Danby Will, 230
Diaries, Sherbrooke's, 247-265
Downe, Viscount, 274

E

Early Meets, 65
Eskdale Hounds, 155, 230
Easingwold, 157
Ellerby, 218, 225, 228, 266

F

Farndale, 19, 24; Origin of Hunt, 40, 42; do., 52, 141-172, 249
Feversham, Earl of, 26, 54, 56, 68, 75, 83, 96, 211, 232, 270-1
Feversham, late Earl of, 107, 135, 223, 266
Fairfax Family, 32, 36, 44
Forster (Duke of Buckingham's Huntsman), 39, 47
Fox and Hounds Inns, 51, 70, 96, 111
Funerals in Yorkshire, 99
Forbes, 111
Freeman, Frank, 138
Fryup, 162
Forests, Royal, 175[1]
Foxes, White, 188-90
Foxes, Weight of, 226

G

Garbutt Family, 47, 49, 55, 56, 104
Graham, Sir Bellingham, 56
Graham, Sir Reginald, 136
Goathland, Witch of, 71
Guisborough, Witch of, 71
Goathland Hounds, 144
Glaisdale Harriers, 151
Gowland, Jimmy, 184-6
Garth Hounds, 188
Grafton, Duke of, 266-7

H

History of Hunting, 2, 17-19
Harriers and Hare Hunting, 2, 12, 52, 67-74, 85, 156, 130, 151, 165, 237
Helmsley, 6-9, 22, 96
Hambleton Hounds, 75-80
Hambleton Hills, 23, 44, 55, 59, 72, 76, 136, 190, 198
Hounds, Description of, 42, 63, 80, 108, 150, 170, 231
Herefordshire, Antiquity of Hunting in, 46
Horsfall, F. Wilson, 47, 100, 105, 112, 139-40
Hurworth Hunt, 48, 49, 67, 76, 77, 80, 111, 132-136, 223, 230, 266, 281
Hughill Family, 47, 48
Heseltine, Hambleton Trainer, 57, 58
Helmsley, late Viscount, 96, 227
Helmsley, present Viscount, 110, 151, 252, 271, 276-282
Hutton-le-Hole, 166
Horns, Hunting, 50, 182
Hill Family, 184, 206, 244, 259, 265, 274
Horsman, 197, 213
Harrington, Earl, 241

I

Ingleby Greenhow, 85, 92, 97, 99, 157, 215
Isherwood, 188, 217

J

Johnstone, Harcourt and Hon. F., 91, 231, 251, 258, 266, 270, 274

K

Kirbymoorside, 29, 31-38, 157, 166, 187, 194, 198, 201, 206-7, 232, 235
Kitching Family, 47, 112, 167
Kyle, Rev. J. L., 51, 139
Kepwick, 94
Kent, East, 136, 269
Kendal Family, 181-91, 196, 206, 214, 215, 228, 259
Kirkleatham, 189
Kirkdale, 196, 208
Kipling, 206

L

Legends, 21, 27
Lowndes, H. W. Selby, 47, 94, 125-140, 267, 268
Londonderry, Marquis of, 96, 136, 227
Leeds, 111
Lealholm, 155
Lambton Hounds, 223
Leeds, Duke of, 230
Lesley, Robert, 235-39, 254, 277

M

Medd Family, 47, 51, 60
Middleton-on-Leven, 64
Marske-by-the-Sea, Witch of, 72
May Fox, 79
Middleham, 99
Moody, Tom, 100
Meynell, 130
Moorland Foxes, 157, 171, 231
Mell Suppers, 176
Middleton's, Lord, 184, 227, 228, 251, 260, 266
Middlesbrough, 221-2
Morpeth Hounds, 237, 243
Musters Family, 241, 254

N

Northallerton, 56, 193, 200
Nomenclature Hound, 112
Nicholson, Tommy, 169

O

Orra, 51
Osborne, John, 99
Otter Hounds, 193
Oswaldkirk, 208, 213
Osbaldeston, 266

P

Pope, 33; Criticism of Buckingham 36 do.
Pickering, Forest of, 45, 175
Peak Scar Gill, 58
Parker, Jack, 80, 165, 188, 192-219, 277
Poisoned Hounds, 91-2
Pearson, Alfred, 102, 105, 217, 21 220, 223, 232, 245-6, 252, 272, 281, 282
Pearson, Walter, 108
Parrington, T., 133, 193, 199, 214, 220-234, 281
Pytchley, 138
Pickering, 182, 214
Poltimore, Lord, 193
Parsons, Hunting, 206
Peterborough Hound Show, 232, 243

Q

Quorn, 220, 241

R

Rickitson family, 47, 49
Rowntree, Christopher, 64
Smallwood, 155
Roxby Hounds, 150, 151, 154, 239
Races, Kirbymoorside, 187, 206
Rolle's Hounds, Hon. Mark, 189
Rookbarugh Covert, 240
Ribblesdale, Lord, 255

S

Songs, Hunting, 12, 15, 17, 23, 25, 28, 52, 55, 56, 101, 102, 105, 153, 162, 163, 176, 190, 202, 212, 234
Stone, Buckingham's, 26
Slapestones, 27
Sinnington, 39, 80, 153
Spink Family, 47, 92, 98, 112
Swainby, 49, 66, 107, 167
Stokesley, 53, 97, 157
Scotland, 42, 73
Spout House, 75
Slingsby, Sir Charles, 190, 202
Spirits, 98
Shropshire, Tom Moody of, 100
Scarth, 107
Sheep, Hounds running, 112, 129, 194, 198
Scrope, Conyers, 129, 146, 199
Scurfield, 132
Smallwood, D., 155, 230
Shepherd, Squire, 165, 205
Shaw Family, 168
Sykes, Sir Tatton, 184, 266
Swan, Clayton, 237-40
Sherbrooke, Penn C., 240-276

T

Thirsk, 45, 75, 110, 192, 200, 280
Turton Family, 65, 77, 112, 144, 238
Tom Smith's Cross, 58, 255, 263
Todd, Jack, 148, 165-7
Turkey Nab, 157
Trencher-fed Hounds, 158, 237
Thompson, Col. Meysey, 189
Thompson, Col. Anstruther, 257-8
Tickham, 268

U

Upsall, 23, 92, 112

V

Vale White Horse Hounds, 80
Voltigeur, 90
Vulpicide, 91, 92
Ventriss, 207

W

Wheatland Hounds, 39
Whorlton, 48
Whitby, 65
Witches, 67-74, 97
Wood, John, 104
Wharton, W. H. A., 135, 144, 253, 266
Westerdale, 144
Watson, Sturdy, 145, 198
Ward Family, 162, 167
White Foxes, 188-90
Welburn, 196
Wormald, 205
Worsley, Sir Wm., 217

Y

York, 14, 34, 38, 64, 193
York and Ainsty Hunt, 59, 76, 189, 244
Yarm, 157

Z

Zetland, Marquis of, 90

Middlesbrough :
Jordison & Co., Ld., Printers, &c.